GREGORY,
Father-Greybeard,
With his Vizard off:
Or, News from the
CABAL
In some
REFLEXIONS
Upon a late
PAMPHLET
Entituled,
The Rehearsal Transpros'd.
(After the fashion that now obtains)
IN A
D 20 414
LETTER to our old Friend, *R. L.* from *E. H.*

London, Printed by *Robin Hood*, at the Sign of of the *He-Cow* I. O. if it be not a *Bull*, on the South-west and by West end of *Lake-lemans* and sold by *Nath. Brooke* at the *Angel* in *Cornhil*. 1673.

REFLEXIONS

Upon a late

PAMPHLET,

Entituled

The Rehearſal Tranſpros'd.

In A

LETTER

TO

Our old Friend, *R. L.*

SIR,

ONe would think *you* were *at certain* with the *Company of Stationers*, and, as their *Penſioner*, retain'd in conſtant Pay; For of late a man cannot write a *private* Letter to you, but forthwith you *Print* it: And though

All of you be in the *fault*, yet the *Innocent Sheet* does the *Pennance* on the Book-ſeller's *Stall*; Or *ſtands*, like a poor *Greek*, or ſome Mountebanks *Bill*, at every Pillar and Poſt, to be *gaz'd* on, if not laugh'd at.

I know what you'l ſay; that all this modeſty I now put on, is but a meer Copy of my Countenance; and that indeed and in truth, (you keeping the Key to the Preſs,) I had not writ to you above all others, but on purpoſe that you might open the Preſs-door, and let me in, with *Imprimatur* R. L.

Which Paſs-port had been ſet down in the firſt place, (as commonly it is,) like a Ticket, in hand, to get into the Play-houſe, but that the Book-ſellers like it not.

For they, (honeſt men,) knowing the worth of a Book only by the ready ſale, perceive the people have got an opinion, (and then there's no beating it out of their heads,) and have taken ſuch a prejudice againſt Books ſo *mark'd* in the *forehead*, that conſtruing it to be a *Brand* of Infamy, they will ſcarce ask the price of them, or bid a penny:

Taking it for granted, the Author ſo licens'd, was ſome dull Phlegmatick fellow, and either wanted wit or honeſty to vouch himſelf.

To tell you the plain truth on't, and not to lie; It was neither the *Importunity* of friends,

of

of the *Stationer* in particular; nor the *near approach* of the next *Term*; nor very much *against my will*; nor to *Cancel* the *obligations* many and great to his *Worſhip*, her Lady-ſhip, *&c.* neither as a *Teſtimony of great thankfulneſs*; nor out of penury and want of a *better Offering*; nor any of the like *ſtale* Pretexts, that *now* ſet my Pen a work:

But of my own accord, meer motion, and advice; mine own dear fingers *itch'd* to be *at it*; till I had finiſh'd and diſpatch'd the Packet, in this *Expreſs*.

Wherein is incloſed and wrapt up a *bundle* of *ſerious* and honeſt *Truths*, as if *held forth* from *Pulpit* it ſelf.

But (I confeſs) *they* are, (like my ſelf) *merrily diſpos'd*; yet purpoſely *ſo dreſs'd*, that the *wholſom food* therein contain'd, not *diſguſting* the Palate of this *humorſome* and *frothy* Age, might *relliſh* the better, and go *merrily down*.

Indeed it is a Quelque-choſe, here and there a little *Tart* ſometimes, but without *gall* or Bitterneſs; and here and there a Bit ſo *ſharp* too, as, (like muſtard,) to *bite the Tongue* of a ſinner; but it is only to make his eyes water, and bring him to repentance; and the better digeſtion of his former crudities.

If you *ſuſpect* the Truth of all this, as related by a Party *concern'd*, (for who is not *in*

Love with his *own* Iſſue, though *Crouch-back'd*, or *Crook-legg'd*?) then read not one Syllable more, 'tis alike to me, for I ſhall not get a penny by your cuſtome; neither do I deſire it. For I am *well and warm*; and wiſh all Mankind ſo; and to doe what in me lies for the *common* Benefit do I now write.

Praying that all men were of my Religion, (contain'd in this Letter) and then the world would need neither ſtocks nor Gaol; neither *Inquiſition*, nor Surrogate; neither Act of *Indempnity*, nor *Uniformity*; neither Drums, nor Colours; Swords, nor Helmets; Fire-balls, nor little Cutto's; *Red-Coats*, nor *men of War*: nor have any great uſe of thoſe two lately-found out Inventions, Printing and Gunpowder; (and whether of them has moſt troubled the world, I will not take upon me *here* to diſcuſs; yet I think the latter has not prov'd ſo miſchievous as is ſuppos'd; Battles having been before the uſe of Gunpowder, the moſt bloody.)

But if you think, this Preface is all but *Quack*, and promiſes more, like an *Empiricks* Bill, than can be perform'd upon Tryal and proof; and has more in the *Contents* than in the *Chapter*; then let the reſt alone, for I write not to an *Infidel*.

Yet the greateſt part of the world is ſo: and a pretty quantity of the leſſer part is inhabited, (ſome

(ſome think) by people, that either have foreheads of braſs, or no eyes in their foreheads: I mean Knaves and Fools.

Knaves *will* not, and Fools *can* not underſtand my meaning in this following Letter.

And thus far by way of Preface.

At the *Rainbow-Coffee-houſe* the other day, taking my place at due diſtance, not far from me, at another Table ſat a whole *Cabal* of wits; made up of Virtuoſo's, Ingenioſo's, young Students of the Law, two Citizens, and to make the Jury full, *vous avez*, one old Gentleman: his bald Pate cover'd with a huffing Peruke, without an *Eye* of gray in't, or one gray-hair.

But I knew him to be Old, becauſe they all laughing heartily and gaping, I took that occaſion, to look him in the mouth, and knew his Age, for indeed the mark was out of his mouth. I was tickled to know the cauſe of all this mirth, and preſently found, it was a *Book* made all this ſport; the Title of it, *The Rehearſal transpros'd.*

Look you here, ſays one of them, do not you ſee, p. 309. how ſmartly he *ferrets* the old *Foxes*, the Fathers of the Church? (as in biting *Irony*, he calls the old Biſhops:) and how he *claws off* one of them by name, *A. Sparrow* D. D. Biſhop of Exon? nay ſcratches one out

of the Grave, *L. Andrews* late Bishop of *Winchester*? He's a notorious bold fellow, I'le warrant him, sayes another; he takes up the old Fathers like so many School-boys; and like a stout *Pedant*, or *Priscian* himself, he whips one of them publickly, and gives him chastisement for his worthy cares, because he had no better ply'd his Book.

But he goes a *little higher*, says a *Third*, if in the same page, you look a *little lower*: and turns up his Majesties *Evil Councellors*, and gives one slash at a great *Minister of State*, with great courage pulling the dead Lion by the beard.

I like it not at all, and the Author much worse, says the old Gentleman; it sounds so like the *old cry* of *London*-Town in 1642. *Down with the Bishops*, *Down*; Down with the *Evil Councellors*,

That do so keep us off, we cannot come at the *King*; and therefore it is we can never have him at our wills, to deal *kindly* by him, for his *own* good, and for *reformation*, to make *him then a glorious King*; therefore, *down with the Bishops*, down with Evil Councellors.

The man is desperately disingenuous and *unnatural*, (I think) whosoever was the *Author*; he plays the *Tarrier*, by his falling on so fiercely upon the *old Foxes*, the fathers of the Church; and by that, should be some *Vicars* son.

For

For the *Tarrier* you know, is a *monſtrous* beaſt, begot of a *bitch*, by a *Fox*, and ſo is *half-dog*, and *half-fox*: but there is no ſuch enemy, in the world, to a *fox*, as is the *Tarrier* which is a part of him, though an Amphibious and degenerate *Iſſue*.

I think, (replyed another) he is rather a *Jaccal*, (which is an *Arabian* beaſt, but more *monſtrous* in the *odd* humour of his *rapacity*) robbing the *graves*, and ſcratching up for a prey the *dead* Corps, that lay decently interr'd, as by name Biſhop *Andrews*, Biſhop *Bramhall*, Arch-Biſhop *Uſher*, Arch-Biſhop *Laud*; and a glorious *Martyr*, worth them all, King *Charles* 1.

It is a *marvel* (ſaith another) what you will make of this *New Author*, at the long run; for you have made him a *Ferret*, a *Tarrier*, and a *Jaccall* already; The Gentleman himſelf has reduc'd *thus many* Metaphors within the compaſs of one bare ſentence, p. 49. fetching a *Conjurer*, a *Play-houſe*, and a *Ferret* to make it up: ſure his *Rhetorick* was born in a time when *Metaphors* were cheap; for though they be *far fetch'd*, yet ſure they were not *dear bought*, he is ſo *prodigal* of them.

Well ſaid (ſaith a young *Lawyer*) I will beſtow *one Metaphor* the more upon him for his *liberality*: He ſeems to me, to be a *Cotswould-Hare*, he's ſo well breathed, he has ſtood

three

three or four *Courſes* already; the *firſt*, called *Roſemary*, that was *ſlipt* at him, made more *haſt* than good *ſpeed*, and ſcarcely had poor *Watt* in view during the whole run: The *Latter* gave him fair *Law*, yet withal gave him ſo many ſmart *turns*, ſo nimbly and ſo quick, that I wonder how the poor fool ſhifted for it ſelf.

And now I hear there's one will have another *Looſe* at him, if't be but for *ſport*, and yet 'tis an even wager he'l *click him up* in good earneſt.

Look to thy Hits, poor Watt:
Thou hadſt better have ſat
For ever on thy Squatt,
Than Hunted at this rate.
The Oſtrich *wings has got,*
For Legs alone *help not*;
This laſt, *though ſet out* late,
Intends to ſhew thy fate;
And make thy Bonny Skutt
A Trophee *for the* Hut,
And there to be laught *at.*

Hold, good Gentlemen! ſays one of the *Citizens*, you have made beaſt enough of him already in all conſcience: but truly, verily, and indeed, that Gentleman there, who made a *Jaccall* of him, in my opinion has *ſampled* the

the Pattern to the life. As there is a Law in *England* againſt *wolves*, ſo, if I were a *Parliament man*, I would *move* for a law againſt *Jaccalls*.

This Jaccall is an unſufferable beaſt in *our* Soyl, eſpecially when no dead corps pleaſes his Palate ſo much, as thoſe *ſacred* Reliques of Arch-Biſhop *Laud*, eſpecially thoſe of *Englands Martyr*, King *Charles* 1.

For he that beheaded *theſe two* was not half ſo *barbarous*, nor did do them half ſo much harm, as this *Gregory Father-Grey-beard*, who with his utmoſt *malice* and *inveteracy* ſtrikes at their *Innocence* and *Honour*.

For which cauſe, (though ſuch a *Barbarian* ought not to be *Chriſtned*, yet) *He* having *no name*, the Company *did*, (as *He did* to Mr. *Bayes*,) give him *a name*, by *which* he was known amongſt them *to this day*, calling him, for his *merits-ſake*, (as *we* do hereafter) *Gregory Father-Grey-beard*; or, Mr. *Gregory*, and ſometimes plain *Greg*.

For certainly the *Heads-man Father-Grey-beard* was incomparable leſs miſchievous than this *villain*; the *natural* lives of thoſe two *glorious Martyrs* being *mortal*, but their *Innocence* (by this vile man here aſſaſſinated) *ſhould* be *immortal*, and King *Charles* himſelf was more tender of *theſe*, than of his *life*, valuing his dignity above his Crowns; ſaying, in his own

unparallel'd

unparallel'd words, (I shall ne're forget them) Εικ. Βασιλ. cap. 15. "I can more willingly "lose my Crowns, than my Credit; nor are "my Kingdomes so dear to me, as my Repu- "tation and Honour: Those must have a Pe- "riod with my Life, but these may survive to "a glorious kind of Immortality, when I am "dead and gone; and a sweet consecrating of "them to an eternity of Love and gratitude "among Posterity.

"Those foul and false aspersions were secret "Engines at first employed against my peo- "ples Love of me, that undermining their "opinion and value of me, my enemies and "theirs too, might at once blow up their af- "fections, and batter down their Loyalty.

This in *practice*, (what ever be the *design*) is endeavour'd in this Book p. 301. with as much venome as can be spit; asserting there, that *the whole Reign* of King *Charles* 1. was *deform'd*.

We had a good wise King (the while) then, and fit to live and Reign, that would suffer his *whole Reign* to be *deform'd*. Thus making him a *Pupill*, rather than a *Prince*; and one that of himself regarded not what was good; but was kept during his whole Reign under a Tutor and Guardian, or rather Governour; and he, *viz.* Arch-Bishop *Laud*, one of the worst too, for *he* sayes, *he seem'd to know nothing but* Ceremonies,

Ceremonies, Arminianiſme, and Manwaring: *with that he begun, and with that he ended, and thereby deform'd the whole Reign* of King *Charles* 1. p. 301.

Thus he makes our *Solomon*, a *Reboboam*; namely a child at forty years of age.

By *Ceremonies*, *Arminianiſme*, *and Manwaring*; whatever they be in themſelves, this *Author* repreſents them as very vile, wicked and ugly things, becauſe *they deform'd the Kings whole Reign*. And therefore he concludes thereby, that King *Charles* 1. had no *wiſdom* to underſtand the vileneſs, wickedneſs, and uglineſs of theſe three things, *Ceremonies*, *Arminianiſme*, *and Manwaring*, whereby his whole Reign was deform'd; or elſe that King *Charles* underſtanding the evil nature of theſe things that did deforme his whole Reign, had not *honeſty*, nor *innocence* enough to keep them off, from *deforming his whole Reign*.

So chooſe him whether, for this *Author* determines him neceſſarily in theſe words, to be either ſo much a *fool* as to ſuffer his whole Reign to be deform'd with *Ceremonies*, *Arminianiſme*, and *Manwaring*; and to be *led* by a man, that *ſeem'd to know nothing elſe*; with which he *begun*, *and with which he ended*, *and thereby deform'd the whole Reign*:

Or elſe, *knowing* theſe things, and how they deform'd his whole Reign; he makes him

him a vile and *wicked King* that would not ſave and deliver his whole Reign from deformity.

By the *former* he makes him a *weak* prince, without wiſdome; the contrary whereof is known to the whole world, and was never ſuggeſted before this time, by any but the *Rebells* in the beginning of the late Civil-wars, to withdraw the affections of his people from him, as from a man that had not wit nor *underſtanding* enough to govern them, but was led by the Duke of *Buckingham* and Arch-Biſhop-*Laud*.

But if he mean the *latter*, that all this deformity was his own doings, and that though his Reign was deform'd, it was *himſelf*, his *own* Inclinations and bent which contriv'd, at leaſt concurr'd, in making his *whole Reign deform'd*; then and even then, it is the *old cry* of the Rebells, who when they had got their wills of the Earl of *Strafford*, and Arch-Biſhop *Laud*, and left the *King* no Councellors, nor Kingdomes, nor ſo much as liberty; then changed their note, and juſtified the *Evil Councellors*, more than the *King* himſelf; ſaying *he* himſelf was his *own* wicked Councellor, and a *Tyrant*, and ought to *die*: And though their words (like theſe of this Authour) were deviliſh and malicious; yet they were *as good as their words*, and condemn'd him for a *Tyrant*,

and

and cut off his head. 'Tis indeed (anſwered another) all you ſay is infallibly true, and *undeniable* to a Tittle; but that which is *admirable*, and a greater *Marvel*, is the skill and cunning of the man:

He does the feat ſo cleaverly, as if he ſhot with *white Powder*; did *execution* indeed effectually, but makes no *noyſe*, or evil *Report*; (like other unskilful and *bawling* Phanaticks;) for though you ſtare about, you ſhall not ſee the Executioner, nor know *whence* the ſhot comes; or if you do, he puts his vizard on preſently, and looks, (like *Faux*) in diſguiſe. Or, as the *Mountebank*, keeping a man, who is content to be ſlaſh'd and cut, that his maſter may thereby ſhow his Dexterity and skill in the Cure; ſo this *Virtuoſo* wounds and cuts (but indeed with deſign) mortally; and with matchleſs courage and boldneſs, (diſdaining trivial force) fights neither with ſmall nor great, (except they lye in his way and detard Royal aſſaſſination) but only the King of our *Iſrael*; againſt whom when he has ſpit his venome, and with bold and home thruſts aſſaulted his Innocence and honour;

Yet he has his *Playſter* at hand, (though it be without vertue) and would ſeem to make all whole again, with crying, Oh Lord! Sir, *I beg your pardon*; and then; as you were: All is *well* again.

The

The *Playſter* (which he would make *Alexipharmacal* for the wounds with which our late Soveraign is attempted, and made, together with his whole Reign, deform'd,) is the neateſt of all; and clapt on as ſoon as the blow is ſtruck, p. 301. deform'd the whole Reign —— of the beſt Prince that ever wielded the Engliſh Scepter.

A contradiction *in terminis*, and as barbarous as abſolute.

For how could he *poſſibly* be the beſt Prince that ever wielded the Engliſh Scepter, except all the Princes that ever wielded the Engliſh Scepter had their whole Reigns deform'd, either by their careleſneſs or folly; or, (which is the leſs affront to be call'd *Knave* rather than *fool*; becauſe one may be help'd, the other is remedileſs) by vileneſs and wickedneſs doing the work themſelves, and deforming their whole Reign.

Again, if he be the beſt Prince that ever wielded the Engliſh Scepter, and yet either *did* deform his whole Reign, or *ſuffered* it to be deform'd with *Ceremonies*, *Arminianiſme*, *and Manwaring*;

Then theſe *three* Reign-deforming Buggs, *Ceremonies*, *Arminianiſme*, *and Manwaring* are very conſiſtent with the beſt Prince that ever wielded the Engliſh Scepter.

And if ſo, then theſe three Reign-deforming

ming *Buggs*, are indeed but Buggs, and *fright* men more than *hurt* them, and can *ſcare* none but children and fools.

For that the beſt Prince that ever *England* had, owns, cheriſhes them, or at leaſt permits them to be own'd and cheriſh'd above all other things; and owns (above all other men) *the man* that ſeemed to know *nothing elſe but theſe Ceremonies, Arminianiſme, and Manwaring*; with which he begun and with which he ended.

And *all this* muſt neceſſarily follow, or elſe thoſe good Engliſh Princes that kept off, or expelled out of, their Kingdomes, theſe ſame three ugly Reign-deforming things; were *better* Princes than *He* that either brought them in, kept them in, or ſuffered them to ſtay in, and thereby deform'd his whole Reign.

And if they, (in doing *ſo well*, and much *better* than he) were *better* Princes than he; how could he be the *beſt* Prince that ever wielded the Engliſh Scepter?

So egregiouſly confident, and ſelf-conceited is this *Virtuoſo* Authour, this new *Politician*; that, (through the high value he has for himſelf; together with the mean and low eſteem he has for all others) thinks ſo ſlightly and eaſily to Gull them; and caſting a little miſt before their eyes, hopes to lead them about, like fools by the noſe.

Otherwiſe this fool-hardy man would never have been ſo loſt to all modeſty and diſcretion, as to think to impoſe upon men, and bejuggle them by ſuch tranſparent miſts, and *eaſie Legerdemain*; namely plain down-right Non-ſenſe and Contradiction.

Alas! the *man* is not maſter of his Trade! And yet, as if he onely, and the reſt of the new Politicians and *Virtuoſo*'s, were like the *Chinenſes* and had two eyes in their heads; but all the reſt of the world blind; or, (at leaſt) the beſt of them but ſingle-ey'd men; who with but one eye are not ſo very quick-ſighted, eſpecially if you come upon them on the blind ſide.

The Company ſeem'd wonderfully well pleas'd with this diſcourſe; all of them but the *Virtuoſo*'s *and Ingenioſo*'s; who were but four in all, and they too anſwered not one word: whether troubled with the Fret, and at the heart too mad and enrag'd to utter a word, hearing themſelves thus check'd to the face; and their Brother *Virt*-- (who but a little before they had cry'd up for ſuch a Prodigie and *Marvel* of wit) ſhould ſo ſuddenly be charg'd home with ſo unavoidable a ſhock; whilſt they ſtood by, and idly looking on, had neither ability nor wit enough to make reſiſtance, nor knew how to help themſelves nor *Him*: yet, (to ſee how ſoon the wind turns!

and

and how ſuddenly ſmiling Dame Fortune can knit her brows!) if he had but come into the Room one half hour before, the whole Clubb had rouz'd at the happy ſurprize of this wonderful wit; and had carried the Bugg upon their ſhoulders (like the *Knight* of the ſhire on Election-day) in Triumph about the Room: and had given him as many thanks for his great pains in this admirable Book, as the Authors friend I. O. and the *Conventicle* did, when they *ſent* him for theſe his happy endeavours, the *Gratuity*, gather'd amongſt the Churches as a due offering; with all hearty Acknowledgments and the Thanks of their houſe; eſpecially for promoting the *good old Cauſe*, modern Orthodoxy, Liberty, Indulgence, and Reformation: but particularly for ſetting the *old* Cry (againſt Biſhops and evil Councellors) to a *new* Tune; not the old whining, ſnivelling, canting *Leer-away*; (now ſomewhat *ſtale*, detected, and out of faſhion) but the faſhionable, that moſt taking and admired *new*, new Tune, the pleaſant *Droll-away*.

The Brethren and *Black*-caps fac'd with *white*, having not vivacity nor wit enough for *that* way; the vertue of Sack-poſſets having not hitherto prov'd effectual nor ſpritely enough to *raiſe* their Phlegmatick and inſipid Tempers to any ſemblance of elevated and *Mercurial* Style.

At leaſt theſe *Virtuoſo*'s would have clap'd him on the back and ſpit in his *mouth*; becauſe *it* did ſo double and ſpend, when this *Mopſus* did open ſo well upon the hot ſcent againſt Bayes p. 150. with whoop, Holla, Holla, whoop; ten times one after another; and with ſo full a mouth, that ſure he has been us'd to't; and has ſome *Theſtylis* to his Miſtreſs, whoſe Nephew *Amyntas* is out of his wits.

Or whether the Arguments againſt their friend were all *ad hominem*, and made the Indited and Criminal to prove the evidence againſt himſelf, and by his own mouth and confeſſion, or acknowledged all under his own hand; and thereby neceſſarily ſtopping their mouths, as if they had been *ſilenc'd* by a Biſhop, or Thunder-ſtruck.

Or laſtly, whether they were afraid to be laugh'd at the more, by anſwering nothing to the purpoſe, and thereby *once more* ſhame the Authour, their order, and themſelves; as being loth further to ſtir in that (Sir Reverence) that already was ſo noyſome, and ſmelt above ground; I cannot tell.

But now they anſwered only with a Countenance made up 'twixt wrath and diſcontent, having not altogether ſo great an eye of ſcorn and ſelf-conceit in the mixture; and truly I was glad to ſee it, for mine own ſake.

For being but a plain blunt fellow my ſelf,

I did wiſh with all my heart, (led thereunto by (that that rules the world) Intereſt,) that ſome good body would take them to do; and ſo effectually humble them, that a home-ſpun Countrey-grey and Friez-coat (though it be not a French-coat, nor bedaub'd with Lace) (and is ſometimes worn out, or ſold in *Long-lane*, before it be paid for;) might paſs the ſtreets quietly by them without a ſcoff or huff.

But though they were mute, the Gentleman went on that ſpoke laſt and ſo well of the *Plaiſter*, that prov'd not big enough to *ſalve* the Kings honour and Innocence, if the wounds had been as truly as maliciouſly given him; nor can in the leaſt ſalve this *Authors* honour and Innocence if ever he had any. Nor can keep him undetected, or protect him from the ſtroak of Juſtice, and the ſmitings of his own conſcience; if he keeps any awake, for any other end but to laugh at, and Atheiſtically to jear at.

And as his own Tongue has given it ſelf the lye in reference to King *Charles* 1. ſo as palpably and plainly does it the ſame in relation to the account he gives of Arch-Biſhop *Laud*.

As if the man reſolv'd to make a Book of Prodigious contradictions in every Page, and ſometimes (as already we have inſtanc'd) in the ſame Line

Making one *Repartee* againſt the Biſhop, to claſh with another Repartee of his *own* for the Biſhop; fighting with a two-edged Sword, that cuts both wayes; and ſlaſhes *Pro*, and *Con*. For the Arch-Biſhop, *Repartee Pro* fights in the *van*, p. 281. in theſe words: Arch Biſhop *Laud*, *who if for nothing elſe, yet for his learned Book againſt Fiſher, deſerved far another fate than he met with, and ought not* (mark that!) ought not *to be mentioned without due honour:* well charg'd *Pro*.

But here, *come hither Repartee Con*, and make him eat his words, or cram them down his throat; in p. 301. *He ſeem'd to know nothing but Ceremonies, Arminianiſme, and Manwaring; with that he begun, and with that he ended, and thereby deform'd the whole Reign of the beſt Prince* &c. Well ſtruck *Repartee Con*, I knew thou wouldſt make him recant theſe words, namely *ought not to be mentioned without due Honour*.

But *to him again* Repartee *Pro*. p. 301. I *am confident the Biſhop ſtudied to do both God and his Majeſty good ſervice*; his will was good then. What ſay you to that, Repartee *Con*? I ſay in the ſame page and next following words: *he was ſo learned, ſo pious and ſo wiſe a man*; a man may be pious indeed, and have a good will to do well; but if he want learning and wiſdome he knows not how to effect it; this

Arch-

Arch-Biſhop had *both* (he ſays) learning and wiſdome, piety, good intentions and diligence, *ſtudying to do both God and his Majeſty good ſervice*, and yet preſently after denyes all, he ſaid no ſuch thing; no not a ſyllable on't; he neither ſaid he had a good will and endeavours for God and his King, nor any ſuch thing, he never acknowledged his learning, piety, wiſdome, and honour that was due to him; for the Arch-Biſhop had not one jot nor tittle of any of them, or any other thing that was good in him; why? *He ſeem'd to know nothing but Ceremonies, Arminianiſme and Manwaring, with that he begun and with that he ended.* Nay, continues the young Gentleman (he was a *Student* of the *Laws*) I will ſhew you how almoſt every page contradicts the other; but the company deſir'd him to forbear a little; becauſe the old Gentleman (his tongue being *tyred* with *lying ſtill* ſo long) deſired he might be heard.

That which he was *ſo big with*, and did ſo long for the happy time of being *deliver'd* of it, when it came *to the Birth*, was nothing but an old *Proverb*.

For, *like as* when a churliſh Maſtiff worries a ſtrange Curr and tumbles him in the dirt, every dogged little Curr will have a ſnap at him when he is down, *ſo* this old Gentleman that not long ago had with the

ſame mouth cryed up this ſtrange new Author, convinc'd now of his former folly, ſhows the truth of his converſion by his zeal; and ſince the Company generally did now cry him down, the old Gentleman had ſcarce patience thus long to forbear him; and becauſe that, wanting teeth, he could not bite him, yet as well as he could, the old Cur *mouths him* with a *Proverb*, Proverb againſt Proverb.

The *Proverb* of this ſtrange Author that thus provok'd him and ſtuck in his ſtomach, did lie in p. 294. of the book. It was *Jack Gentleman*, Jack Gentleman.

Which, ſays this old Gentleman, is a *mere lie* of his *own* making: though *the Author* on't, for fear of detection and ſhame, dares not *own* his *own* Iſſue, but makes it *filius populi*, a Baſtard, of I know not whoſe begetting, only ſaying, *they tell me*, they tell me —— *It was come they tell me to Jack Gentleman. They* tell me? continued he; what *they*? I am ſure if it was *any body*, but the *Author* himſelf, it was *Nicholas Nemo*. For no body knows the *old* Proverbs of thoſe times better than my ſelf; and indeed, (ſaith he) I confeſs there was, and yet is, a *Proverb* ſomething *like* it, but this Author *clips* it, and then *new coyns* it, and would make it paſs for *Currant*, with *they tell me*.

The *Proverb*, in thoſe times was not *Jack-Gentleman*

Gentleman, but *Jack would be a Gentleman, if he could ſpeak French.* And was *of old*, and *yet* true; and made of thoſe that being *upſtart* Gentlemen, and having more money than true honour, their Fathers leaving and bequeathing to their ſons Gentlemens Eſtates, but could not leave them (what themſelves had not) *a Coat of Arms.*

For *ſupply* whereof *upſtart* gets himſelf a *French* coat, a *French* wit, a *French* head, a *French* wigg, *French* legs, *French* cringes, *French* Tongue, and all other members about him (in apiſh and mimick imitation of the *French*) *frenchefyed*, thereby to be taken for a *Gentleman*, whence the Proverb, *Jack would be a Gentleman if he could ſpeak French.*

At *which*, ſo probably related by the old Gentleman, moſt of the company laughed heartily; and concluded that this *new* Author, deſigning in his whole book to promote again the *good old Cauſe*, which he calls *modern Orthodoxy*; and ſometimes *the cauſe too good*; reſolving right or wrong, to plead the Cauſe of the *Non-Conformiſts*, which ſince he has eſpous'd, he is not aſham'd of; and therefore confeſſes p. 282. *that if he can do the Non-Conformiſts no good, he is reſolv'd to do them no harm*; and we will believe him without ſwearing.

To carry on *this goodly* deſign, he beſpatters the

the present Government, with unparallel'd malice endeavours to stain and blemish the late Kings whole Reign as deform'd, rails at Bishops and evil Councellors, dead and alive, justifies *Schisme*, (as shall shortly appear) cries up Indulgence, and liberty, *Breda*, *Breda*; Reformation, Reformation; and with bitter sarcasmes and invective taunts, prosecutes the present *Parliament*, (Rallery being the most biting and insufferable Railing) and all this with as little fear as wit.

Rather than not have a fling at the *Parliament*, and pinch it till it recant all, (especially the *Act for Uniformity*, or *any Act* against the *good old Cause and Non-Conformists*) to twit it home, as wittily and effectually as he can; he, p. 110. confounds nature to create a *Joque*; turns the *Parliament-men* into a *Parliament of women*, on purpose to break a jeast upon them, which had otherwise missed them, viz. *Superfœtation of Acts*.

And new-mints a word, *Trinkle*, trinkle *the members*; rather than his beggarly wit should have nothing currant. It would make a man sick, to see this little *Tantalus* catch and gape for a jeast and a little Rhetorick; And (alas!) it will not come.

And at other times to see him make a Lyons face and grunt and groan to send forth a little wit, but it is *right Presbyterian*, it will not come;

come; for the man is as *coſtive* as one of the *old Aſſembly* of Divines; or *Smec.* or *Tom Dumbly-low*, who dy'd becauſe he was ſo.

And all this pother is for *an old Cauſe* that ſtinks above ground in the noſtrils of every honeſt heart, both here and all the world over.

Yet commend me to the men for one thing, they are as reſtleſs and indefatigable in their endeavours to promote it; (though ſo often baffled by God and man) that they ſtill ceaſe not to move every ſtone, bribe and flatter, threaten and frown, fight and rayl, cant and recant, pray and lye, preach and ſlander, ſnivel and whine, exhort and blaſpheme, in publique, in private, in City and Countrey, in Churches, in Conventicles, with Licenſe, and without Licenſe, by your leave, and in ſpight of your teeth; As if old *Knox* himſelf was again metempſuchos'd in every one of them.

To this purpoſe, *in this Author*, they aſſault the Church and State, with the old weapons new furbiſh'd; and to make you believe their *old cauſe* was *good*, they make the *old* Kings cauſe *bad*, and this bold man dares, in this juncture of affairs, with implacable inveteracy, prey upon the dead, not permitting to reſt in the bed of Honour our gracious and bleſſed King, *Englands* Martyr,

That ſacrific'd his own life, rather than to live

live in infamy by betraying his people, the laws, and his own just rights. And, though we can scarce believe our own eyes when we see the matchless Impudence of this Authour thus to traduce him and his whole Reign; and the present Parliament with Taunts as bitter as bold: yet to make all this seem but a jeast, when he *casts firebrands, arrows and death*, like mad, he seems to say, *Am not I in sport?*

In an affected, but taking and fashionable Drolling way, insinuating into every mans humour to carry on the work; Cajoling the *Rabble* with liberty, Indulgence, *Breda, Breda*; Cajoling the *Yeomen and Corporations* with Interest and *Trade*; *and propriety*, invaded with fears of *Sibthorpianisme, Ceremonies, Arminianisme and Manwaring.*

Cajoling the *Gentlemen* and noble men, with the dangers that again threaten their *Reputation* and Honour; and make them feel for their *Cutto's*, and draw upon poor Cassock and Lawn-sleeves, for fear it should come again to the *Proverb* (of his *own* making) *Jack-Gentleman.*

But I being suddenly call'd away, was no longer happy with the further discourse of this *Cabal* of wits; only I took notice before I parted, that the *Virtuoso's* all this while made not one *Repartee*; or if they did, *it* was but one

one little one, answering mostly with a countenance compos'd, and made up of magisterialness and high conceit, mixt with some pity but more scorn, and a little smile, now and then, proceeding from both.

But with such a paltry and surly grace, that I could scarce contain my self; and I had much ado to forbear kicking the Coxcombs.

And they had certainly felt the Print of my toes, but that I was not so angry as to hold from laughing right out, at such affected gravity, they look'd so scurvily.

With Head tos'd up, but bridling in the chin,
As if with half cheek-bit and Curb reyn'd in.

Mumbling a little sometimes to themselves, as the poor ass does, when feeding upon Thistles, the sharp pricks gawl his Chaps.

Whether, like right-bred Cocks of the Game, they kept their best strength for the Reserve and last Close: or, that they were good Husbands of their wits, and would not spend it, but in better company, some *Cabal* of their own; or, thought that the Moderators place was their own by *Patent* and just right; determining all at the last; or, did not at that time carry their wit about them, as loth to wear it out; or, like old true hunted Hounds, would not open, but when the scent

was

was certain; or, whether they had ſome peculiar endearances for the *Authour*, I cannot decide.

But I was ſo nettled with what I had heard of this *new Author*, above *all* admiring the *ſtupendious* contradictions and *double-Tongue* of the man; that, though I had read in *Diodorus Siculus* of an Iſland in *Arabia*, where the Inhabitants have *two tongues* in a head, but loth to go ſo far to ſee them; yet ſince I might ſee the *Marvel* at home, (more prodigious than the child, at the *Swan* by *Charing-Croſs*, with *two heads*) I was reſolv'd, though it coſt me a ſhilling, to ſee what I could find in this *marvellous Book*; and readily finding one at the next *Stationers*: the *Bugg* almoſt ſtartled me at firſt, it had ſuch a *Portentous Title*, *The Rehearſal Transpros'd.*

The Rehearſal Transpros'd? Some of the Common Herd of mankind, that ne're paid ſix pence yet at a *Club* of the *Virtuoſo's*, nor ſo much as once got the word for that night, would quietly (if not frighted with the *Goblin*) paſs by this *Title-Page*, (when ſtarch'd up with the Play-houſe *Bills*,) as unconcern'd and hopeleſs, as if it were *Copti* or *Syriack*.

Or if he ſhould be ſo daring, as to venture to ſpell it, and put it together, it would ſtick in his throat, like *Welſh* or *Iriſh*.

This 'tis to be mortal, & not free of the Company

pany of *Wits*, who, (as Gregory Father-Grey-beard (for ſo I'le ſtyle this whifler for his merits-ſake, & ſometimes for brevity ſake, plain *Greg.*) intimates p.51,52,53.2d.Imp.) feaſt at a *Club* on nothing but conceits *reeking hot*, and with a pretty ſmile or ſo, *till it be grown almoſt as good as a Play*, at laſt laugh right out, and (ſaving your Reverence Sir) *turn their breech* ('tis his own ſmutty Language) at all the world beſides, that live (poor ſouls!) on their leavings, viz. *cold conceits and not enough matured.*

Oh *Hudibras*! Droll Laureat! Wits-Common-wealth! or which is more, friend to *Trans*! Poor wit might have ſlept quietly, (as ſhe has done time out of mind,) but that *Hud* took her napping, gave her a twitch by the noſe, and made her wait on him in the ſhape of a *Droll*, draws a Circle and conjured her, henceforward never ſo much as to look at a Caſſock, a Quoif, a Gown, or a Bulls-cap; but by no means on a Black-Cap white-fac'd, nor ſo much as to come within ſight of the Cradle upon *Kings-Colledge-Chappel*, but be confin'd henceforth for ever to the Coffee-houſe, Clubs, Drolls, Virtuoſo's, and Ingenioſo's; who now, with the help of the Preſs, Coffee, and the Wine-Preſs, want nothing but *Ink and Elbow-greaſe*, (as *Trans* threatens the trembling world,) *to do more harm than*

an

an hundred Systematical Divines, with their sweaty Preaching.

What a *dull Thing* was he that writ *The Advancement of Learning*? (If he could but have hit on't.) It had been but converting the *Colledges* and *Halls* into *Laboratories*, the *Inns of Court* into *Coffee-houses*, the *Doctors* into *Ingenioſos*; then changing their *Books* for *Limbecks*, *Crucibles*, *Furnaces*, *Coffee-pots*, and *China-diſhes*; the *Canonical* Black for a *light* Drugget, *Ariſtotle* for *Hobs*, *Eccleſiaſtical Policy* for *Contempt of the Clergy*, the *Friendly Debate* for our Friend *Greg. Chopping Logick*, and all *antiquated* Terms of Art, into *Tuants*, *Flambos*, *Ragouſts*, *Riſques*, *Intrigues*, *Harangues*, *Comfortable Importance*, *Remarks*, *Repartees* &c. above *all* keeping the head warm the while with a *Periwig* inſtead of a *Square Cap*, and the buſineſs had been done, the *Circle* ſquar'd; the *Longitude*, *Pepetual* motion, and the true *Philoſopher's Stone* of *wit* had been found out.

He that preſum'd the *Pope* was a Niggard if not very hard-hearted, becauſe he could as eaſily have fetch'd all the poor Priſoners out of *Purgatory* at once, as one or two now and then, if he had liſted; would certainly have had as little charity for *Greg.* and his Corporation of *Drolls*, for engroſſing all the Wit and Learning in the world, except that little they retayl out to the frail world that

half

half ſtarv'd gape for it, when they may ſo eaſily (if they had the hearts) by the help of a new Dictionary for their new-coyn'd words, enrich the world with light wit by wholeſale, and free it from darkneſs.

Yet I'le aſſure you, *Dear Sir*, I ſhall ne're endeavour to bring theſe *Wit-alls* within the ſtatute againſt *Monopolies*; I do not envy them, nothing of this moves my ſpleen, but that they are grown ſo ſpleenatick, and cannot be content to have all the wit in the world, but muſt needs become petulant, and with ſcorn trample upon all mankind.

This inſolence of Greg. Father-Grey-beard againſt *Bayes*, moves me; for not contenting himſelf with expoſing our learned friend, as *impudent and Counterfeit*, p. 2. *a Preface-monger*, *a malepert Chaplain*, p. 4. *a dangerous fellow*, p. 11. *Arrogance*, p. 19. *Cut-throat*, p. 41. *Eccleſiaſtical Draw-can-ſir*, p. 42. *Penitentiary univerſal to the reformed Churches*, and *ridiculous Buffoon-General to the Church of England*, p. 44. *Daw-Divine*, p. 45. *Opprobrium Academiæ et peſtis Eccleſiæ*, p. 46. *Interloper*, *Prodigie*, *and prodigious perſon*, p. 47. (yet by way of Irony) *Pink of Courteſie*, p. 9. and *Overſeer of Gods high way*, p. 76. a *Creature moſt obnoxious; yet more deſpicable*, p. 48. a *mad Prieſt*, *fit for nothing but Bedlam and Hogsdon*, p. 61. *Cock-divine*, *Cock-rit*, p. 64. *mad man in Print*, p. 66.

Hebrew Jew, p. 73. one *that has ſtrewed Arſenick in every leaf*, p. 79. *Spy and Intelligencer*, p. 92. a *Writer of a paltry Book*, p. 105. a *Buffoon*, p. 106. a *Hypocrite to God, and a Knave amongſt men*, p. 115. *with the like Drivill, in twice as many pages more*; but by degrees to render him *an enemy of mankind, like a raging Indian, running a Muck, and ſtabbing every man he meets*, p. 59. and *killing whole nations, friend and foe, Hungary, Tranſilvania, Bohemia, Poland, Savoy, France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, and a great part of the Church of England, and all Scotland*, p. 42, 43.

Bleſs me (ſtartled I) the drawing-on world is juſt now at the laſt gaſp; but I was ſo much the more aſtoniſh'd and ſurpriz'd, becauſe I found not one word of all this in *Englands* fate, happily and piouſly diſcovered in two Prophetical Books, one call'd *Annus mirabilis*, It has a Greek name too, but in Engliſh it heights *Mervail's year*, 1661. and the other, *Annus mirabilis ſecundus*, 1662. (who was the *Author* you may *gheſs*.)

But having ſome skill in Aſtrologie, I had more than a months mind to ſee the face of the Heavens, to know whether by their lowring looks, they boded all this terrour.

With a trembling hand therefore taking down the Ephemerides, and the table of the dignity of the Planets, together with *Will. Lillyes*

Lillyes Introduction, I drew my Scheme, and I found the Heavens look'd just thus.

My fears brought me near enough to an *extasie*, which is next door to *rapture* and Poesie, my fancy meeting by chance with a *Drolling* Muse, represented the *Scheme* thus.

Sol's near his Exaltation,
Where Mars *will welcome him anon*;
Mars *his* own house *doth dignifie*,
Englands *brave Prince is blest thereby.*

And Saturn *in his own Houſe lyes:*
All theſe are happy Auguries.
Mercury Virtuoſo *cloſe*
Is in Conjunction noſe to noſe
With Venus: (*poor Girl!*) *fair, but frail:*
Their Meeting-Houſe, the Dragons Tayl;
The ſting, *did make me quake for fear,*
I ſaw i'th' Dragons Tayl *ſtick there.*
But forthwith all my fears were over,
Becauſe this Omen *doth diſcover,*
Mars *being* Lord *of the eighth houſe,*
(*Which by* Aſtrologers *is cho-ſe*
As fitteſt for) *the Houſe of death,*
In language of the ſtars, it ſaith,
Some Lord *by* Hector Virtuoſo
May in a Duel die, or ſo, ſo.
Mars *being plac'd too in the* Ram,
He dies a Cuckold *too. I came*
From thence to the tenth *Houſe, to ſpye*
In what poſture Venus *did lie*
Snugging ſo cloſe to Mercury.
Which ſpeaks the loſs of Mayden-head;
No, Hold; alas! 'tis not ſo good;
'Tis the loſs of all modeſt ſence,
And ſpeaks unparallel'd impudence.
But Jove *being* uncombuſt *and free,*
With the Lords o'th' Triplicitie,
In no Azimenes; *they, thence*
United in their Influence;

And

And in the tenth *House, where do lye*
The Drugs of cheating Chymistry;
From thence it plainly does appear,
The Heavens will knit their brows *this year*
On Virtuoso's *great and small,*
Hogens and Mogens *too, That's all.*
A Bearded Comet *next appear'd*
(I knew him only by his Beard,)
Which was a dreadful bush of hair,
Right under Cassiopeia's *chair;*
And, which presag'd some little harm,
Andromeda *held him in her Arm;*
His Tayl too did not much befriend us,
I took my Optick *of* Gassendus,
And look'd him right up in the face,
But found I much mistaken was;
For that which seem'd a Beard so big
Was not a Beard, *but* Perriwig:
The colour as it first began,
Still continued pale and wan,
Because he lodg'd in Capricorn,
Which in the skies is th' sign o'th' Horn:
His face with Wig *so dreadful made,*
I scarce saw any face he had:
Whether he was asham'd to show
A face so bad, I do not know.
The Dog-star *lent him influence,*
His Bushie-locks *he had from* thence;
Which shows, that water-Dogs *and* Irish
Grey-Hounds *shall make Gentlemen flourish,*

With all the Hair that they can ſtare,
To make Jack-Gentlemans wig *of Hair:*
How near the Gallants *noſe will come*
To th' Hair *that cover'd* Shag'd-*Dogs* Bum!
Yet that *in Honour doth ſurpaſs,*
Hair clip'd from Scab'd-head Countrey-Laſs;
Or hair clip'd off by Gregory
From Tyburn-*Thief's-head, as his Fee:*
The ſelf ſame head of hair I ſaw
Twice hang'd at Tyburn; *Is this Law?*
Good my Lord Judge! Hang Jack *no more,*
His Head has been hang'd twice before;
And ſold to Barber, by 'Squire-Dun,
To make a Jack a Gentleman;
When Upſtart, *Honour true to have,*
The ſoft place *in his head does ſhave.*
Who, more Star-Perriwigs does lack,
This year look Lillies Almanack;
Who Heavenly wigs can trim, (as well
As I,) by old Prophetick skill,
And long acquaintance with the ſtars:
Foretelling this *year, that i' th' wars*
The French King did *get, to his praiſe,*
Fourty Dutch Towns in fourty dayes;
The Witch i' his Almanack *foreſees it,*
Saying there venit, vidit, vicit:
Preſaging *what the French* did *get,*
As truly as laſt *Junes* Gazett.
Whether this Witchcraft hangs him or no,
He ought t' have been hang'd long ago,

As

As much for villany, (as I have heard)
'Gainſt King Charles *as now* Father-Grey-beard.
I poſted thence, from North to South,
In haſte to view the Poles *both*;
Surveying the Worlds Axes *too,*
Whether the Hinges *held or no.*
I found them both, *and either* Pole
In every motion, ſafe and whole,
Looſen'd but by one Pin: *Pox on it,*
(*To make up Rhithme*;) *now I have done it.*

And I think I have done very fair for my ſelf; for all my fears forthwith vaniſh'd. I took heart of grace, and found that all this pother made by our new Authour, was but right down rayling ſet off with a little Droll, the more takingly to calumniate and caſt contempt on the Clergy, which he endeavours to wound, (through the ſides of Mr. Bayes,) Biſhop *Bramhall*, and Arch-Biſhop *Uſher*; and if his malice had gone no further than the Clergy, I had now left them to ſhift for themſelves; for there is but few of them inferior to *Greg.* in any thing but this his own unparallel'd Rhetorick of Barking.

Is't not a *marvel* who this ſame Gregory Father-Greybeard is? The thing ſhould be female by the *Billings-gate* Oratory of ſcolding; But then —— *whoop Holla*; *Holla whoop*; ſome ridiculous *common Hunt*; by fears and jealouſies,

ſies, by his apology for I. O. and the brethren, it ſhould be ſome R. B. or ſnivelling *whining Black-cap* underlay'd with *white*; by its bulie intermedling with State-affairs, ſome Sir *Politick would be*; by its half Jeſts, quarter Jeſts, and half-quarter Jeſts, it would be thought to be ſome *little Droll*, and by its plea for Corporations, ſome candidate againſt the next vacation for a Burgeſs place in Parliament. But let the thing be what it will, the ſtroak's not ſo terrible as the crack. I do not deny though, but that one of the *Ingenioſo's* has found out of late, that all the Land, Mountains and Groves were once Sea; and all the Deep (now an Ocean) was once inhabited with men, women and children, as populous as now the world in the *Moon*; and that this ſame *Sea* ſhall be *Land* again, and the Land *Sea*; but fear not, for he promiſes moreover I thank him, that this great change ſhall be the work of a ſix thouſand years Revolution.

And therefore I dread no more the ruine of *Hungary*, *Tranſilvania*, *Bohemia*, *Poland*, *Savoy*, *Scotland*, *France*, &c. (I will not ſay for the *Netherlands*.) than when the Quaker cry'd *Overturn*, *overturn*, *overturn*.

And though *Greg.* and his *Virtuoſo's* ſeem to themſelves to be *Vertical* and Cock-a-hoop friſking and kicking, laughing and jearing, fretting

fretting and railing, at the poor Clergie eſpecially; for my part I neither envy him nor them that jolly employment.

For, (as *Alvarez de Luna*, chief Favourite to the King of *Caſtile*, us'd to ſay to thoſe that admir'd his fortune; ſo ſay I of theſe men that are ſo ſcornful, ſecure and *culminant*) commend not the *Building till it be finiſh'd. Ante obitum nemo:* (I will make uſe of my dear *ends of latine* verſe; (as well and as decently made uſe of, as *Italian* patches are by *Greg.*) though I know the Wits laugh at them; and have jear'd them to death, as St. *Patrick* did the Rats in *Ireland*, l. 65. Sti *Patricii*.)

I grant there are ſuch wiſe fools in the world, and ſo audacious, as, (like the old Gyants) to bid Heaven Battle; caſting dirt, and flinging ſtones at the ſtars; But he that ſits in the heavens does but laugh them to ſcorn; and the ſtones fall uſually on their own Pates.

But *Aquila non capit muſcas*, Greg. turns Tayl from the Eccleſiaſtical Politician, as a Prey too puny, and to ſhew the courage of his wickedneſs lets fly with indignation, at two moſt reverend and Learned Prelates of our age, Biſhop *Bramhall*, and Arch-Biſhop *Uſher*, Lord *Primate* and *Metropolitan* of all *Ireland*: (that *was* ſo once, I mean,) for (thanks to ſuch as Greg. and his friends I. O. and the reſt of the modern Orthodox) the good Biſhop

ſtript

stript of all but his Priesthood, (that indelible character) was glad to crouch and pray that he might be suffered *in one of the Priests offices, that he might eat a piece of bread.*

Which Greg. calls p. 26. the *height of the honest mans ambition, satisfying himself,* (happy he that could, and holy he that would be so satisfied) *with being admired by the white and blew Aprons, and poynted at by the more judicious Tankard-bearers.*

Thus Greg. adds scorn to the afflicted and affliction to his grief. Happy *England* in such Governours & Politicians as this Father-Greybeard, 'tis pitty he was not one of the *Committee for Plunder'd Ministers* in the late confusions, he is so tender-hearted.

How would he have mump'd and frown'd upon the poor *Nuns*, if he had been *Comrade-Inquisitor* with *Cromwel* in Hen. 8. dayes? when the verdict was given in wittily enough for those times, (for then *keeping to the Letter*, and *Latine scraps* were not cry'd down by the wits) *Primi Pravi, Episcopi Apostopi, Cardinales Carnales, Canonici Cenonici, Praepositi praeposteri: Oh Monachi, vestri Stomachi!* I know not what a kind heart to the *Nuns* Greg. might have prov'd, but I am confident he would have made no bones on their Lands: and all this picque at the Clergy is not without design: *Is not the hand of —— with thee in all this?*

Is

Is there never a fat Mannor of the Biſhops-Lands next Hedge to his little field, I mean, it would help the Proſpect a little better in his own ground, if he could perſwade to *another diſſolution*: Beſhrew me he has done fair to put in for a ſhare; and to be remembred in the dole.

Beſides, his neceſſities may poſſibly plead for him; for great Gameſters, (ſuch as he makes himſelf p. 283. playing no leſs than Pieces at Picquet, and haunting the *Ordinaries*) are uſually great loſers: which unhappy chances if they fall out to be *Gregories* Lot, and blank him and bilk him, then *ſui profuſus* muſt be *alieni appetens*.

And of whoſe goods then can this Free-booter make a prize on more lawfully and with more juſtice, than upon the *Churches Dignities?* a Dignitory of *Lincoln* he tells us, p. 282. having cheated him already of his *Pieces*, and *fingred* his money. Is't not pity his Majeſty does not give him a *Letter of Mart*, to reimburſe himſelf upon that people, by ſome of whom he was rob'd?

Is not his Book a Prologue to his Revenge? foaming and raging againſt the people of God, (as proud *Haman* did,) and vowing their deſtruction and total extirpation of all the *dignities* in the Church, only for the affront of one *Mordecai*, alledging (as wicked *Haman*

men did) that *it is not for the Kings profit to ſuffer them.*

For render but the *Biſhop's office* uſeleſs, eſpecially as to *Epiſcopal Grandeur* uſeleſs; (as indeed it is if there be no diſcipline, all indulgence;

Then *preſto* comes me in *Judas* with his old ſpeech, (made juſt 1640 years agoe,) *To what purpoſe is this waſt?* Had not theſe fair Manors and Biſhops Lands *better have been ſold and given to the Poor?* Poor Soldiers, or poor Courtiers rather than fail.

If a Gentleman has conſumed his body, or waſted his eſtate, with gaming, riot, and wenching; would not it wonderfully comfort his bowels, refreſh, and chear up the man's drooping ſpirits and deſpair, To have all heal'd again with the Lands of the old Biſhops, or Prebends, that ne'r knew how to lead a Dance, hand a Miſtreſs, tread in a Maſque, or pick the teeth with bonne Grace; nor ſo much as knew how to ſet the Periwig and Galloſhoes, much leſs the true timing and accenting of a Rapper, and double ſwinger.

And though theſe accompliſhments, (not to be deſpiſed,) are worthy conſideration, and may plead ſome merit; yet an Hoſpital, one would think, ſhould be the height of ſuch mens ambition, and if it were not for charity-ſake, more than their due. But

But if their merits were never ſo impulſive and ſupererogating, yet good men, like God, ſhould hate robbery for an offering.

When the *Levellers* in the late times, ſet up their Standard at *Burford-heath*, and alſo erected a *Court of Chancery*, (ſo called, for the *Equity* of its deſign,) inviting all Chriſtian people to the Confederacy; for is there any equity or good Conſcience, ſaid they, that a Lord or Gentleman ſhould have 5000,10000, or 20000 pound *per annum*, when 20000 men have not ſo many pence? *Oliver* thereat took ſo hot an Alarm, that he never did either more or better beſtir himſelf, ſaying, If theſe men be ſuffered, there will be no living by them, either for Gentlemen, yeomen or tradeſmen: But it is written, *thou ſhalt not ſteal.*

When the dumb beaſt opened his mouth, ſaying, *Am not I thine Aſs?* He did thereby in right and good reaſon ſtop the mouths of all thoſe that ſhould gape after the goods belonging to the Prophet, though a wicked one:

And this Aſs ſhall ſerve to reprove the madneſs of this *Father-grey-beard*, who p. 309. by trampling on the fathers of the Church, and rendring them uſeleſs, as wantonizing away their time and opportunities to do good; and as Tyrants, chaſtiſing them for

for *their worthy cares*, and afterwards striking at those of them that are privy Councellors, with unparallel'd pertness and daring, would thereby render them uncapable of, and unfit for their great places and revenues.

And all this in so palpable and signal a manner, that every vulgar eye may readily see through his design, and guess at the success, if his Book had come out in 1642, as it does in 1672. Yet the Government being so well setled, it is evident he labours in vain, and *Balaam*'s Ass may silence him, these Places and Revenues (belonging to those Prophets) are their own.

And by as good Right, Reason, and Law, as any other men can shew for their estates.

Indeed it is as needless as difficult for one of my quality to pass a judgment upon the merit and worth of the present fathers of the Church; and much more insignificant is any Testimonial of mine to vouch them.

Yet in despight of *Father Grey-beard* or Envy it self, and as far from flattery, we must say, that there are none, that are honest sons of the Church and legitimate, that have any cause to be asham'd of the present Fathers of the church of England, which

Choros inter habet nomina clara viros,

Still

Still as of old, makes good the *Proverb*, currant all the Christian-world over,

Clerus Britannicus stupor mundi.
The English Clergy are the worlds wonder.

Worthies we have many, of whom this ungrateful and frothy age of the world is not worthy.

But granting (what *Greg.* endeavours should be taken for granted) that some of the Fathers of the Church were good for nothing but to *fill* and *keep the Bag*, must all the Apostles be decry'd for one *Judas*?

Nay granting that all the Lords *spiritual* minded nothing but wickedness, yet they have as good right to their Estates as any wicked *temporal* Lord of the laity, or prophane Gentleman can have to his.

And they must be very bad indeed if they deserve not their places, as well as the most others do; or even as well as this Father Greybeard himself does merit his places or Lands, if he ever had any, or has any yet left, since he begun to frequent the *Ordinaries*, and play pieces.

And if he do not look well to his hits, it is more than an even lay, that I shall beat him out of his play, before I have done. Yet I would have had more wit in mine anger, and favour'd

vour'd him the more, if he had not ſo unmanly and disingenuouſly play'd upon the dead.

Not to mention again here thoſe already mentioned, our late Soveraign, Arch-Biſhop *Laud*, Arch-Biſhop *Uſher* and Biſhop *Bramhall*; to his own eternal reproach already by him violated, but moſt to his own ſhame;

I cannot but here take notice how he again abuſes himſelf, by contemning by name, *Lancelot Andrews* late Lord Biſhop of *Winchester*; one that never produced any thing miſhapen or deform'd; but all ſo lovely, and with general liking and applauſe admired; that Greg. by diſpraiſing any thing that was his Iſſue, does but betray his own judgment, blinded with folly or implacable malice againſt all the *Clergy*.

To *whom* he confeſſes p. 283. he bears a great grudge, ever ſince he was nuzled by one of their Coat; as if it was ſuch a *marvel*, *Jonyt* ſhould be chous'd, when he comes to Commence Gentleman and Gallant, by being made Free of the Company, with his pocket full of pieces at an *Ordinary*.

From *which* if he had abſtain'd and kept ſtill in his Chamber, *himſelf and his Book* (writ it ſeems in revenge of his great loſs) he had been a wiſer man, and richer too, by ſaving his Pieces and his Credit, which (if not quite loſt) is at deſperate hazard, and at the laſt ſtake.

But

But if the ſins of this Nation ſhould ripen to the like fatal Revolution, in making havock and ſale of the Kings Lands, and Honours; the Lands of all his friends as well as the Biſhop Lands, and Father Grey-beard to his wiſh, ſhould live to keep his own *Court-Baron* in one of my now Lord Biſhops *Mannors*, it cannot be ſaid in ſhrift for the Rapine as at the diſſolution of Abbeys —— *Poſſidebant Papiſtæ*, (For *Greg.* himſelf aſſoyls our Prelates of Popery, p. 35. not for any great hatred they have to the Popes great head, but for fear of his large throat, that ſwallows a whole Patriarchate at a Break-faſt, and then if they be within reach and too neat him; *ſwoop* goes *Lambeth* at one morningsdraught, *like an Egg in Muſcadine.*)

Yet *Greg.* with all his Arts will not be able to purge himſelf then, from his filthy ſhare in the Rime and the reaſon too of the other part of that old Proverb —— *Poſſident Rapiſtæ.* But Sacriledge is but a *Bugg* to a wit and a Droll, eſpecially if he have a kindneſs for modern Orthodoxy; which vouches Dr. *Bruges.* that crime: It is but (as they uſe to preach) the Iſraelites robbing the Egyptians: It is poſſible it may be done again therefore, for it has been done; and ſomewhat elſe that I'le acquaint Mr. Gregory with by and by, which he ſhall not be able to ward off, with

his none-ſuch weapon, called p. 281. (in his *hide-bound* Rhetorick) the *Butt-end of an Arch-Biſhop*, meaning *Abbot*.

But I'le make him that he had as good have choſe the *Hinder-end of an Arch-Biſhop*, as the *Butt-end* of that Arch-Biſhop, to *mouth* with, before I have done.

But I have not yet done with him in reference to the other Arch-Biſhop of *Armagh*, already ſtigmatized with his ſawcy Pen; calling him with much Arrogance and ſcorn, p. 26. *Honeſt man, who was deep gone in Grub-ſtreet and Polemical Divinity, and troubled with fits of modern Orthodoxy: nay which is worſt of all, he undertook to abate of our Epiſcopal Grandeur, and condeſcended indeed to reduce the Ceremonious diſcipline in theſe nations to the primitive ſimplicity.*

So that Polemical Divinity, modern Orthodoxy, the abatement of Epiſcopal Grandeur, and primitive Simplicity, are, (if not terms æquivalent, yet all put together,) the great undertakings of this *Primate*, after *he was paſt the ſucking-bottle, and had ſo much ſtrength and agility as to leap over a ſtraw.*

Yet how meritorious ſoever this precious work was in the *Primate*, the honour of it lights upon our friends *J. O.* &c. for *J. O.* and the confederates were prompted by zeal *pure pute*, but the honeſt *Primate* ſtoop'd, when he could not ſtand tip-toe any longer, &

in

in ſpight of his teeth, let go what he could not hold: Thank him for nothing.

I perceive *He* might have had, on all ſides, as much thanks for his great pains, though he had not chang'd his name, of *Primate and Metropolitan of all Ireland*, to *honeſt James Uſher*; and inſtead of his new *dalliance* with *ſtrange* lovers, and *making love* to his *new beloveds* (the white and blue Aprons) had *not forſaken his firſt love*. And thereby have verified the *Anagram*, that, with more autumeing hope than truth, was given him when he was, *James* Biſhop of *Meath* in *Ireland*,

James Meath.
Anagr.
I am the ſame.

The Archbiſhop did not ſtand faſt, becauſe he did not ſtand on good ground, but on the Pinacles of the Temple, *Epiſcopal Grandeur*, and ſome Devils tempted him either to throw himſelf down headlong, or elſe they themſelves would take the pains to do it, to ſave him a labour; He muſt needs go, when the Devil drives.

Why? But does the Devil drive men to modern Orthodoxy? I beg your pardon Sir, if I miſtake a little, nevertheleſs it puts me in mind of *the Indenture* made at *Edinburgh* in *Scotland*

land the fourteenth day of the second month in the first year of the reign of *O. C.* Protector, betwixt *Archebald Mac. Dougal*, (aged 72 years, and burnt for a Wizard in the same year under *Edinburgh* Castle) (I saw him burnt) *on the one part*; and the great Fiend *Beelzebub on the other part*, &c. But *Arche.* confest then and there that two of the Articles which the Devil chiefly stood upon, (before he would seal,) was that *Arche.* should deny his *Baptism* and the *Covenant*, *solemn League and Covenant*. With much adoe *Arche.* was content to deny his Baptism, but rather than deny his geud Covenant, he would never be Wizard whilest he liv'd; *Nick*, seeing the man peremptorily resolv'd, blotted out, *The denying of the geud Covenant*, and seal'd notwithstanding; saying the matter was not great, for he himself was at the making of the geud Covenant.

By all which it is as evident and true (as is the *Manuscript* of Arch-Bishop *Abbot*, which *Greg.* so impudently impoſes, and asserts as dogmatically and magisterially, as if he had stood at the Bishop's elbow when he writ it) That this same *modern Orthodoxy* (he must mean the *Directory*, and the geud Covenant, (its *zmee*) for which *his whole book* instead of a *whining*, (which now takes not so well) is a *Drolling Apology*, as he confesses, (truth will

will out) p. 282. *If I can do the Non-conformiſts no good, I am reſolv'd I will do them no harm.*) I ſay, it ſeems this ſame modern Orthodoxy and primitive Simplicity of *Father-gray-beard*, and the great *Fiend*, were about that time and year, at no great *Feud*, at leaſt not of malice forethought.

I know not how deep-learn'd Mr. *Gregory* is in *modern Orthodoxy*; yet I durſt lay my Spectacles, he never read of a King ſtanding *on the ſtool of Repentance*, in the *Primitive Simplicity*: in the old Records whereof I have ſeen *Lawn ſleeves*, *Rochet*, *ſquare Cap*, and *Caſſock* writ in as fair and legible a hand, as Coat in *Querpo*, *Black cap white fac'd*, Breeches and Doublet, Stockings and Hat, Band and Cuffs, *Cabala*, Luggs flappant, Hourglaſs, Pulpit, blew and white aprons, Simars, Peruke, or *new-faſhion'd Cloak*.

For that Roman *Penula* which St. *Paul* left at *Troas*, had neither black buttons nor cape: though Greg. p. 236. admires it above that in 1 Cor. 14. 40. And to tell you the plain truth on't, I do not believe that St. *Paul* ever left his Cloak behind him at *Troas* in his life: he was not ſo rich to have two ſuits to his back.

For this ſame Cloak, that is ſo talk'd on, (which ſome Greek Copies read φαιλόνης, ſome φαινόλης, and ſome φελώνης, and ſome φελόνης, and laſtly, ſome φελόνη, which) if

you nip so hard as to make it cry φενόλη, *Penula*, then you may make a *Roman Cloak* on't indeed, but not otherwise.

For the Syriack, ܦܘܛܠܐ signifies a *Satchell* which he left at *Troas* to put his books and briefs in; and therefore the learned *Estius* renders it *arculam libris chartisq; refertam*; others *scrinium scriniolum, & domum scriptorum.* Some *scriptorum repositorium*, so *Drus.* some *thecam librorum*; I confess indeed *Hesychius* says it was a kind of Cloak, and also that it was lin'd with Fur to keep out the cold and the rain; and yet presently stands in a *Quandary*, and doubts whether indeed it was not *scriniolum*, a *Satchel* still.

So that if this be true, we shall not *in the primitive simplicity* so much as find the old Cloak so much talk'd of; how many *Cloaks* soever you find in the *modern Orthodoxy.*

Yet if the Non-conformists be angry that I should thus rob them of their beloved Cloak, (which was worn thred-bare in the Pulpit) I can lend them three for't if I list, that shall fit them as well; and every *Cloak* fetch'd out of the Wardrobe of the *primitive simplicity*, (if they do not dislike the fashion) for they are all *Canonical.* The *first* and *second* I am sure they'l like, Is. 59. 17. *They were clad with zeal as a Cloak.* The *second* is 1 Thes. 2. 5. a *Cloak*

of

of Covetouſneſs; and the *third* is in 1 Pet. 2. 16. a *cloak of maliciouſneſs*; and the *ſtuff* that then and there this Cloak was made of, you may ſee was, *Liberty*; I know they'l like it; if't be but becauſe this ſtuff is in faſhion.

What kind of ſtuff this ſame liberty is, I'le ſhow you by and by, I am ſure, if it be not *Bayes*, it is not *Perpetuana*.

Truth ſays it, a *Kingdom divided cannot ſtand*, and the fatal conſequence of this liberty and Indulgence, we ſee for example if we look at the *Netherlands*, where their diviſion and non-conformity is their ruine, their confuſions their confuſion, the heads craz'd and diſtracted, the hands feeble and the heart faint; yet *Barnabee-Greg.* will not *tak't for a warning*.

But we go not ſo far, we'l look nearer home, (and all within the memory of man,) what pittiful ſtuff this liberty and Indulgence prov'd (all the Proof's in the wearing) for one twelve years, when we had *no King in Iſrael, but every man ſpoke and did what was right in his own eyes*.

Rake Hell, view the ghaſtly apparitions and evil ſpirits that walk'd ever ſince the *primitive ſimplicity*, (but bound down by wiſe Antiquity) and tell me if they did not all walk again in thoſe *twelve years of modern Orthodoxy*, liberty and *Indulgence*. I deny not

but they were *Spirits*, (Oh Spirit !) but I ſay they were *evil ſpirits*, (layd and *charm'd* down by a *form* of wholſome and *ſound words*) which being rent and torn apieces by the *modern Orthodox*, Hell *broke looſe*, and almoſt frighted us out of our wits.

Which ſome people that have bad memories and worſe conſciences have now forgot.

Did not the *evil ſpirits* of *Donatus*, *Priſcilian*, *Pelagius*, *Arrius*, and *Aerius*, (for I care not to ſet them down in order) the *Apoſtolicks*, *Adamites*, the *family of love*, *Carpocratians*, *Henricians*, *Valentinians*, *Heraclians*, *Anabaptiſts*, *Contobaptites*, the *Manichees*, *Monetarians*, *Creſconians*, *Macedonians*, *Neſtorians*, *Samoſateni ans*, *Circumcellians*, *Severians*, *Ebionites*, *Phariſees*, *Eſſenes*, *Flagelliferies*, *Fratricellians*, and the *Gnoſticks*, (which I ſhould have firſt nam'd) ſo long *dead*, tread our Engliſh ſtage *again*, as if the old Sects and Hereſies, were all *metempſycho'd*?

Had we not ſpirits that denyed the Kings ſupremacy in all cauſes and over all perſons? as did the *Fratricellians* and *Manichees*. (*Aug. contr. Fauſt.* l. 22. c. 74.) and the *Flagelliferies*. (*Prateol. Hereſ. de Flagel.*)

Did they not Allegorize the Scriptures, the Paſſion, and Reſurrection of our Saviour? as did the *Valentinians*. (*Iren.* l. 1. c. 1.) and the *Family of love*. (*H. N. Inſtruct.* ar. 4. ſ. 17. 29.)

Had

Had we not the *fatum Stoicum* from *Priſcilian*? (Aug. de Hæreſ. c. 10.) Did not ſome (I name no body, I would not willingly give offence) did not ſome I ſay make a Covenant againſt Authority, without Authority, forſwearing all former lawful oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, but being tender in conſcience (good men!) ſcruple to renounce unlawful oaths and Covenants of diſloyalty and Schiſme? and did they learn this *modern Orthodoxy* out of the *Primitive Simplicity*? or from *Donatus*? (Optat. de ſchiſm. Donatiſt. l. 4.)

Did they not learn to oppoſe Biſhops from the *Contobaptites*? (*Niceph. l.* 18 c. 49.) and from *Aerius*? (*Aug. de* Hæreſ. c. 53.) And did not *Donatus* teach ſome to make addreſſes to the weaker Veſſels, and to lead Captive ſilly women? (*Optat. de ſchiſm. Donatiſt.* l. 4.)

Did not ſome promote the deſigns and Plots of their *Cabal* by a common Purſe, and thought it Religion ſo to do? as did the *Apoſtolicks*. (*Aug. de Hæreſ.* c. 40.)

Did they not confine the Church of Chriſt to their Conventicles? as did *Donatus*. (*Optat. de ſchiſm. Donatiſt. l.* 1.)

Did they not gnaſh their teeth at the Surplice? as did *Pelagius*. (*Hierom. adv. Pelag. l.* 1.)

Did they not deny all ſuperiority and diſtinction

distinction of Persons and quality? as did the *Anabaptists*. (*Sleidan. Com. l.* 5.) Did they not measure the dignity of the holy Sacraments by the worth of the Minister, as if those holy Seals were the Seals of the Minister and not of Christ? as did *Donatus*, from whom also they learnt rebaptization. (*Optat de schism. Don. l.* 6.) Did not some make themselves equal to Christ and the Apostles, and so denying the Lord that bought them? as did the *Nesterians*. (*Euseb. Eccles. Hist. l.* 3. c. 27.) and the *Ebionites* and *Macedonians*. (*Theodoret. Haeret.* l. 4.)

Did they not deny *Salutations*, or bidding *God speed*, to all but their own fraternity? as did *Donatus*. (*Optat. de schism. Don. l.* 4.)

Did they not cry down all Holy-days and Fast-days, (except *long-Parliament Fast-days, and Thanksgiving-dayes* for a bloody victory? as did *Aerius*. (*Optat. de schism. l.* 4.)

Did they not learn to Cant, and ascribe every motion of their own spirits, to be the motion of the Holy-ghost within them? as did the *Samosatenians*. (*Confes. August.* 5. *Ar.* 8.)

Did they not undervalue Scripture-Authority? as did the *Circumcellians*. (*Aug. Cont. Pet. l.* 1. c. 27.)

Who taught them not to value, or at least, to undervalue the Testimonies of the old Testament,

Teſtament, but the *Manichees* and *Severians*? (*Trithem. de Eccleſ. Scrip. & Bulling. contr. Arnab. l. 2. c. 14.*)

Did they not learn that the Jewiſh Sabbath was none of the Ceremonies abrogated by the Apoſtles of Chriſt, but moral and perpetual, from the *Sabbatharians*? (*Doc. Sab. l. 1.*)

Did not ſome lie and ſay they had no ſin? as did the *Adamites*, *Pelagians* and *Donatiſts*. (*Aug. Cont. Petil. l. 2. c. 14. & c. 19.*) and alſo the *Carpocratians*. (*Iren. l. 1. c. 24.*)

Who taught them to cry up the Pulpit, and Sermons only, and decry Sacraments and Prayers, and Charity, but the *Eutichites*? (*Theodoret.*) Did they not deny Infant Baptiſm, and ſome the Baptiſm of thoſe Infants whoſe Parents would not be examin'd by the lay-Elders, nor take the Covenant, (I mean) ſuch as were not of their fraternity and Gang, as did the *Heraclians*, *Henricians*, and *Pelagians*. (*Magd. Eccleſ. Hiſt. Cent. 12. c. 5. Aug. de verb. Apoſt. de bapt. parv.*).

Did they not declare that private men have Authority to order and reform the Church, call Aſſemblies and Councels, and need not tarry for the Prince and Magiſtrate? as did the *Monetarians*. (*Teſt. Rhem. Annot. Hebr.* 13. 17.) and the *Creſcenians*. (*Aug. cont. Creſc. gra. l. 3. c. 51.*)

Did they not declare it unlawful for the Magiſtrate

Magiſtrate to puniſh hainous offences with Death, or to go to War whether offenſive or defenſive? as did the *Manichees.* (*Aug. cont. Manich. l.* 22. *c.* 74.) Did they not declare that no man has proprietary in Goods, Lands or Wife, but all ſhould lie common, and without Incloſure? as did the *Pelagians* and *Apoſtolicks.* (*Magd. Eccleſ. Hiſt. Cent.* 5. *fol.* 586.) and the *Manichees.* (*Aug. de mor. Eccl. Cath. l.* 1.)

Would they afford either an Alms or Charity, or ſo much as a good word or look to any but their own Sect and Faction? ſo neither would the *Manichees.* (*Aug de mor. Manich. l.* 2.) Were they not pure in their own eyes, but abominated as Dogs all but themſelves, and their friends? (ſo called in Enmity to all others) as did the *Phariſees.* (Luk. 18. 11. Iſ. 65. 5. Prov. 30. 12, 13.) And the *Donatiſts.* (*Optat. de ſchiſm. Donatiſt.* l. 4.

Did they not count it unlawful to ſwear, though in truth, in righteouſneſs, and in judgment? As did the *Eſſenes*, the Jewiſh Puritans. (*Philo Judæus.*)

Thus old Hereſies (long ago condemned and dead and buried) by the Indulgence of our late licentious times, have found an unhappy Reſurrection.

And cannot theſe evil ſpirits be bound down again to the infernal Pit, from whence they

they came to deceive the Nations, as formerly they were by the wiſdome of our Anceſtors, when Hell broke loſe?

Simon Magus and his followers the *Gnoſticks* (which in Engliſh ſignifies, *the People of light*) as they proudly enough call'd themſelves) came at laſt, from one errour to another, *indifferenter utendi fœminis.*

And do not our *Gnoſticks* that pretend to all *the light*, fall away from one deluſion and *Enthuſiaſme* to another, till they come to be *Ranters*, *Atheiſts*, and what not?

Is there no eye to pity theſe, nor houſe of Correction to be found? words are loſt upon them, they are poſſeſt and prepoſſeſt.

We, we have liv'd to ſee that all this noiſe for the Goſpel, Reformation, modern Orthodoxy, liberty, primitive ſimplicity, and abatement of Epiſcopal Grandeur, does but bluſter on purpoſe to blow down Church and State, upon pretence to new-build them better and more faſhionable after the *Geneva*-frame.

Thus the Kite flies up to Heaven, but her deſign and eye is upon the Prey, and, but that the Buzzards (like thieves) fell out amongſt themſelves, true men had not ſo ſoon come to their own. But his Majeſtie promis'd Indulgence I am ſure (ſaith Father Grey-beard) in his Declaration from *Breda*.

Let honour for ever wait on his Majeſtie and

and his Royal word; but know, that the beſt, honeſteſt and moſt learned *Caſuiſts* will tell us, that if Thieves and Robbers take a mans purſe and rob his houſe, and not herewith ſatisfied, but they threaten alſo to kill him and every mothers ſon there, if the honeſt man do not promiſe and vow, nay ſwear, to give them more; yet when he's got out of their clutches he's alſo free of his oath.

In the name of God what would this people be at? Is't not enough that they got his ſacred Majeſties Father, and all his loyal friends, body and goods, that they could get into their clutches, and have they not done unto them whatſoever they would?

Is't not enough that they rob'd him of his Kingdomes and drive him to ſtraits, that he had not where to lay his head?

And have they not cauſe to bleſs God and the King every day they riſe, that they are not hang'd, drawn and quarter'd, as was *Baanah* and *Rechab*? But muſt they capitulate? ſetting down a ſtool of Repentance for him to ſit on whilſt they expoſtulate the matter.

Oh but Indulgence, and Liberty, liberty of Conſcience!

By liberty of conſcience muſt be meant either a liberty to do what we ſhould do, or a liberty to do what we would do. If they mean a liberty to do what they ſhould do, ſpur on,

up

up and be doing, in the name of God. The Reins of Government will neither check nor curb you; *take my yoak upon you and learn of me*, (saith our blessed Saviour) *for I am meek and lowly*, and *came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me.*

That's it (saith *Greg.*) the Non-conformists would be at, they desire only liberty to do the will of God, not their own wills; and to worship God in his own way, in Gods own way, though it be not the Kings high-way.

But what if the Kings High-way be not out of Gods way, will you be so wretchedly unsociable and singular, as to separate and go out of the way, when it is the Kings High-way? The truth is, I have no great skill in Divinity, (my Education not designing me that way) yet as the times are, in a mans own defence of his Christianity (for to be sure now if he walk but out as far as a Club or a Coffee-house he shall be sure to be assaulted on that side) so much Divinity to defend it always in readiness, becomes as necessary for a Gentleman, as the *little Tool behind* to save reputation, and much more honourable; and without any great accoutrement, I may soon have Divinity enough, to try it out with *Father Grey-beard*, I. O. and the rest of his friends; and can easily prove that the worship of God, so much prated of, and contain'd in the first Table, the four

four firſt Commandments, is in order, and made for the very nonce, and for no other thing or end but that men might obey the ſecond Table, and ſix laſt Commandments. Start not, for I'le prove it as clear as the Sun at Noon-day.

And that though ſometimes compariſons are odious, yet between Gods commandments, to weigh and compare which is the greater and which is the leſſer, is of abſolute neceſſity to every godly man, when Gods Commandments ſeem to juſtle for precedence, and ſtrive for the place.

As they often do: and no man can truly fear God and obey him as he ought, that underſtands not theſe Laws of Honour, and rules of Precedency.

We cannot err when our Saviour is the guide and leads us the way: I'le inſtance in a few caſes for example.

The Phariſees of old, (juſt like our modern Phariſees in their modern Orthodoxy) were *marvellous men* for the worſhip of God, and Gods day of worſhip, the Sabbath-day, Oh *the Sabbath-day*! and then for prayers, long, long prayers, ſacrifice, and indeed for all the worſhip of God preſcribed in the four firſt commandments, *who but they*?

Good, very good thus far; who can otherwiſe think but that theſe who are ſo much for God

God, and his glorious worſhip, ſhould be Gods own People, the *Godly Party*, and Almighty God as much for them?

Who dare check them, leſt he ſeem thereby to fight againſt God? Who dare ſpeak againſt their ways, leſt he ſeem to bid heaven battail, and ſpeak againſt Gods ways?

The *Lawyers* amongſt them, who were the chief *Preachers*, took it wonderful hainouſly, that even our bleſſed Saviour himſelf ſhould dare to reprove them; and when he made ſo bold as to do it, they took it as a very high affront, *Thus ſaying thou reproacheſt* us alſo; *us alſo*, and *reproacheſt*, (not *reproveſt*, but *reproacheſt us* alſo; taking for granted that to *reprove*, was to *reproach* them.)

Yet for all this, in the firſt Sermon our Saviour makes, he aſſures his Auditory, That *except their righteouſneſs exceed the righteouſneſs of the Scribes and Phariſees, they ſhould in no wiſe enter into the Kingdom of God.*

What? Would not *the worſhip of God in his own way* bring them to God? No. Would not a zealous and holy keeping Gods holy day bring them to God? No. Would not the being cry'd up for the moſt pure and godly party bring them to God? No. Would not prayers many and long, and good too; and preaching many Sermons, and full good and Orthodox and ſaving Truths, bring them to

God? No, Yet our Saviour gives them his Teſtimonial, that they did not only preach well, but alſo nothing that was ill, (*whatſoever they bid you obſerve, do.*)

And to give thoſe *Phariſees* their due, they did not only go Heaven-wards, but they did far over-go many of our *Phariſees* and Preachers, Heaven-ward.

For the Phariſees ſat in *Moſes*'s chair, preached Truth, and nothing but the Truth, whereas, *Bind your Kings with chains, and your Nobles with fetters of Iron, This honour have all the Saints*—— *Curſe ye* Meroz, &c. and many other good Truths, were miſerably *wreſted* (you know) by many, nay moſt of our godly Party, (that pretended above all others to *fear God*) on purpoſe to *diſhonour the King.*

But I lay not the ſtreſs upon that, but granting that any man preaches, and prays, keeps Gods holy day, and worſhips him, how divinely, truly and ſincerely ſoever; yet *all this* exceeds not a *Phariſee*, nor ſhall ever bring him to the Kingdom of God.

Lord, Lord, have we not propheſied in thy name, and in thy name caſt out Devils? Depart from me, ſaith our bleſſed Lord, *I know you not*; What? not know thine own Preachers, propheſying in thy name, and ſuch as have prayed too, *Lord, Lord?* No. *I know you not* (ſaith he) why? *Ye are workers of iniquity.*

Work-

Workers of iniquity? Who are *they*? or rather who are *not so*?

In reſpect of the *firſt* Table, the four firſt commandments, the Phariſees (of all men living) were *not ſo*, workers of iniquity.

And in reſpect of the four firſt commandments, ſuch as prayed and preach'd in Chriſts name, ſtood for the Lords worſhip, and conſequently Gods times of worſhip, and the Lords-day, were (of all men living) the *leaſt* workers of iniquity.

Therefore ſince Chriſt knows not theſe, there is a greater thing than Gods worſhip awanting, and which is *the one thing* neceſſary, and whats *That*?

Our Saviour tells us, in the ſame Sermon, even to *do to others, as we would they ſhould do unto us*, for this is the Law and the Prophets, *Mat.*7.12. That is to ſay, The ſumme and great deſign of the Law, and the preaching of the Prophets have all but this one ſcope and end, to prevail with mankind to keep the ſecond Table, or ſix laſt commandments, which do more particularly direct us how to obſerve this great general rule, *Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do to you, do ye even ſo to them.*

So that as food and rayment is for the preſervation of the body, *Preaching* Gods holy word, *Prayers*, keeping *days holy*, and all the

worſhip of God whatſoever has but one main ſcope and end, even to make men *good*, *good* to our own bodies and ſouls by temperance and ſobriety, *good* to others, by demeaning our ſelves peaceably, juſtly and mercifully one towards another, as we are particularly directed in the ſix laſt commandments.

Which *ſix laſt* Commandments God himſelf, our bleſſed Saviour, and the Prophets, and Apoſtles, do therefore *prefer* much *above* the firſt table, and *four firſt* Commandments; in *ſo much* as the *end* is more noble than the *meanes* to that end; as the *life* is *more* than *meat*, and the body than rayment; *meat* and *rayment* being but the *meanes* deſigned for that great *end*, namely the *preſervation of the body and life*.

Therefore as he that clothes himſelf with rayment, how good & warm ſoever it be, and preſently throws it all off again; and he that eats, and eats, and eats, and either preſently vomits it up again, or that the meat Lienterically paſs through him without alteration, and digeſtion, muſt needs be ſtarved; ſo he that takes in never ſo much of ſpiritual food, and digeſts it not according to the great deſign and end for which God ſent it, namely to obſerve the ſix laſt Commandments, that is, to be good to himſelf and others, he muſt needs have a ruin'd and ſtarv'd ſoul. The

Doctrine

Doctrine (how wholeſome ſoever) being worthleſs for want of the uſe: and theſe great Sermon-mongers are at beſt but the great-eaters, the ſpiritual *Maynards*, and *Wood* of *Kent*, Mr. *C.* of *Norwich*, *W. B.* of *Yarmouth*. For can all our *worſhip* of God, *prayers*, *praiſes*, and *preachings*, *obſerving Lords-days* and *Sacraments* profit God? Is he the better for them? *Job* 35.7.8. *If thou be righteous, what giveſt thou him? or what receiveth he of thy hand? Thy wickedneſs may hurt a man as thou art, and thy righteouſneſs may profit the ſon of man*: but cannot profit God.

Therefore when Almighty God firſt promulgated his ſacred Laws, he tells his people wherefore he ordered them to keep his Commandments, *Deut* 10.13. even for *their* good, not his own.

And excellently does his Prophet *Micah* tells us to this purpoſe, the great duty of man, Micah 6.6,7,8. *Wherewith ſhall I come before the Lord, and bow my ſelf before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings?* &c. *He hath ſhewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do juſtly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.*

And when the Phariſees (that prided themſelves ſo much in looking ſo carefully after Gods worſhip and Gods day) were offen-

ded so highly with the liberty which our Saviour and his disciples took to themselves upon the *Sabbath-day*, in not keeping it so strictly, as these *Hypocritical Puritans* deemed they ought to have done; our Saviour tells them of a superiour Law and of far greater concernment than the four first Commandments put together, *Mat.*12.7. and that was the Law of charity and *mercy*, which *if the Pharisees had understood, they would not have condemned the guiltless.*

Even God himself dispenses with his own Law for worship, in the old Law, when mercy and charity plead against it; for sacrifices and offerings were then part of Gods worship, which were very chargeable; therefore for *mercys* sake and *charitys* sake, at the Purification whereas the woman by Law ought to offer a Lamb for her cleansing, yet if she was a *poor* woman, and not of ability, Almighty God abates of his due, and is content with what, without any great charge or trouble, she might easily get in that Country, namely, two *Turtles*, or two young *Pigeons*.

So that the Question is not so much which are Gods Commandments, as which are the greatest Commandments, and best deserve preferment; not the *first* Table, but the *second*; for to do justice and judgement is *more* acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice, *Prov.* 21. 3.

and

and to obey, is *better* than ſacrifice, 1 *Sam.* 15.22.

Therefore we muſt conclude, That though the worſhip of God be *good*, yet to do good and communicate good to others is *better*; though to obſerve the *four firſt* Commandments be good, yet to obſerve the *ſix latter* is better; Though faith in God be good, yet charity to our ſelves and others is better, 1 *Cor.* 13.13. and all faith and worſhip without this charity is not worth a pin, nay is juſt *nothing* at all, though a man preach like an Angel, 1 *Cor.* 13.1,2.

This being granted for a great Truth, and which all the whining Tribe, though they lay all their heads together, are not able to diſprove or gainſay, may *ſilence* the Non-conformiſts Prayers, and ſtop their mouths more than St. *Bartholomew* yet has done.

For though to meet together to pray and preach, and worſhip God according to the four firſt Commandments be good; yet to obey the Commands of a Chriſtian Magiſtrate, and ſubmit to his Laws according to the firſt Commandment in the ſecond Table is better; and ought to be preferr'd by every truly Conſcienc'd Chriſtian; and in ſo doing he is ſafe in that ſubmiſſion and obedience.

But, *Whether it be right in the ſight of God to*

hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye, ſaith St. *Peter*, Acts 4. 19. *For we cannot but ſpeak the things which we have ſeen and heard.*

This Text has been damnably abuſed, and as the ſame Apoſtle ſays of other Texts of Scripture in St. *Pauls* Epiſtles, wreſted, put upon the rack, (as the word ſignifies) and made to ſpeak what it never thought; and will never juſtifie our *Non-Conformiſts* either before God or man in the leaſt. To whom does the bleſſed Apoſtle ſpeak? *Act.* 4. 5, 6. to the *Rulers, and Elders, and Scribes, and Annas the High-Prieſt, and Caiaphas*, &c. who condemn'd our Lord Jeſus to be crucified, and if they might have had their wills, would have been the death of all Chriſtianity with him.

And is his Sacred Majeſty, and his two Houſes of Parliament no better in your eſteem than *Annas*, and *Caiaphas*; they are mightily beholden to you for your good opinion of them.

And if that be not your opinion, that Text is nothing to your caſe, nor to the purpoſe: but point-blank againſt you.

For whether it be right to hearken unto God, judge ye. God had never given Laws for his own worſhip to mankind, but for the good, peace and welfare of mankind: God had never made the firſt Table of the Law,

but

but in order to, and for the better obſervance of the duties of the ſecond Table: If Subjects would never have been diſobedient to their Prince and Governours, nor children diſobedient to their Parents, nor ſervants to their Maſters; if men would never have coveted their neighbours goods, nor their neighbours wife, nor ſervant, nor have rob'd, and murdered one another, but would have liv'd ſoberly, righteouſly, and therefore godlily in this preſent world, the *Allelujahs* of Angels had been the great worſhip of men: But ſince it is otherwiſe, and that the wickedneſs of man is great in the earth, and the imagination of the thoughts of his heart ſo bent to evil, and that continually, therefore God eſtabliſh'd his Laws, in the firſt Table by worſhip, ſacrifices, *&c.* Typically, in the Old Teſtament, for expiation of the guilt of ſin, and juſtification; and ſent his Son, who was made a ſacrifice for us antitypically in the New Teſtament for expiation of the guilt of ſin and juſtification, as our Prieſt; and to ſhow us how to live well, as our Prophet; and to exact our obedience, as our King.

But none are benefited by his Prieſtly Office, but ſuch as obey his princely Laws, according to his Prophetical Injunctions: none are juſtified, but ſuch as are ſanctified; for this is the great will of God, our ſanctification.

Our

Our Sanctification therefore is the grand design of the Law and Gospel, Prophets and Apostles, and that sanctification being summarily concluded by our Saviour, *in doing as we would be done by*; and all lesser holy duties of prayer, praising, hearing, Sacraments, being in order to the *great* holy duty of doing as we would be done by, and particularized in, and reducible to, the second Table, prove in all cases of conscience, the truly godly must do the greater duty rather than the less, and the duties of the second Table rather than the first, so that he do but continue his faith in Christ the while, and in so doing.

Now cannot the Non-conformist Preachers continue to be Christians, though they do obey the fifth Commandment, and submit to their Governors Injunctions; nay can they obey God (who is the author of the fifth Commandment) if they do not obey their Christian Governors; does not God prefer the peace and tranquillity and welfare of mankind, before his own worship, and will not you prefer it?

In obeying, and submitting in quietness to the supream and Christian powers, you obey God, and that obedience is better than sacrifice; and proves evidently, that that which *Greg.* sets down, p. 100. for *Apochrypha* in the *Ecclesiastical Politician*, is an undoubted truth, namely,

namely, that *moral vertue being the moſt material and uſeful part of all Religion, is alſo the utmoſt end of all its other duties; And all Religion muſt be reſolv'd into* Enthuſiaſme *or* Morality. *The former is meer* Impoſture, *and therefore all that is true muſt be reduced to the latter.*

In an unlawful and forbidden Conventicle, you may pray poſſibly to God, and preach of God, and hear Gods Word; this worſhip of it ſelf good becomes evil & a ſin, becauſe though doing a duty which is good and great, in it ſelf, yet thereby tranſgreſſing a duty of the ſecond Table, which is better and greater and of a higher concernment, your worſhip *then and there* is but as the *cutting off of a Dogs-neck*, and God will ſay, *who hath required theſe things at your hands?*

When ye diſobeying the fifth Commandment in your forbidden Conventicles appear before God, and ſpread forth your hands, he will turn away his eyes from you, yea when ye make many prayers he will not hear: Why? *Your hands are full of blood*: Your actions are *Bloody*; *Schiſme*, and *Rebellion* has fill'd the Land full of blood, from one end thereof unto another already, and therefore this liberty you cry up ſo, and cry ſo much for, and *the calling of your forbidden aſſemblies God cannot away with: It is iniquity, even your ſolemn meetings*, Iſa. 1. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, 20.

And

And know that the great duty of a truly godly man is to *ceaſe to do evil, to learn to do well, to ſeek judgement, relieve the oppreſſed, plead for the widdow, and to be willing and obedient; and ye ſhall eat the good of the Land. But if ye refuſe and rebel, ye ſhall be devoured by the Sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it.*

Oh but the *Ark*, the tottering Ark, what godly heart would not *tremble for the Ark of God*, as old *Eli's* did? 1 *Sam.* 4.13.

What conſidering heart would with *Democritus* hold from laughing, till his ſides ak'd, to ſee the madneſs of the people, and the Prieſt; or rather, (with the other weeping *Whitaker*) weep at the folly and deluſion of poor ſouls, ſo diſmally bejuggled?

If a *Conformiſt* Miniſter, with all his *Aaronical* weeds on, or barely attir'd in the linnen Ephod ſhould but name *ſuch a Text* in a Chriſtian Congregation, how would the frighted Brethren run out of Church, and cry out, *Types, Ceremonies*, ſhaddows, *Levitical*, Old Teſtament Spirit!

Is this your Goſpel Miniſter? Is this Primitive ſimplicity? Is this modern Orthodoxy? Is there one word of the Spirit in *all this* Text? Is it not froth as applyed? and nothing to the purpoſe?

But comes me godly Mr *C.* precious Mr. *C.* perſecuted

perſecuted Mr. *C. Bartholmew Calamy*, and then all muſt be Goſpel that he ſpeaks.

And though we poor ſouls underſtand not the Cant, yet the cunning Gypſies know well that by the Ark of God is meant the *Bartholomew Babies*; By the great ſcarlet Whore is meant the Pope; (but then whiſper I to my ſelf, this ſame great *Whore* if it be the Pope, can be none of them poſſibly but onely Pope *Joan.*)

By *Babylon* is meant *Rome* that ſhall be deſtroyed with fire and plagues in 666. the name of the beaſt, and the number of the name: But the miſchief on't was, *that Prediction*, how ever aim'd, yet light upon poor *London*, (God knows) inſtead of *Rome*; ſo hard it is to conſtrue the *Revelations*, and ſo fatal to *peep into the Ark*, and to pry into Gods ſecret judgements; ſuch uſually pay for their peeping, that (unlike to the good and true prophet *Jeremiah* 17.16.) *haſten from being a Paſtor to follow God*, to follow their own inventions, *in deſiring the woful day* upon others; *O Lord, thou knoweſt.*

Then by *Babylon* and *Antichriſt* is not only meant *Rome*, (that ſtands ſtill, and above a thouſand miles from *Babylon*, yet) take but one jump more, and but half ſo far, and you do onely make *Babylon* in the Land of *Shinar* (where the great Tower ſtood, *Gen.*11.) ſhake hands

hands with *Rome* in *Italy*; but with a ſmall ſtretch more into *Little-Britain*, you may make Epiſcopal Grandeur, Lawn-ſleeves, Croſs, Cringing and Surplice confederates in the complement.

Would not *Balaams* Aſs (if alive) open his mouth again, *to rebuke the madneſs of theſe Prophets*?

And a greater marvel it is to me, that the poor people ſhould be ſuch Aſſes, beſotted and gull'd to their faces by ſo eaſie and ſtale a Legerdemain of theſe juglers,

Who endeavour to turn the world upſide down, topſiturvy; embruing all nations in blood and ruine (as we have found to our coſt, and by dear-bought experience.)

And all theſe *Hocus*-Tricks is but to ſcrape up a ſneaking and beggarly living; (unworthy a man of parts or honour;) and to avoid the Statute againſt Beggars, Fidlers, *Gypſies*, and Pick-pockets, (like ſworn Brothers of the Blade,) they clap on the *Vizard* of *Religion* and *Liberty*, with ſo much art and cuning, that though you hear the Gypſie *Cant*, you would almoſt ſwear he was a *Saint*:

And as ſoon ſuſpect your own hands, as his, though you find them in your pocket; The ſleight of Tongue doing the feat inſtead of ſleight of Hand, and with much more ſafely gets a richer prize.

To whom *Mall Cut-purſe* her ſelf was but a fool, for the Knave ſhall look you right in the face all the while he is *at it*, and cutting your Purſe.

And as if *Egypt* was broke looſe hither in a new faſhion, theſe *vagrants* ſhall wander from town to town, all the kingdom over by droves, and in this *new guize*, laugh at the Conſtable, Beadles, Juſtice of the Peace, Houſe of Correction, the Stocks, the Whipping-Poſt, and the Jail, crying out, Liberty, Liberty; Indulgence, Indulgence; *Breda*, *Breda*.

Would it not make a mans heart ake, and his hair ſtand on end, to ſee whole multitudes trepan'd by theſe ſpiritual Juglers, into Rebellion and Blood, to the ruine of ſouls and bodies?

Indeed the Apoſtle Saint *Peter* propheſies of theſe times, and theſe tricks, in 2 *Pet.* 2. 1, 2, 3. ſaying that *falſe Teachers ſhall privily bring in* (παρεισάξουσιν, ſneakingly, by ſtealth, *furtim, clàm & ſubdolè, ſpeciem pietatis prætendens*, creeping into Houſes and leading captive ſilly women, with) *damnable Hereſies, even denying the Lord that bought them.*

Which thoſe *only* do that *pretend* to Chriſtianity, but *deny* Chriſts Religion, that is, deny Chriſts word or *great Religion*, (the *ſumme of all* Religion, that is of Chriſts making,) viz. *To do as we would be done by*: And though their

their ways lead to destruction, yet many shall follow *these pernicious* ways; *This great way of truth being evil spoken of* (as meer morality or the like,) by those that *through covetousness and with feigned words* (πλαστοῖς Fictitious, Canting, New-coyn'd, Fanatick words, as πλαστὸς signifies,) *they shall make Merchandise of you*; ἐμπορεύσονται, they shall make their money of them; or these men that pretend so to the spirit shall be spirits indeed, but evil ones; *Spirits*, such as catch up men, women and children to make money on them through covetousness.

If it were not foretold that many shall follow their pernicious ways, we might well wonder that such flocks should follow these evil spirits to their eternal damnation, as well as temporal loss of body and goods: But we have liv'd to see, and yet do see whole shoals catcht with this bait, πλαστοῖς λόγους nothing but a few canting new-coyn'd words; and with these they have made shift to get the good old Coyn out of their Pockets; and sometimes Plate, Bodkins, Thimbles, Horses, Armes, and Silver-spoons, or whatsoever comes is welcome: All is fish that comes to net, whilst these *Hugh Peter's*, *Baxters*, *Marshals*, and *Owens* laugh in their sleeves to see how soon the fools and their moneys are parted;

parted; and how parted? do they not know of the going on't, and how it is laid out, & what they get for it? Yes, they tell the poor ſouls they get Chriſt for it; Oh get Chriſt! whenas indeed they get nothing but a little canting, new-coyn'd, Fanatick, phraſe, or ſo; there's all.

Be not offended that I call this expreſſion, [*get Chriſt*, get Chriſt] meer canting, jugling and deluſion, beguiling unſtable ſoules; for I will give you a reaſon for it, unanſwerable by all the Canters and Cabala of Juglers in *England*; with whom and the beſt of them or all their great heads put together, I am not afraid to encounter in vindication of all and every thing in this Letter (occaſion'd by the bold undertaking of their friend *Gregory Graybeard*, who puts for *Apochrypha*, (and ſo ſets it down in a different Character) the great Truth that Chriſt our Lord ever deliver'd to the world, *viz.* To do as we would be done by; which is the great end of the Law and the Goſpel; namely the beſt regulation of our manners; or, as p. 100. *Moral vertue being the moſt material and uſeful part of all religion*; which has but *two* parts, *Phanaticiſm* and *Morality*.

Which laſt is comprehended in that great way of Truth ſo much evil ſpoken of by ſome Chriſtians; as being the practice even of ſome heathens, and therefore not the ſumm of Law and Prophets.

But let me live and die like ſuch Heathens, rather than live and die like ſuch Chriſtians, as dare preferre any thing above this, or any part of Religion above this; which my Saviour has told me is the ſumme of all.

And he that believes Chriſt in this word, as a true Prophet; and conforms his life and converſation to this Law as given by his King Jeſus, ſhall aſſuredly find him a Prieſt to pardon and forgive him, and bring him to glory, where he now ſits.

And this is that which in the beginning I call'd my Religion; not but that many others are of it, yet but few where I live.

For I dwell in *New-Amſterdam*, where Satans ſeat is, the *Head-quarters* of the *Legions*, and the *Randevouz* of *Hell*; the very *Sink* of all hereſies and ſects, and the *Kennel* where all the neighbouring filth of Religion diſgorges its ſelf and diſembogues.

And as we never read of any Phariſee converted by our Saviour, except one or two, yet very many Publicans and Harlots; ſo here we find true that of our Saviour, that Publicans and Harlots ſhall get into the Kingdom of Heaven, before theſe our modern Phariſees (in *Engliſh*) Separates or Schiſmaticks, as the word ſignifies.

And the great Reaſon why this great Rule and ſumme of Chriſts Meſſage or Goſpel was

to

no more believ'd by the Phariſees, than now by our modern Phariſees, or Schiſmaticks, called now modern Orthodox, is, becauſe the heart of this people is waxed fat, and their ears are dull of hearing; *and ſeeing they ſee and not perceive, and hearing they hear and not underſtand.*

They ſay they believe Goſpel; ſhow them *Mat.*7.12. and ask them if they believe *that*, that *Rule* before their eyes is the *ſumme* of all; and they'l rail preſently at you, and cry out, good works, good works, the man preſſes us to *good works* and merit, *Popery*, *Arminianiſm*, and *Manwaring*.

They ſay they believe St. *Paul's* Epiſtles to be God's word; ſhew them 1 *Cor.*13. 1, 2, 3. and the reſt of the Chapter, and ask them, do you believe that your Preacher, (you ſo cry up for a precious man when he tells you of incomes, and experiences and getting of Chriſt) is a meer *empty Kettle*, a meer canting *jugling noiſe*, a meer feign'd new-coyn'd ſound, if he does not preach up *good works and charity* to you, all contain'd and included in doing as you would be done by?

They will preſently fly out in rage and wrath againſt you, ſaying, you rail at Gods Miniſters, God ways, and Gods people; and look upon all you ſay, as prophane, and coming from a prophane and looſe ſpirit. Though

with never ſo much meekneſs you entreat them to take heed, how in ſo ſaying they blaſpheme God and his holy ſpirit, who ſays altogether ſo much as I have ſaid, in that firſt verſ. *Though I ſpeak with the Tongue of men and Angels, and have not charity, I am become as ſounding braſs, or a tinkling Cimbal*; that is, a meer empty Kettle, ſound and noiſe; yet they ſee this with their eyes, and yet will blaſpheme and will not believe.

Tell them further that this precious Preacher does not yet ſpeak with the tongue of an angel, let his whinings, and ſniyellings, and gruntings, and groanings be never ſo tuneable; they will not believe you, but when for the good of their immortal ſouls you bid them beware of the juggle, and take heed they be not cheated with new-coyn'd and feigned words, meer Canting, as Gypſies that have a peculiar dialect and phraſe of their own;

Yet then they will revile you, rendring your hatred for your good will, ſlandering you in blaſpheming Chriſt and the truth you declare to them; and think all this while they are lying, ſlandering and railing you (which is far from Charity) that they do God good ſervice, and vindicate precious men.

Ask them further, whether thoſe be not feigned, fictitious, new-coyn'd words (as the Apoſtle

Apoſtle St. *Peter* ſays falſe prophets make merchandize, or make good markets with, through covetouſneſs) which the Holy-ghoſt in Holy Scripture uſes not, and which Gods Holy word is not acquainted with; and they will confeſs that they muſt be new-coyned and feigned by falſe prophets and juglers, if not coyn'd there by the Holy-ghoſt.

But then ſay, theſe expreſſions, *viz.* incomes, get experiences, look over your experiences, get Chriſt, and the indwellings of the ſpirit, & ſuch like, many hundreds of them produc'd with a wonderful long whine and twang, are neither the words of the Holy Ghoſt, Prophets, Chriſt, or his Apoſtles, and therefore are feigned words which theſe ſpiritual merchants get money with, as *Gypſies do by Canting and Singing*; And they will blaſpheme and rail at you, though you ſay no more than St. *Peter* has done; and though they cannot find one ſuch new-coyn'd word in all the Bible.

Is not the heart of this people hardned? and ſeeing they do not ſee, they will not ſee nor perceive, but like the Phariſees, look upon all your reproof to be a *reproach* to them and the ways of God.

They cannot be converted, becauſe not convinced; they are not convinced, partly by reaſon their Preachers are not faithful to

their ſouls, but inſtead of ſhewing them the way to Heaven, fill their poor heads with nothing but ſound and noiſe and whining and feigned words: and partly do they continue unconvinc'd and unconverted, by reaſon they think they are converted already; & yet have as little reaſon to think ſo, as if they were Turks, Jews or Heathens: nay, I'le maintain it and avouch to be true before God and men, that I have by my own experience found more goodneſs, more kindneſs, more truth, more honeſty, more ſincerity among man-eaters or *Cannibals* in *India*, and *Turks* in *Arabia*; than amongſt the beſt of theſe Profeſſors. Read *Jam.* 2.14,15, 16,17, 20. 21,22,24. *Mat.* 16. 27. *Eph.* 2.10. *Tit.* 3. 8 *Phil.* 1. 27. Nay put in their Preachers and all into a ſack together, and the firſt that comes out ſhall have incomparably more pride, malice, wrath, lying, ſlandering, and evil ſpeaking, and rejoycing in iniquity (when they can hear of any faults or judgments with which any are overtaken that are not of their gang,) than any *Turk*, *Jew*, or *Indian Man-eater* that ever *I converſt with*, and I have converſt with thouſands; and if theſe be the people of God, the Lord in his mercy deliver me from them, and the evil way they walk in by Companies, running headlong to the bottom and end of that way, eternal deſtruction, and ſtriving who

ſhould

ſhould firſt come there and run the faſteſt, (as if they were afraid they ſhould not come at the Divel in good time.)

Whereas my Religion, namely, this of my Saviour in *Mat.* 7. 12. like the Sun in his full ſtrength and light, carryes its own evidence and ſpeaks ſufficiently for it ſelf, leading men into unerring paths, bringing quietneſs and peace and light to mankind; nor can any man walk in darkneſs or do any thing of the works ot darkneſs that walks by this rule, but peace muſt be upon them, as upon the only true Iſrael of God; no canting, no hypocriſie, no feigned words needs here; but Righteouſneſs and Peace embrace each other, both here and to Eternity.

In which Religion I doubt not by Gods grace to continue all the dayes of my life; for of all the Idols of the Heathens, there is but one true God, and of all Religions, there is but one true one, one Chriſt, one way, one truth, one life, one light; and this is it.

Would God, think you, leave men a way to Heaven, revealed by his Son, if it were not to be found without a great many *Fathers*, decrees of *Councils*, *Gloſſes*, *Homilies*, *Sermons*, infinite, and as large and of as little purpoſe the moſt of them as the writings of Mr. *Prin*? Whereas this way of Chriſt is ſoon found, ſoon got my heart, eaſily remembred, readily

applyed. And if no other Text had been preacht upon this 30 years, and practiſed, *England* had ſeen no warrs nor bloodſhed, ruine nor rapine, murder and rebellion, that had almoſt quite deſtroyed us; neither had the war been carryed on with a few canting words, and miſapplyed ſcriptures, prating and praying, ſeeking of God as *Cromwel* called it, when he went to prayer with the Officers of the Army, to ſeek God and know his mind, whether he ſhould murder the King or no, whereas he had reſolv'd it long before; like *Jezabel*, ſeeking God by prayer and faſting, when the bottom and deſign of all is nothing but rapine and covetouſneſs to take *Naboth's life*, that thereby ſhe might get the better footing in *Naboth's vineyard*.

But if this little Rule be practis'd, down goes *Diana* of the *Epheſians*, and the Idols, fictions and imaginations of the heart of man.

No man could ſteal nor covet, nor be a rebel, nor diſobedient to his ſuperiors, if he keep to this Rule; Why? becauſe he would be loth to be ſo ſerv'd himſelf; loth men ſhould take away his goods, his ſervant, his daughter, his wife, or his lands, or good name. No man would be a rebel or diſobedient to his ſuperiors that is of this Religion; Why? becauſe he would not endure that his ſervants, his children and family ſhould be

diſ-

diſobedient unto him; there would be no living, no keeping houſe with them, if they did not obey; for if he command one ſon, in ſeed-time, to go plow, and another to ſow, and his ſon or ſervant ſay nay, but it is better to thraſh, or fan, and more needful; this diſobedience will make them all ſmart for it in a little time; a houſe thus divided cannot ſtand long,

Nay, in ſpiritual things, the maſter of the family calling his ſervants & children to prayers in the morning, at noon, or night, he will not permit a ſervant or a child to be hallowing and playing abroad, whilſt he is praying, nor to lie lolling upon a couch or chair, laughing and jearing with his hat on, whilſt he is praying and kneeling, or ſinging of Pſalms; there is not a Phanatick in *England* will ſuffer this, but will reprove, rebuke, exhort and chaſtiſe ſuch a jearing, irreverent ſon or ſervant, &. thinks God requires it at his hands, and would ſend judgements upon him, and his family, with a grievous curſe, if when his ſons are vile, he reſtrain them not; (though they tell him it is their conſcience to be vile, and irreverent.) And tell them moreover how God puniſh'd old *Eli*, for neglecting to reſtrain his ſons, let them pretend what conſcience they will, he will likewiſe have the liberty of his own conſcience, which tells him, if it be their conſcience to be thus diſorderly, vile,

ir-

irreverent, and disobedient, it is also his conscience to restrain their vileness, irreverence, and disobedience: and will further ask them, if they were in his condition, and were masters of a family, whether they would be content that their servants and sons should do what they list, and what was right in their own eyes, and whether it is possible a house so divided can stand long This every Phanatick in *England* pleads to his family, and brings the fifth Commandment to confirm and warrant all that he saith to them; adding that it is the first Commandment with promise, (as the Apostle calls it,) that is with promise of present reward in this life, even length of days; whereas men by disobedience to their natural fathers, or spiritual or temporal fathers in Church or State shorten their lives, as the rebels *Baanah*, and *Rechab*, *Achitophel*, *Absalom*, *Sheba* and the rest of them in all ages.

Now apply this that I have said; examine thine own heart, call it to account seriously before thou come before Gods Tribunal to receive thine eternal Doom when it is too late to amend, and try in any particular where thou disobeyest thy superiours in Church or State, whether thou wouldst suffer such disobedience in thine own family.

First as to Ceremonies, which are but the outskirts,

outskirts, the ſuburbs of true Religion, (this one true Religion I am ſpeaking of) yet it is a ſign that thou art an enemy to the City of God and holy hill of *Sion*, if thou burn, plunder or pull down the Suburbs; not becauſe the Suburbs are the City; or Ceremonies of true Religion, the true Religion it ſelf, and Gods holy *Sion*; but yet the Governours in the City will watch over thee, puniſh thee and keep thee off, becauſe thou art an enemy to the holy City, to the true Religion, or elſe thou wouldſt not have overturned and trampled upon the Suburbs.

If you underſtand this, you have the true notion and underſtanding of a Ceremony; if you do not, I will not further explain my ſelf.

Wilt thou not ſuffer thy child to loll and jear with his hat on, whileſt thou art praying and kneeling with thy hat off, though he pretend conſcience for his diſobedience; and wilt thou not kneel then, when they bid thee kneel, that are thy Superiours in Church and State? and be uncoverd, when they bid thee be uncovered? Haſt thou power to enjoin Ceremonies in thy family? and have not thy Superiours as much power to ordain Ceremonies in the Church? Doſt thou that pleadeſt the fifth Commandement againſt thy wicked diſobedient ſon & ſervant, never plead it againſt

gainſt thy ſelf? Doſt thou ſay to thy ſon and ſervant, *you muſt needs be ſubject and that for conſcience ſake?* and doſt thou never ſend that Scripture home to thine own heart? thou that ſayſt a man ſhould not ſteal, or be diſobedient; doſt thou ſteal? art thou diſobedient?

What need of Jayls or Acts of Indemnity or Uniformity, Licences or Liberty, Indulgence or no Indulgence? It is all one to him that is of this Religion; which will not ſuffer a man to pray and lye, ſlander and preach, faſt and murder, talk of incomes and getting Chriſt whileſt he goes the way to hell. There can be no Rebel-Saints of this Religion.

I'll tell you in one word how truly to get Chriſt, whileſt Canters belabour you with a ſound and an empty noiſe.

To get Chriſt, is to get to Chriſt; and there is no getting to Chriſt, but in his own way; his own way is what he taught himſelf for the ſum of all Religion, Law and Prophets, *Mat.* 7. 12. which we have been treating of, which is ready at hand, always to direct thee in thought, word and deed, believe the Creed, ſay the Lords prayer, and the Liturgy, frequent Sacraments, and this is religion enough to carry thee to Heaven.

But

But you'll ſay perhaps, and object againſt me, that if this be my religion, why do I not practiſe it? and again ask me whether in this Letter I have done to others as I would they ſhould do to me; that is, would I be willing to be ſo ſharply reprov'd and check'd, as I ſometimes check *Father Greybeard*, and the Canters.

To which I anſwer, I not only would be content to be ſo us'd, but if I were ſuch a wretch to trouble and confound the Kingdom where I live, with arts and methods that do tend, and (as by ſad experience we have found) have tended to blood, ruine, wars and deſolation;

I would eſteem him the beſt friend that I had in the world that could either convince me, and the people ſeduced by me of our villanies; or laugh me and them out of ſuch fopperies, by repreſenting me and them upon the ſtage in as ridiculous a poſture if it were poſſible as ever they were acted by me or them, or *Hugh Peters* himſelf, when multitudes of poor fools ſtrove who ſhould firſt part with their ſilver-bodkins and Plate, body and ſoul for the *Good Old Cauſe*.

And if it were not to do both the ſeducers and ſeduced good by this plain dealing, I had not writ a word in this Letter; for I know my reward from moſt of them is that

hatred

hatred for my good will, railing, lying, and ſlandering me as the worſt of men; and yet cannot evidence in one particluar, where I have tranſgreſſ'd this great rule of *doing as I would be done by*, this ten years.

Which I ſpeak not as a fool or a Phariſee to boaſt of; for fame, nor honour, nor diſhonour, riches, nor poverty, good report, nor evil report, ſafety or hazard, can ſeem to me, or any that are well grounded in this religion of Chriſt, (of doing as we would be done by,) any thing to move me towards the leaſt deſire of applauſe; for I know this juſtification of my ſelf is the way to create great envy, and great reproach againſt me, in thoſe that know no duty ſo great as the four firſt Commandements; namely, the worſhip of God, his days, Sermons, myſteries, diſcourſes and diſputes of their ways of worſhip; they are full of that, but yet can envy, lye, ſlander and rail; and then I tell them, (but they believe not,) that all their praying, hearing, keeping Sabbaths, are not worth a Louſe, nor their faith neither; though it is the very words, at leaſt the ſence of what they read with their eyes, 1 *Cor.* 13. 2. only here's the difference, I ſpeak more worthily of their propheſying, and their faith, than the Apoſtle does allow to ſuch idle myſteries, where charity is wanting, for

he

he ſays, ſuch a man as has the gift of propheſying, underſtands all myſteries, all knowledge, has all faith, without charity is *nothing*: whereas I only ſay, ſuch a man's gifts, knowledge, myſteries and faith are not, without charity, *worth a Louſe*.

So that I have therein out-bid the worth of them, a Louſe is good for ſomething, (I will not tell all its vertues) it is good for the Jaundice, &c. but all knowledge, myſteries, propheſying, and faith, without charity, the Apoſtle makes good for *nothing* at all.

Away with mens prate of Religion, and admiring this and that precious man, this and that precious piece of worſhip, when it only puffs men up, makes them more proud, more ſcornful, more headſtrong, more cruel, more bloody, more rapacious, greater lyers, greater ſlanderers, more malicious than they were before, and more a Devil, than any man in the world is, *Turk*, *Jew* or *Cannibal*.

Shew me not the meat, but ſhew me the man; if theſe people that prate of their precious heavenly food they have had in theſe late times, have in the mean time ſuch ſtarv'd ſouls, empty of all goodneſs, (but a little outſide holineſs and vizard of worſhip,) but are full of ſuch horrid ſins, as envy, malice, injuſtice, lying, cheating, defaming, and ſometimes murdering and plundering

dering and ſequeſtring; that on this ſide Hell there's no ſuch treacherous, falſe and unſociable villaines; then by this it is evident, that like *Ephraim*, they fed upon the wind, liv'd like *Camelions* upon air, ſound, whineing, canting, feigned words; and if perhaps they have caſt out ſome one Devil of ſwearing or Sabbath-breaking, they have entertain'd in the room ſeven other Devils more wicked than the former, and the laſt ſtate of that man is worſe than the firſt.

I know with this plain dealing, I ſtir in a neſt of waſps, and becauſe I have cryed down theſe feigned words, (with which craft theſe ſilver-ſmiths and juglers get their wealth,) theſe dearly beloved tones and whinings, that did ſo affect the ſilly women, thus undervalued, ſpoils the trade: Give me pen and ink and paper, will the juglers ſay, this muſt not be ſuffered, we muſt uſe ſome courſe ſpeedily to blacken, I ſay blacken the author, and impair the value of his Letter, or our trade is gone.

Join your forces, up and be doing, truth is ſtrongeſt; ye fight againſt your *Saviour*, S. *Peter*, and S. *Paul* to the *Corinthians*; if you quarrel me for this; come meddle then if you dare.

And if you do provoke me, I will not only ſpoil the ſale and market of your new-coin'd feigned

feigned words; but I'll cry down your market-day too, on which you ſell your empty ſounds to fill your pockets.

Not that I am againſt preaching up charity and goodneſs; and faith and hope too in order unto charity, and upon the Lords day too, if ſo be that preaching, praying, or worſhip, hearing, or faith doth not hinder better duties, *viz.* works of mercy, mercy to my own body, to my beaſt, to my family, to my neighbour.

But if keeping any day of worſhip, or performing any duties of worſhip hinder any of thoſe greater duties; then I ſin in doing thoſe duties of worſhip, which hinder thoſe greater duties of mercy.

Yet I ſay if I can do both, (both worſhip God and keep a holy day to him, and alſo perform the greater duties of mercy,) then both is better;

God has join'd them together, let not man put them aſunder; faith is a good grace, and hope is good, and charity good; and preaching, and propheſying, knowledge and myſteries are all good, it is a pity they ſhould be parted; but if we want charity, we want the great accompliſhment, the greateſt of theſe is charity.

And if any body think that I herein ſpeak too ſlightly of keeping the Lords day, let

them know, that if they think ſo, they do but cenſure amiſs, and like the Hypocrites and Phariſees condemn me for that, that was the very cauſe why our Saviour himſelf was accounted a ſinner; as you may ſee *Jo.* 9. 14. 16. 24. The Sabbath day, and all other days were made, as all things elſe, and as all Commandments were made, *viz.* only for the good of man, not for his hurt and dammage, (if you will believe our Saviour.) The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.

If my neighbours houſe be on fire, as I am going to Church, I ought to get my bucket and throw water and help to quench it, for all going to a Sermon; and God likes me better, with my pail in my hand at that time, than the Bible in my hand, or a prayer in my mouth, when charity to my neighbour ſuperſedes my worſhip of God, as being ſuperiour to it; as our Saviour tells the Phariſees upon the like occaſion, *Mat.* 12. 9. I will have mercy, and not ſacrifice, that is, not ſacrifice when it hinders the greater duty of mercy.

And if a flood be coming down, ready to flow my meadows, when my Hay had need be carried away with my cart, or elſe it will be carried away with the flood, I ſhould ſin at that time, if going to Church, or any worſhip

worſhip of God ſhould prevent me from harneſſing my horſe and going to cart on the Lords day: and my ſervants ſhould ſin grievouſly with going to Church, when a work of mercy to my poor family and cattle called them another way.

And though our modern Phariſees and Hypocrites will condemn me herein, yet they cannot tell how to confute it by Scripture nor reaſon; and if they had known the true Religion, or what this meaneth, I will have mercy and not ſacrifice, they would not have condemned the guiltleſs.

I might give many other inſtances, in making ready food in mercy to my body; I mean not only neceſſary food to keep life and ſoul togethet, as we vulgarly ſay, but ſuch food as is moſt convenient, good hot victuals, and good drink on the Lords day; for watering a man's Horſe and Aſs on the Sabbath day is not neceſſary for life; they will live (as hunting horſes often do) a longer time without water; but it is not convenient ſo to make them faſt, and being a work of mercy, though but to your beaſt, therefore does not every one of you think it lawful to do this convenient good on the Sabbath day? That is, ſuppoſing the fourth Commandment had the ſame force and efficacy, that other Ceremonies and Types had in our

Saviours time. But alas! the caſe is alter'd now; thoſe types and ſhadows are now of no more force than Circumciſion, and new Moons; which in reſpect of Goſpel diſcoveries are but weak and beggarly elements; whereunto our modern Phariſees deſire again to be in bondage, and leſt the hope of their gain ſhould be gone, they are wonderful zealous for the morality of the Sabbath; and the morality of the fourth Commandment; that yet are the moſt unmannerly, ſawcy, peremptory people under the Heavens; endeavouring to ſhew morality no where but in their market-day, where they get much gain with as light frothy ware, as ever was ſold; poor people are cheated and have a hard pennyworth of it, as ever men had, if they give a penny for theſe fictitious words, ſuch as this, the *ten moral* Commandments, and the *morality* of the *fourth Commandment*; which all the art they have can never prove; nor that there is ſince Chriſts death, any more intrinſecal holineſs in one day than another; nor any more holineſs in the Lords day, than any other Holy-day, mentioned in the Act of Parliament for that purpoſe; wherein are theſe words,——Theſe days ſhall be kept holy, namely, every Sunday in the year, then follow all the Saints days, and holy days, to which the King and Parliament may adde more

more holy-days if they pleaſe; and as they have done; and as they are of humane inſtitution, can alſo take away ſome if they judge convenient.

Nor ought any man to keep the Lord's day, in conſcience or duty, more than any other Holy-day.

And the ground of a man's keeping the Lords-day and all other Holy-days, is in obedience to the fifth Commandment, not the fourth Commandment.

Which if it were moral, *i. e.* perpetual in their ſence, it is not in the power of the Church, nor King nor Parliament to alter the day from the ſeventh to the firſt; but all Sabbath days were like the new-moons, and other Jewiſh feſtivals, mere ſhadows of things to come, but the body is Chriſt; which being come, the ſhadows vaniſh.

And thoſe that zealouſly affect men with this Jewiſh conceit, of keeping days, *&c.* do *zealouſly* indeed *affect men, but not well*; nor honeſtly.

I know men are apt enough to take liberty to themſelves in this licentious age to any prophaneſs; but I deny that it is prophaneſs for me to dreſs convenient food for my ſelf and family, hot and good if I can get it, on the Lords-day; and *Greg.* does acknowledge himſelf and all that he knows of his party to

be of this opinion herein; in this one thing then we do agree; and this is the firſt particular we have concurr'd in, ſince we met.

Alſo I deny that it is unlawful for me, (but rather a duty incumbent upon me,) to give my ſervants lieve to play and recreate themſelves with any honeſt ſport, upon the Sunday, or any other Holy-day at convenient times; for I ought in mercy and charity, to be merciful to my beaſts, my oxe or my aſs, in watering them, which is not neceſſary, but only expedient for life;

Much more ought I to be merciful to my poor Prentice, my ſervant, my Hand-maiden, that have drudg'd and trudg'd to ſlave and work for me on working days, when Sunday or any other Holy-day comes; if I be of Chriſts true Religion, and do as I would be done by.

Nay, I ought, if I am able to let them drink better liquor, and eat better meat, eat the fat, and drink the ſweet, as *Nehemiah* ſpeaks; and ſend portions thereof to the poor according to my ability, on thoſe feſtivals; at leaſt, give them, what I give my beaſt, eaſe and reſt on thoſe vacation-days; a penny-worth of eaſe is worth a penny. And the contrary opinion is hypocritical, phariſaical, hard-hearted, apocryphal and prophane;

prophane; and contrary to the great Law of charity and mercy; and contrary to thoſe infallible and unanſwerable reaſons rendred excellently in that proclamation for lawful ſports on Sundays and all other Holy-days publiſhed by the Command, and well ſetled judgment of King *James*, King *Charles* I. to that purpoſe.

And agreeable with the opinion and practice of all Chriſtians, Nations and Kingdoms in the world, and even of *Geneva* it ſelf; and contradicted by none but our ſenceleſs, hypocritical, modern orthodox Rebels, that write in this particular, after no body but *Knox*, that grand Rebel and Innovator.

Oh but did not theſe fellows arm the rabble againſt the King and Biſhops upon this very account?

They did ſo, the more prophane wretches they, by laying a yoke upon the necks of the diſciples, which God never impoſed; through their own ſuperſtition; or rather perverſeneſs.

Wheedling the ſilly rabble with pretence of Religion and Gods-day; which is not a day that the Lord has made, more than any other day; nor more holy, than ſo far forth, as the King and Parliament have made it, and ſet it apart for holy uſes, as they have done

other Holy-days; namely, vacation-days from ſervile and worldly toil, that men might be now at leiſure, for Gods worſhip, merciful and charitable works to our ſelves, our neighbours, our ſervants, our hand-maidens, our Ox and our Aſs, and the like, which are the proper duties for a Sunday and other holy-days.

And becauſe we are a trading, covetous, having, worldly-minded people, if the King and Parliament think fit to allow us no other Holy-days but Sundays, and half a dozen more in a year, I am content. And the late wretched Rebels might with more right and good reaſon have taken occaſion to rebel, as *Maſſinella* and his mutineers in *Naples* did by the ſpilling and overturning of a basket of Apples; than from that honeſt Proclamation for ſports publiſhed by King *James* and King *Charles* I. of bleſſed memory, for lawful refreſhments and recreations on Sundays and Holy-days after Divine ſervice;

So conſonant to the doctrine and practice of all Chriſtendom, and ſo agreeable with the great Law, of doing as we would be done by.

And there is never a one of theſe ſpleenatick, peevish, moroſe, unſociable, and hypocritical Phariſees, but in their practice do as much contradict their own doctrine for the

the Sabbath, as that ſo much talk'd of Proclamation has done, every Sunday when they leave their maid at home, carefully to look to the pot and the ſpit; that all be ready piping hot preciſely againſt the time, that Lungs comes home, when his Auditory is tyr'd perhaps more than himſelf.

Binding heavy burdens, and grievous to be born, and laying them on other mens ſhoulders, but they themſelves will not move them with one of their fingers: and ſaying, as *John* of *Leyden* did, (upon the rack confeſſing the true cauſe of his Fanaticiſm and Impoſtures,) *The people love to be cheated with Superſtition, and love them beſt, that gull them moſt.*

Thus have I as briefly and as faſt as my pen could write, given an honeſt and down-right account, why and how true Chriſtians ſhould keep a Sunday or other day holy, (though not according to the hypocritical and modern orthodox; but) conſentaneous with all the truly Orthodox Chriſtians in the world.

And in anſwer to what *Father Grey-beard* in a different character ſets down as the Apocryphal opinion of the Reverend Biſhop *Bramhall*, but is an infallible truth, *p.* 38. namely, he maintains *the publick Sports on the Lords day* by the Proclamation to that purpoſe,

poſe, and the example of the Reformed Churches beyond Sea: and for the *publick dances of our youth upon Countrey-Greens on Sundays after the duties of the day, he ſees nothing in them but innocent and agreeable to that under-ſort of people.* And *he takes the promiſcuous Licenſe to unqualified perſons to read the Scriptures, far more prejudicial, nay more pernicious, than the over-rigorous reſtraint of the Romaniſts.* And he took it well, in ſo taking it.

For though no man can have a more ſacred eſteem and value for the holy Scripture and Gods word than I have; knowing that it is profitable for inſtruction, and to make the man of God perfect throughly furniſhed unto every good work,

Yet this good work of inſtructing out of it properly belongs to the man of God, it is his province, not incumbent upon every man, nor poſſible to be undertaken by every man.

Becauſe our Engliſh Bibles are not in every particular the word of God; nor in any one thing the words of the Prophets, of Chriſt and the Apoſtles, who not one of them ſpoke Engliſh, except perhaps S. *Bartholomew*, and the modern Orthodox have no great kindneſs for that Apoſtle, becauſe of a certain Reaſon.

But

But chiefly becauſe neither he nor any o-ther Apoſtle delivered the mind of God, and holy writ in the Engliſh tongue. The Engliſh Bibles in the Tranſlation at beſt being but a paraphraſe, or Homily of the word of God; nor all that neither for theſe reaſons that are unanſwerable and infallible.

Firſt, becauſe the Engliſh Bibles are in ſome places erroneous; Secondly, They are in ſome places ſcarce ſence; and of dangerous conſequences, when every pert, bold and conceited fellow, (that only underſtands Engliſh) takes upon himſelf to raiſe doctrines and opinions thence, contrary to the ſence and meaning of God in his holy word; contrary to the mind and meaning of the Holy-Ghoſt, as well as contrary to the ſence of the Church and truly Orthodox.

I love not this diſcourſe, and could wiſh it were any bodies task and employment rather than mine, it is ſo ungrateful and generally diſpleaſing; yet ſince this bold *Greg.* has given the occaſion by reflecting upon the honeſt words of the moſt Reverend and learned Biſhop *Bramhall*, in theſe odde animadverſions, in things far above his ſhallow pate, apprehenſion and reach;

Therefore now my hand is in, though I could fill a Volume upon this excellent ſubject, ſo needful to be explain'd in theſe times, when

when people have run a madding with the Engliſh Bible in their hands, and brought to vouch their Exorbitances and horrid villanies; I need ſay nothing of the miſchievous conſequences of this promiſcuous Licenſe of reading the Bible; thoſe that thumb'd it ſo much having prov'd themſelves the moſt execrable Villains and Hereticks that ever the Sun ſhone upon: but ſhall only give two or three inſtances, for what I have ſaid.

Which when people have weighed and ſeriouſly conſider'd, they will not ſo ſtare and ſtamp, and cry out; Oh, this man would rob us, not of our goods, our wives, our good names, and our lives, but that which is dearer to us than all theſe, he would rob us of our dear Engliſh Bibles; then come the days of darkneſs again, and of ignorance; oh look to him he robs us of our Bibles, is not here a Popiſh plot?

And you will have cauſe to thank him for it, more than all the Sermons that ever you heard from modern Orthodoxy; for this has ruin'd everlaſtingly the ſouls of millions of poor people guided with that frenzy and zeal, and has alſo ſhortned their days by duckquoying them into Rebellion and blood, blood being therefore given them to drink for they were worthy: But the trepanning Prieſt deſerv'd the greateſt puniſhment here and

and hereafter, by drilling them into Rebellion and blood; by wreſting and miſapplying of Scriptures, ſuch as thoſe—— *Curſe ye Meroz*—— Bind your Kings with chains, and your Nobles with fetters of Iron; ſuch Honour have all the Saints.—— *Babylon* the great is fallen; and a hundred of the like temper.

Whereas, all that I ſay, makes righteouſneſs and peace to kiſs each other, makes uſeleſs Swords and Guns, brings again the golden age; where every man ſitting under his own Vine and fig tree, leads a holy and happy life here and hereafter, has a Heaven upon earth, breaking their Swords into Plowſhares, and their Spears into Pruning Hooks; there being no uſe of Armory, if the world were of my Religion herein contained; or rather of the true Chriſtian Religion; the ſumm and ſcope whereof our Bleſſed Saviour delivered with his own mouth, and epitomiz'd in one verſe and ſentence, *Mat.* 7. 12. as aboveſaid.

But ſome inſtances I promis'd to give, to evidence that the Engliſh Bible is in ſome particulars erroneous, ſcarce ſence, and of ill conſequence. As, in part of our Saviours firſt Sermon, is rendred *Mat.* 5. 41. *And whoſoever ſhall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.*

From

From this ſtory and fiction, (by our Engliſh Bible,) father'd ſhamefully upon our Bleſſed Saviour, a Chriſtian is bound, if he meet with any man that being ſtronger than he, forces or compels him, (though he be in poſt-haſt, or going for a Midwife, a Doctor or Chirurgeon upon life and death, or whatſoever occaſion,) yet he muſt go another way, quite out of his way a mile, and may not call for the help of the Conſtable, or neighbourhood, or other good body, to defend him from this violence, but in a quiet ſubmiſſion and obedience, he muſt (thus compell'd) go a mile; which way ſoever the compeller pleaſes, he muſt make no reſiſtance; but that's not all; he muſt go another mile of his own accord; and being thus eaſie to be fool'd, at the two miles end, if the man compel him again further another mile, away he muſt trudge; and ſo along all *England* over, and the world over; for there's no end of this obedience, if a Chriſtian meets but with any compeller; or freed from him, happens upon another, that leads him about and about like an *ignis fatuus*, and all this by vertue of your Engliſh Bible, and in as plain words, as any that are in't, and as eaſie to be underſtood; without Metaphor, Allegory, figure or parable.

What do you ſay to this now, you with your Engliſh Bible? Whereas

Whereas, I ſay, it is falſe and untrue, and our Saviour never ſpoke ſuch a ſenceleſs word in his life.

For all that he ſaid, as to this, was καὶ ὅστις σε ἀγγαρεύσει μίλιον ἕν, ὕπαγε μετ' αὐτοῦ δύο.

And *Theodore Beza*, (a better critick than a man,) renders truly--*Et quiſquis te angariabit ad milliare unum, abi cum eo duo*, that is, in Engliſh, Whoſoever by vertue of an order or warrant, from the Magiſtrate under whoſe Juriſdiction thou liveſt, ſhall compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him twain.

And ſignifies no more than that ready and cheerful obedience that is due to Authority, from every Diſciple of Chriſt, who himſelf not only thus preach'd, but practis'd; there was no rebel Chriſtians heard on, that fought their Chriſtian Kings, nor ſo much as Heathen Kings or Heretick Kings, till *Calvin*, *Knox*, *Hugh Peters*, *Richard Baxter*, *J. O. Father Grey-beard*, and modern Orthodoxy.

Conſtantius, *Valens*, *Valentinian*, *Anaſtaſius*, *Juſtinian*, *Heraclius*, were all *Arrian* Heretick's and Emperours, yet the Chriſtians their Subjects never confederated in a Holy League and Covenant, to reform by arms in ſpite of their teeth; the Church militant in thoſe times did not prove their Texts with

Sword

Sword and Gun; The *Good Old Cauſe* was not then in thoſe days old enough for the ſwadling clouts: nay afterwards when *Julian* the Apoſtate was Emperour, there was no army of Saints, nor holy Redcoat-Chriſtians that pull'd off his Crown, or cut off his head.

Perhaps you'l ſay, thank them for nothing; their wills might be good, but their arms were too ſhort; or perhaps they had no skill in their weapons, and though Chriſtians and Saints, yet not Army-Saints.

Yes, that they were, Army-Saints; but not Rebel-Saints; Army-Saints they were, and there were more Chriſtians in *Julian* the Apoſtates Army, than all the Heathens and himſelf put together:

As is evident by their chuſing his ſucceſſor, *Jovinian*, to be their Emperour, becauſe he was a Chriſtian, (but not till the Apoſtate was dead,) ſaying, one and all, one and all, *Jovinian*, *Jovinian*, for we are Chriſtians.

And our Bleſſed Saviour, as he preach'd this cheerful obedience, and alſo his Apoſtles; *Rom.* 13. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. -- 1 *Pet.* 2. 13. 1 *Tim.* 2. 2. ſo did our Saviour practiſe.

There was a Holy-day made, (by the Chief Prieſt, who then was Chief Jewiſh Magiſtrate,)

Magiſtrate,) and no mention of it in Gods Law; but he declaim'd not againſt it, but quietly obſerv'd it himſelf, namely the feaſt of the Dedication, *Joh.* 10. 22, 23.

He did indeed miracles to get better drink and meat, when poor people wanted it; but he never did a miracle to get money, or Coin, but only to pay his Aſſeſſment, Royal Aid or Poll-money, call it which you will, for it was each of them, and all of them, *Mat.* 17. 27. And all this only, by his example, to ſhew true Chriſtians, that they ought to make no reſiſtance, nor give offence.

Thus you ſee I have made very good ſence, and *good uſe* of *Mat.* 5. 41. which your Engliſh Bibles make ridiculouſly uſeleſs, and no ſence conſiſtent or compatible with our Bleſſed Saviours Honour, and Innocence.

Again I'll inſtance in *Mat.* 28. 19. which though it be ſence, yet it is of dangerous conſequence; and as interpreted by the Anabaptiſts, has made a great buſtle in the world; and beſides it ſeems ſomewhat a hard Chapter, That God Almighty ſhould give a Sacrament to the Jews, namely that of Circumciſion, as a Badge or token (as the word Sacrament ſignifies,) that all that wore

that Livery, belong'd to him, were his visible ſervants, in which he comprehended a man and his houſe, and would not ſo much as ſuffer one of the little boys, to go above eight days without this Badge and Livery.

And yet notwithſtanding our Saviour in the Goſpel ſhould take away all theſe old Liveries, and give his people no new-ones, as good at leaſt, and as large and as many, even for the children too, fitted as well as in the old Law:

Or that our Bleſſed Saviour, under the Goſpel which was to have larger extents, even to all nations, ſhould take care only to mark his Sheep, and not the Lambs, by this Holy Badge and Sacrament of Baptiſm; and which was, and has been in all ages the Livery of all Chriſtian people, nations and languages; excepting here and there, a bold, pragmatick, ſelf-conceited Coxcomb, building his faith upon this Text, and conſtrueing it in his own ſence, knowing only the Engliſh Tranſlation, nor ſcarcely that; not being able to ſpeak or write true Engliſh.

Look you here, ſaith he, look in the Commiſſion, if it be not firſt teach, and then baptize —— Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of

the

the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy-Ghoſt.

Indeed this, as we tranſlate it, and read it in our Engliſh Bibles, has ſome colour, and looks plauſibly.

For though it is falſe, when they ſay Chriſt ſaid, firſt teach and then baptize, ——yet we put down in our Engliſh Tranſlation Teach, in the order of the words, before Baptize.

And though that do not prove any thing, nor move a rational man, that none ſhould be baptiz'd before they be taught, any more than to perſwade him that a Bullocks Horns do grow and put forth before their Hoofs, becauſe it is ſaid in the *Pſalm* 69. 31. Bullocks that have Horns and Hoofs:

Yet we have to do with people that know not the meaning of ὑτερον πρότερον, and having their Engliſh Bible, they will ſtamp and ſtare with it like mad, thinking it is on their ſide, becauſe it is in their hand.

Then come I, & pluck it out of their hand, and ſay away you bold impudent fellows, audacious Blaſphemers, do you call this Gods word, it is not Gods word, Chriſt never ſaid teach all nations, baptizing, &c. away to your Shop-boards, your Looms and your Comb-pots; and that will be more beneficial

and advantageous both for your ſouls and bodies, than thus blaſphemouſly to abuſe Chriſt, by calling that his word, that he never ſpoke; if you heard the words he ſpoke, you underſtand them no more, than you do Greek or Syriack; therefore be not buſie-bodies, mind your own buſineſs, and do not like *Gregory Father Grey-beard*, argue of Divinity and policy, and tell the King what he ſhould do, and the Clergy what they ſhould do; for theſe are things above your ſhallow capacities, of a higher orb and motion, above your reach, above your ſphere.

Now *Pragmatick* will not believe a word of this, though it is wholſome, and ſuteable and good for him, and fits every thing about him but his pride; yet he will cry out, he's undone, he's rob'd, (as *Micah holla'd*, when he had loſt his fooliſh Images and Idols,) *Judg.* 18. 24. *You have taken away my Gods which I made, and the Prieſt and you are gone away, and what have I more? And what is this that you ſay unto me; what aileth me?*

Poor man! What, loſe all? loſe that thou madeſt a God on? thy Engliſh Bible, which yet is not God, nor his word altogether: what, loſe that which thou didſt idolize and adore, and ask counſel of, and was thine Oracle, nay and loſe the Prieſt too of this Engliſh

Engliſh Tranſlation, the good Taylor, the good Chimney-ſweeper, the good Miller, the honeſt Tinker, the honeſt Weaver and Cobler, that left the vocations whereunto they were called, to become poor, bare-bone, Engliſh Prieſt to the great Idol, Engliſh Tranſlation; and all he ſays is Oracle, and taken for Goſpel; away go the women after him, and ſome ſilly men, and here and there a crafty knave; that when he and all his relations are almoſt broke, then to get cuſtom and credit, after them goes he too; and the truth on't is, he has the beſt on't, together with the crafty, lazy knave that *holds forth*, for theſe rule all the other, are the *Judas's* and *keep the bag*, and the offerings and gatherings of their Church, yet throwing down their Half-Crown or an Angel at a time among the reſt, by their liberality to drill on the reſt, (the gain returning tenfold by ſuch a venture,) For they keep the ſtakes, and though they open their purſe wide, and their mouth for the nonce, yet they can ſoon make up their mouth again.

Now I confeſs theſe crafty knaves will be cut at the heart, and cry out as if they were kill'd or rob'd, at this my plain dealing; and open their mouths wide, and ſet the poor fools which they make their dogs,

to fetch and carry for them, and bark, and bite if they durſt at whomſoever they clap their hands; but I am above them and their malice, ſafe in my charm for them——*Deo confiſus nunquam confuſus.* Which they no more underſtand, than they will do this my honeſt and faithful dealing with them, for their own good, if they conſider it and weigh it without paſſion or prejudice, in the ballance of the Sanctuary; where I am as ſafe from their clamorous noiſe, as is the Moon from the jaws of the barking Currs.

And if they would but hold their barking, till they do but hear me ſpeak, I ſhould ſtop their mouths more than any modern Orthodox Presbyter has done upon this Text, *Mat.* 28. 19. that ever I heard of.

For, my honeſt friend, have a little patience, believe me that knows more than thy Engliſh Tranſlation, more than Cobler, Weaver, and Chimney-ſweeper, thy Bare-bone Prieſt, whom thou idolizeſt; and when thou haſt adorn'd him and hung thy ornaments about him, then like the Iſraelites, thou admireſt him as they did their Calves, and ſayſt of him and thy Engliſh Bible, Theſe are thy Gods, Oh *Iſrael*, that brought thee out of the Land of *Egypt*, Popiſh Egyptian darkneſs; I was baptized when I was a child, becauſe in thoſe times of darkneſs my Parents

knew

knew no better, but here is the man, and here is the Bible, and here is the Text, Christs own Commission, which has brought me out of that errour and darkness.

Alas! poor soul! deluded, bejugled, gull'd, abused and misled poor soul!

Christ never said, Teach all nations baptizing them, &c. but said μαθητεύσατε πάντα τὰ ἔθνη, βαπτίζοντες αὐτὸς, &c. in English, Disciple all nations, or make Disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, &c. then follows, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you.

So that now baptizing goes before teaching, how do you answer this Mr. Black-coat Chimney-sweeper? your Idol cannot save you now, for it is the workmanship of mans hands, and subject to corruption.

But perhaps you'l say, were not the Translators of the Bible as good Scholars as I am? and as honest?

First, I answer, I am glad you see there is an absolute necessity of Schollarship, more than a bare understanding and reading of English; an absolute necessity to keep up and give encouragements to a Learned Clergy, and that you lose your own eyes, at least your own spectacles, your own lights, when you contemn them, despise them; it is as the

blind man despises his guide, but if he were gone, he would be glad to call him again, if not for love of him, yet for the need he has of him, he cannot get home without him, nor keep out of the pit without him;

Or if he should call his guide again, and instead of him, one as blind as himself should happen to be near him, they might talk a little together, but this other blind man could not help his fellow home, nor keep out of the ditch, nor avoid the stumbling-blocks, although this same, or both of the blind men were bedaub'd with gold and silver lace; or if their heads were adorn'd with a huffing Peruke, but wanting eyes and a guide, they must necessarily both fall into the ditch.

And if any think that this reflects upon Gentleman himself, indeed I say it does, and is intended against those upstarts, which are *Jacks* rather than *Gentlemen*; for true bred English Gentlemen use to love and practise Learning themselves, did study to adorn their heads with brains, rather than a strumpets hair, and lov'd and honour'd Learning and Learned men.

But our *frothy Upstarts* want wit and manners too, know no Gallantry, but what I can adorn mine Ass withal, when I list; only

only here's the difference, mine Aſs is good for ſomething, gives good milk for a Conſumption, and is a repairer and reſtorer of the waſted body, and the Pockey Bones; whereas your *Aſs-Gentleman* is good for nothing, but is a waſter inſtead of a repairer, does no good in his generation, ſo much as the beaſts, ſeeming to be born for no other end, but to run ſqueaking up and down like the Rats and the Mice, and to gnaw cheeſe and Parmaſin; and eat up the victuals.

Yet he ſhall catch at a phraſe, chew to a Crumb ſome chymical term of Art, or a new-coin'd word pick'd up at a club; and away he ſtruts, repeats to himſelf, admires his own Improvements, laughs at the Clergy, dictates policy, talks of a new world in the Moon, and about goes the earth with a whip in a trice; *Ariſtotle* a Block-head to *Copernicus*, his Politicks dull to *Machiavel*. *Greg. Galen* a fool rather than a Phyſician; then nothing leſs contents him than to ſublimate his ſilver into vapour and ſmoak, to be a *Virtuoſo*; and with new experiments confound all Order, Government and Policy, and thereby commence new *Politicoſo*; and waſt body and bones with a Pockey *Ingenioſo*. And there's your Gentleman *a la mode*.

And if I might perſwade the Clergy, if it were

were not to do good in their Generation, and ſerve it, and keep it from the ruine, ſuch as theſe, like *Father-Grey-beard*, do threaten it with, theſe fellows ſhould have Elbow-room, and have rope enough, to ſcope as they liſt in Church and State, and Court, and Councils; why ſhould you be their Cooks, ſince they rule the roaſt? when there is ſcarcely the worſt of you, but is more uſeful than a hundred of them.

For as when there was no King in *Iſrael*, in *England*, every man did that which was right in his own eyes, their liberty, they long'd for, reduc'd them to ſuch confuſions and ſtreights, that they were forc'd for their ſakes and benefits to call in the King, whoſe own right it was:

So let but theſe new Politicians play their pranks, with their new Experiments of Licentiouſneſs, and in Church, and State, and Court, and Councils *do all*, (as far as his Majeſty will ſuffer them) as well as *do ill*, and we ſhall ſoon ſee them bring ſuch confuſions upon the Kingdom, and ſuch ſtreights upon themſelves, they will be glad to call Clergy into favour again for their own ſakes, as well as for the ſake of their Poſterities.

Which certainly will ſuffer, if theſe mens folly

folly be ſuffer'd and indulg'd; for who will bring up his ſon to be a Clergy-man, when *Gregory Grey-beard* ſhall be more counte-nan'ed than the beſt of them: it is a ſhame to tell, but it is too true; and a greater ſhame it ſhould be ſo, than to ſay ſo.

Omnia cùm liceant non licet eſſe pium.

For though no Clergy-man gets either love or thanks, more than any other Mini-ſter of State, by concerning himſelf in the great affairs of State; (thoſe that inhabit the temperate Zones, having more eaſe, and leſs ſweat and danger, though not ſo near the Sun and his directer Beams,) yet certain-ly it is good for the King and Kingdom, that they ſhould have (as by Law their due,) a conſiderable influence upon and inſpection into the great affairs of State.

And I am of *Gregories* opinion in that *p.* 301. That *they make the beſt Miniſters of State in the world, if they keep them to their Bibles*; 'tis true, all men have errours, but they are in probability more like to keep to their Bi-bles, than any other ſort of men.

God

God therefore at first gave the Government to Priests, and Prophets, and Preachers, such as *Moses* was, and *Samuel*, *David* and *Solomon*, and made the Kingdom happy under their oversight; as *England* has been made as happy by their influence in Government, as by any other sort of men whatsoever, till the Kingdom's happiness fell with them, by the advance of modern Orthodoxy.

And it is worth the remembring, that when the House of Lords voted the Bishops out of the House, and from the seats to which they had as good right as themselves; they did but thereby become their own Cryers, and made Proclamation to dissolve their own Court; the Spiritual Lords only first going out at the door, and showing the rest of the Lords the way down stairs; and the most of the House of Commons followed soon after.

But my pen runs like Mr. *Prin*'s, I have almost forgot where I was; Oh! at the objection, why did not our Translators of the Bible, render the Original more exactly into English?

To which I answer, the Translators in King *James* his time, did well and learnedly; mended many things that were amiss, and deserve great Honour and thanks; but they

they did but cobble some things, *Bernardus non videt omnia*; and some inconveniences in wording it, they did not, nor could not fore-see: such as this of the Anabaptists mistake, and misconstruction in this particular. Yet the word bearing two significations, and Lay-men in those times, not so audacious and impudent, nor the reading Scriptures so promiscuous and frequent as of late, of which sad consequences we have too much experience.

But does not our Saviour bid men search the Scriptures? *Jo.* 5. 39. I answer, no, he does not; he said only to them that were learned in the Scriptures, ἐρευνᾶτε τὰς γραφὰς, or to whomsoever of his auditors that were conversant in Scriptures, in the Indicative Mood, ye do search the Scriptures, because in them ye think to have eternal life; and they are they that testifie of me, yet ye will not come unto me that ye might have life. As if our Blessed Saviour should say, as he does in another place, seeing you see, and yet you do not perceive; and hearing you hear, and do not understand; ye search the Scriptures, thinking to find this eternal bread, that I am preaching of, namely, eternal life by Christ, and there you may see me, for they testify of me, yet ye

ye will not come (for ſo is καὶ rendred Jo. 1. 10. *tamen*, ſometimes *ſed*) unto me that ye might have life.

I know the ſame word ἐρευνᾶτε, may be taken in the Imperative Mood, but that it is not ſo agreeable with the context, nor ſignifies any thing, if it were ſo, to prove this promiſcuous uſe and licenſe of reading the Goſpel and New Teſtament, of which not one word was then writ.

Indeed no man in the world can deſire more than I do, that all people did underſtand the Scriptures, the mind and will of God, by reading and ſearching into the Scriptures themſelves, and alſo into the Engliſh Bible, ſo they read and ſearch with the ſpirit of meekneſs, for inſtruction, and not for cavil and diſputes, raiſing controverſies and horrid new opinions out of difficult places of Scripture, not knowing what they ſay, nor whereof they affirm.

Thoſe controverſies ſhould be left to thoſe of greater abilities, and of more ſober ſpirits than themſelves.

There are plain places of Scripture enow for

for edification and to direct us in the way to Heaven, by living ſoberly, righteouſly and godly in this preſent world.

And he anſwered ſmartly and well to a Fanatick, but a light heel'd Gentlewoman, that was mightily perplex'd with finding out the meaning of *Daniel*, *Ezekiel* and the *Revelations*; that *ſhe had been better employed*, if ſhe had conſider'd *the meaning of thoſe plain Scriptures*; Thou ſhalt not commit adultery; and Fear God, and Honour the King.

I wonder what rational account any man that underſtands only the Engliſh Tranſlation, can give why the Phariſees ſhould find fault, *Luke* 6. 1, 2. with Chriſts Diſciples for plucking the ears of corn, as they paſs'd through the corn fields, and did eat, rubbing them in their hands? did not the Phariſees eat on the Sabbath days? yes ſurely, and if they eat any thing, could not eat leſs, nor more eaſily made ready, than rubbing the Corn out with their hands, and eating ſome of the grains; meat ready dreſs'd in, and to their hands.

And though ſome Sabbath days were kept with more abſtinence than others, and more ſolemnity; yet the Engliſh Tranſlation helps

help us to no discovery, calling that Sabbath only——The second Sabbath after the first.

The second Sabbath after the first! what's that? If the Jews had a Sabbath that was called the first Sabbath, (as indeed they had,) namely, the Feast of the Passover when the first day thereof fell on a Sabbath day; then by this translation this Sabbath day, (when the Disciples plucked the ears of Corn and did eat,) must be the second, and next following Sabbath to it. But that is not true, because it is not the meaning of the original word δευτεροπρώτῳ, neither helps at all to solve the doubt, as being but an ordinary Sabbath, on which it was lawful to eat a Break-fast: but it was not lawful to eat a Break-fast, or drink any thing by the Jewish Canon, until the sixth hour, (which we call Noon, or twelve a Clock,) ἐν σαββάτῳ δευτεροπρώτῳ, *Luke* 6. 1. which our English Translation renders very imperfectly and untruly, the second Sabbath after the first, and *Beza* renders it much worse, namely, *Sabbato altero primo.* And not at all to the purpose.

The incomparable *Grotius* renders it best, and gives the best reason for that reddition; namely,

namely, the ſecond Prime-Sabbath: that is, the day of *Pentecoſt*, on which it was not lawful to eat a break-faſt, or eat or drink till twelve a clock; and therefore did the Phariſees find fault with the Diſciples, not for eating upon a Sabbath day, as every body did, as well as their beaſts; but for eating upon the *ſecond Prime Sabbath*, the day of Pentecoſt.

And this thus explain'd gives a very good account of the ſtrength of S. *Peter*'s argument, to prove that the Diſciples were not drunk, as ſome did ſuppoſe, when they ſpoke with new tongues upon the day of *Pentecoſt*, *Acts* 2. 1. 15.

Theſe are not drunk, ſeeing it is but the third hour of the day, or nine a clock.

Why? Is't not probable men may be drunk by nine a clock? yes, on other days, but not on that day the day of Pentecoſt, or ſecond Prime Sabbath, when none were ſuffered to ſell any wine or meat, or drink, nor taſt any thing till twelve a clock, or the ſixth hour.

A great many more imperfections there are in our Engliſh Bibles, which I had rather

were mended, than discover'd: these Instances are sufficient to abate the confidence of those bold companions, that instead of being teachers of others, had need learn more humility and modesty themselves; and not be so desperately devoted to a new opinion built upon false grounds, whose foundation is not laid upon the rock of ages, Christ and his word; but upon the sandy bottoms of self conceit and the English Bible.

I hope therefore that without any *Paralogism* I have evidenc'd that what the Reverend Bishop *Bramhall* has asserted concerning the promiscuous License of unqualified persons reading the Sciptures is, (though a Paradox in this hypocritical age, where the appearance and profession of piety is more priz'd than the truth, yet) not Apocryphal, nor Popish: as *Father Grey-beard* maliciously insinuates *p.* 30. rendring him thereby an enemy to the Laity.

Whereas indeed and in truth he is the best friend to them, that wishing them well, and desiring *their good* more than *their good will*, would not willingly have them take that in their hands which through unskilfulness they cannot mannage; and through weakness

weakneſs they cannot weild; name *Scriptures*, ſharper than a two Sword.

But is the *Good Old Cauſe* (which thought had taken its laſt ſleep,) awake again? Does not *Greg.* revive the *Good Old Cauſe* again, under the name of modern Orthodoxy? and give it ſtrength, as well as life, by the ſame methods now, as in 1640?

Did they not then, as he now, endeavour to enrage the people and rowze them again, (when they are tyred and willing to be quiet,) with new jealouſies and fears, fears of Ceremonies, fears of loſing their Bibles, and their Sabbaths? rendring the Eminent Biſhops dead and alive, friends in their hearts and doctrines too to Popery, but for a certain reaſon, rather making love to it, than eſpouſing it? He ſets not down theſe opinions of Biſhop *Bramhall*'s with an intent to confute them, ('tis beyond his ability,) but only notes them with an *Aſteriſm* as bordering upon Popery, as pernicious to the Laity; to beget in them new heats againſt the Church, by expoſing the deformities of King *Charles* I. and all his choiceſt Biſhops for the love they bore to *Ceremonies*

and *Arminianism*; and making all their Religion, (both of those deceased, and of those yet in power and alive) to be wholly trivial if not prophane.

Which brings to my mind that observation of his Sacred Majesties in his Εικ. Βασιλ. c. 15. concerning the same practices, that now this *Greg.* does again renew.

"It was a great part of some mens Religion to scandalize me and mine, "they thought theirs could not be true, "if they cryed not down mine as false.

It has always been the method of Atheists and Hell, by scandalizing the Clergy, and bringing them into Contempt, thereby to foil all Religion and bring God into Contempt. He that violates the Embassadour is not afraid of the King that sent him.

Plato was of an opinion that no man that went into a dark dungeon an Atheist, and staid there two hours alone, could come out an Atheist.

Because though company and frolicks may drown the secret whisperings of the soul,

ſoul, that the natural inſtincts of the truth of the Deity cannot be heard; yet when the ſoul is left to an undiſturbed conference with, and reflexions upon it ſelf, (an opportunity it ſeldom wants, when the hour of death is at hand) it muſt needs determine in the behalf of God Almighty, and againſt its own vanity:

As that Scotch Secretary of State that liv'd Atheiſtically, died more wretchedly with theſe laſt words,

Heu! miſer æternos vado damnatus ad ignes.

Muzzle the Conſcience ſome men can, and keep it from loud barking, but the longeſt practice upon it cannot altogether ſo ſtop its mouth, but it will make them hear ſometimes, if not gnaw them, yea enough to make them weary of life, to be rid of ſuch a troubleſome companion; but neither live nor dye can they with comfort; ſuch a precious life leads an Atheiſt; his head is at variance with his heart; his wicked life and fears of an after-reckoning make him wiſh there was no God, but cannot long make him believe there is no God.

Tantùm optat nullos esse putare Deos.

For this reason it is that their words and actions fall out by the way, and are so often contradictory: sometimes laughing at all Religion and then presently apologizing for it: sometimes railing, and then immediately condemning all railng: commending what they condemned, and condemning what they did commend: like brothers of the blade, that when they have rob'd in one disguise, change their Vizards, and shift themselves into another shape for fear of the *Hue* and *Cry*: which puts me in mind of this *Gregor*. Who did ever see so much railing in so little a book as his? was ever any man prosecuted as he does the Ecclesiastical Politician with such variety of style in such prodigious rayling, as we have already noted in part? what can be said more to defame the memory of King *Charles* I. Than to say, *his whole Reign was deform'd with Ceremonies, Arminianism, and Sibthorpianism, and Manwaring?* Has not his present Majesty our Gracious Soveraign as high interest in, and concern for, his Blessed Fathers honour, as his Crowns? can any violate the Majesty of the Father, and the Son be untouch'd and unconcern'd? and if this be

be true that *Greg.* ſuggeſts, *That the whole Reign* of King *Charles* I. was deform'd, the Duke of *Buckingham* ſtab'd by *Felton*, had a great hand in that deformity; and then does not this malicious invective ſeem to plead for the juſtice and equity of that horrid violence that depriv'd his Majeſty and the Duke of their lives? Could they fall deſired and beloved for their innocence, that liv'd for nothing but to deform the whole Reign? *Father Grey-beard* reads his own ſentence againſt himſelf, the ſame Book that evidences his villany, craves juſtice againſt it, any I'll join with him in his wiſhes, *p.* 187. *I could wiſh that there were ſome ſeverer Laws againſt ſuch villains, who raiſe ſuch falſe and ſcandalous reports of worthy Gentlemen, and that thoſe Laws were put in Execution: and that men might not be ſuffered to walk the ſtreets in ſo confident a Garb, who commit thoſe Aſſaſſinates upon the reputation of deſerving Perſons.*

That King *Charles* I. was a deſerving perſon, he confeſſes when he calls him the beſt Prince in the world; that Arch-Biſhop *Laud* was a deſerving perſon, he confeſſes, when he ſays he's confident he ſtudied nothing more than to do his Majeſty and God Almighty good ſervice, and withal was ſo

learned, ſo pious, ſo wiſe a man; and that he ought not to be mentioned without due honour, and that he deſerved a far better fate than he met with; and yet notwithſtanding all this merit and honour due to him, he makes him the cauſe of the Rebellion begun in *Scotland*, as he would make us believe, by impoſition of the Engliſh Liturgy, *p.* 303. And ſurely the King had a hand in't too, or elſe he makes him a cypher, rather than a King; ſure this man was by when the Inditements were contrived and drawn up againſt our Bleſſed Soveraign, and Arch-Biſhop *Laud*; for then they lay to their charge all the innocent blood, as they call'd it, ſhed in *England* and *Ireland*; and who could expect any better ſhould come on't, when they ſeem'd to know nothing but *Ceremonies*, &c. *with that begun, and with that ended, till the whole Reign was deform'd.*

And yet for all that this *Gregory* double tongue, makes one a Pious, Learned, wiſe man, and the other the beſt Prince that ever wielded the Engliſh Scepter.

Was not this *Greg.* begot by ſome *Proteus* of a *Camelion*, an *Oedipus* cannot riddle him:

him: he fights backward and forward, ſometimes for the King, and ſometimes for modern Orthoxy; he ſlaſhes with a two edged Sword and cuts both ways; brandiſhes againſt the enemy, and then falls foul on his own party, and the *Good Old Cauſe*; but it is with pickeerings and flouriſhes, rather than cloſe fight, and good earneſt; and therefore he gives the *Good Old Cauſe*, a good new name, and becauſe the old one is odious, he calls it ſometimes Primitive Simplicity, ſometimes modern Orthodoxy, and *p.* 303. the Cauſe too good.

A Cauſe too good? too good for what? too good to be burnt does he mean? as it was by the common Hangman; or too good for the Rebel Saints? I'l aſſure you they did not think ſo; nor yet would, if it would pleaſe God and the King to entruſt them with it once more; no, no, that's not this *Authors* meaning; he ſays it is *the Cauſe too good to be fought for.* Sure he thinks (as his friends *H. P. J. O.* &c. blaſphemed in that horrid Rebellion (begun by the Scots, but occaſion'd and caus'd by Biſhop *Laud* and conſequently the *King*) That *the battle was the Lords*, and that *men ſhould ſtand ſtill*, (I wiſh they had,) and ſee the ſalvation of God; and *that the ſtars in their Courſes* would

would *fight againſt Siſera*, (which they conſtrued,) the King and Cavaliers.

Sure this *Greg.* thought the King and Arch-Biſhop, for ſending the Engliſh *Liturgy* into *Scotland*, did thereby involve themſelves and the Kingdom in ſo much guilt, that the *Cry thereof would go to Heaven* (for leſs he cannot mean) and that God ought in juſtice to have taken the cauſe into his own hand, and deſtroyed us (as he did *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*) with fire and brimſtone, and thereby have ſav'd the Rebels a labour, and the Scots a long march into *England*. *Greg.* would have been an happy inſtrument to have perſwaded the Scots to put up their pipes, for the cauſe was too good to be fought for.

Yet it ſeems it is not too good to be writ for, nor to good to be commended again to the world; this mans a great friend to the King, to the Biſhops, to the Government, to the Engliſh Liturgy, which he repreſents to have been ſo miſchievous in former times; and now he quarrels with the Letany, becauſe the word Schiſm is added: he does not like that men ſhould pray againſt Schiſm; I am afraid one great quarrel and irreconcileable, he has againſt the Liturgy, is the ſame as of old, becauſe

becauſe it makes men pray ſo oft for the King and his Family, to which ſome mens hearts cannot ſay *Amen*.

He might as well have quarrelled the Letany for another word there added; namely, *Rebellion*: But that had been to rob without a Vizard: the Picque now is only againſt Schiſm. And why? and why? he tells us, *It ſpoils the Muſick, and cadence of the Period.*

Men that never intend to repent of their Crimes, love not to hear of them; ſure I am, *Schiſm* in the *Letany* there added, ſpoils not the *Muſick* ſo much, as it does *the Kingdom*; which by it alone has been *quite out of tune.*

I wiſh with all my heart though, that the King and his two Houſes of Parliament would take *Gregory*'s advice, *p.* 304. *After all the fatal Conſequences of that Rebellion, which can only ſerve as Sea-marks unto wiſe Princes, to avoid the Cauſes.* And what were the cauſes? (if you will believe his hint) they were Arch-Biſhop *Laud*, and conſequently and much more King *Charles* I. *p.* 302. the Engliſh Liturgy, *p.* 303. and the zealous aſſertors of the Rights of Princes, who are but at beſt, *well-meaning Zealots, p.* 303. Is't

Is't not pity but this *Gregory* ſhould be call'd to the Helm of Government? 'tis Pilots own ſelf, he ſhows wiſe Princes all the Sea-marks; here's *Scylla*, there *Charybdis*; here lies the flats, there the Beacon; here the Buoy, there the Fire-houſe; here lies Dogger-bank, there the Galloper; and that ſand with the two horns, is the *ſpits*, that beyond, *Goodwin Sands*, but here, here, *whoop*, *holla*, *holla*, *whoop*, *p.* 150, 151, 152, 153. the Kings Channel.

Good Skipper! ſo much skill, and ſo much pains, ſuch a Politician, and a *Virtuoſo* to boot, thou ſhalt have a new Perry-wig, and once more another Gratuity ſent thee from *J. O.* and a new Thankſ-giving-day appointed by the Churches, with another gathering at the end on't, to that purpoſe; beſhrew me, it came ſeaſonably for an uſe of great comfort after you had been chouc'd at the *ordinary* and plaid pieces.

Is it not meritorious enough? he ſuper-erogates; gratifies the Churches by ſhriving them, and laying all the blame upon that odious and hated thing *the Liturgy*, that was the cauſe of all the blood-ſhed, all the wars and ruine; that the rock on which we ſplit; mind the *Sea-marks*, wiſe Princes, avoid

the

the cauſes, if you will avoid the ſad and *fatal conſequences*.

'Tis but loſt money now to ſee any Courtiers to put in a ſeaſonable word for Indulgence and modern Orthodoxy; *Father Greybeard* for all. Is there never a Corporation that ſends Burgeſſes to Parliament, that (upon a vacation, the late member being dead) may cry up *Greg.* and get him into the Houſe?

The Cabala cannot but approve the plot, *Greg.* is greater than a ſecond *Moſes*, he's a ſecond *Samſon*, can *carry the whole houſe afore him.*

Methinks I ſee him *at it*: and addreſſing himſelf to the *Speaker*, makes this following ſpeech in the Parliament Houſe, compoſed out of his own book; (for I ſcorn foul play;) nor will I adde one material word of mine own, to make him look more ridiculouſly or ſeditiouſly, than he has already with his own hand pourtrayed himſelf in his book; (only to make it to look more handſomely, I have dreſs'd it in the faſhion in this following Droll *a la mode*;) in forty pages of his incomparable book, (like that ſelf-conceited *bookiſh* Philoſopher, that undertook to

to read Lectures to *Hannibal*) puff'd up with the beloved eſteem he has for himſelf, takes upon him the *Pilot's* place, directing *wiſe Princes* how to *govern the Helm*, ſtear *their Courſe* and obſerve the *Sea-marks*.

And I have ſtinted my Muſe to his very words in all particulars that come moſt home to him, chuſing rather to injure my fancy, than him; or lay to his charge more than what is prov'd to his face under his hand.

Mr. Speaker,

I, that ſpoke here but once before,
Muſt now ſpeak, *though I ne'er ſpoke more*:
When the Seas ſwell high as the Poop,
Shall not your Pilot, *holla*, whoop?
And rowze Tarpollians, *that lye ſleeping,*
Ne'er dreaming what cauſe there's for weeping,
Faſting and Prayers of the Churches?
Now Orthodoxy *left i'th' lurch is,*
And ſwallow'd up, for ought I know:
Prick up your ears, I'll tell you how;
There is one Bayes (*and ſhall I tell ye?*)
He has a thouſand Seas in's Belly,
Another Hobbs Leviathan,
Swells and will drown us if he can;

The

The Netherlands *and* Hungary
Are under water already, (p. 43.)
And ſo is France, Bohemia,
Sweden, *and* Tranſilvania,
Denmark, *and* Savoy, *that by'th'* Alps *is,*
All Scotland, England, *'xcept a ſmall piece;*
Geneva *by* Lake-lemane, Poland,
I think at laſt he'll leave us no land;
Look to your Ship then, hard at Helm,
Starboard, or elſe we overwhelm:
Eaſe the Shrowds there, Breda, Breda;
There ne'er was ſuch a flood ſince Noah:
Take th' Topſail in, do what you may,
The Mizen on the Prow gives way.
Down with the Kings flag, (you nere mind,)
And let her ſpoon before the wind.
All ſtands aloft; ſwack, ſwack; no near,
For we have ſprung a Leak I fear.
There'r Goodwin *Sands,* Tom *and* John *too;*
W'have ſcap'd them tho' with much ado.
Rummage the Ship, throw overboard
What in the Ship may beſt be ſpar'd:
There; y'have done finely, (have you not?)
Thrown away th'beſt, the worſt forgot;
The Maſſe-Book *there, (do you not ſee?)*
With th' All for Uniformity,
Lying i'th' Chaplains *Cabbin there:*
Founder the Ship they will, I fear:
The Surplice *too, (I think y' are blind,)*
You always leave the worſt behind;

Orthodoxy's

Orthodoxy's *gone already,*
W'are ſunk, if you do not ſteer ſteady:
There Grandeur *lies:* (*you are ſo dull,*)
Hand all the Sails, and let her hull.
Keep your Loof, Hold; w'have ſprung a Maſt;
This 'tis to bear more ſail than Ballaſt.
Ply the Pump there, for I am told
Five foot of water's in the Hold.
Now, Maſter Speaker, if there be,
Within you ſo much Repartee,
As to rogouſt now what I mean,
By this Harangue tuant and clean,
This Engliſh Ship of the firſt Rate,
(*The Hieroglyphick of the State,*)
Is ſav'd from wrack, by Virtuoſo,
Ingenioſo, Politicoſo.

Thus have I taught you in Parable,
Now for the Moral; th' other was fable;
I meant plainly to ſay; Wiſe Princes,
Viewing *the fatal Conſequences*
Of the Rebellion, look out; ſpye
Where the Sea-marks and Buoys do lye;
That ye may guide us right, and even;
Not toſt and wrack'd as we have been.
For to ſay truth, 'twas Biſhop Bramhall,
Laud *and King* Charles, *who did deform all;*
With Ceremonies, Arminianiſm,
Manwaring *and* Sibthorpianiſm;

Alſo

Also the English Liturgy,
And Schism, *in the* Letany,
May (grieving th' Saints,) again put soon
Us, and the Musick out of tune: (p.306.)
Put out that word *then, (as is fit,)*
Or put it all *out every whit;*
And (if y' are wise,) all th' Liturgy,
It makes some Saints in prayer to lye,
And against conscience, say a thing
That checks them, Praying for the King.
These made the whole Reign ugly look,
I dare be sworn. (Give him the Book,
Saith Master Speaker, *kiss it, Soon.)*
But presently, as in a swoon,
Or Planet-struck, poor Greg. *was dumb,*
He hawk'd and hum'd, nothing would come.
At last said; I'll not break my Oath,
Further to lye I would be loath:
For never I, since I was born,
Did break my Oath or was forsworn,
Nor, since I took the Covenant,
Can for my heart or blood recant.
Therefore now I'm upon my Oath,
Not one word will I speak but troth.
The Good Old Cause *should bear the blame,*
Where the sin lyes, lay there the shame;
'Twas neither good, nor yet too good,
Nor so ought to be understood.
Charles *the best Prince was, (truth to say,)*
That ere did English *Scepter sway.*

Arch-Bishop Laud *was wise and pious,*
And learned too, and vertuous:
Who dares charge him with Popery,
His learned Book gives them the lye;
Nor is it just he should be blam'd,
Nor without Honour due be nam'd,
Who study'd alwayes, what he cou'd,
For God, the King, and Kingdom's good;
Therefore deserv'd a better fate,
Than he (good Martyr!) did come at.
And he that dares these truths deny,
Is a bold Villain, and doth lye.
Only I could wish, that there were (p.187.)
Some honest Laws made more severe
Against such Villains, who do raise
Such false reports, and do dispraise
With Scandals worthy Gentlemen,
Either alive or dead: And then
We should not helpless thus grieve, when
We such Assassinats do meet.
In Garb so confident i'th' street,
As if no harm at all th' had done,
Murdering Reputation.
Why should the Wolf *be hang'd up, when*
The Jaccal *Scot-free goes? Poor men*
That for necessity do prey,
And take a purse on the High-way,
Your Law hangs up, but he that does,
Like Staphyla, *rob Graves, he goes*

Without

Without controul, becauſe the Laws
Are dumb and ſilent in this cauſe.
To you it therefore does belong,
To keep the Tombs ſecure from wrong.
Laſtly, 'tis known to all the world,
This Realm was bleſt, till overhurl'd
With the new Modern Orthodox,
That Gull'd *this Land, with* Calvin, Knox.
And ——— ——— ——— ——— ———

But here I fancy he is interrupted, ſpeaking ſo maliciouſly and inveterately againſt the bleſſed memory of King *Charles*, and ſaying *his whole Reign was deform'd*, in ſo great a Preſence as this *Parliament*, which, (be it ſpoken as far from envy, as flattery,) yields to no preceding Parliaments for Eloquence as well as Loyalty, and therefore commands Mr. *Greg.* to the Barr, not queſtioning him for the good he had ſpoken, but for the evil.

For he that ſpit in the face of that bleſſed Martyr did not thereby do him the hundredth part of that ignominy and harm; nor ſhew'd half ſo much venome harbour'd within.

This *Father Grey-beard* not contenting himſelf with what our late Soveraign, in

vindication of his peoples Laws and Liberties, more than his own, has ſuffered from the hands of tyrannical and blood-thirſty men; but (as in the Enditement againſt him,) he charges him again with deforming his whole Reign, and by *Sibthorpianiſm*, affecting an abſolute Government, upon which rock, (he is bold to ſay) we all ruined, *p.* 302. It ſeems then this rock of abſolute Government, which the King ſurely affected, if he countenanc'd it ſo much as this audacious man would make us believe, for which the Rebels in no worſe, but plainer terms, call'd him tyrant, and lay to his charge the guilt of all his innocent blood ſhed in *England* and *Ireland*.

I am ſorry this man ſhould again rip up the old ſores, which we thought had been cicatrized without any deformity on the Kings part.

And therefore he does with unparallel'd confidence attempt to talk ſo much of *Sibthorp*, *Manwaring*, *Montague*, &c. It is the buſineſs of many pages, from *p.* 285. to *p.* 304.

And to evince all this, the firſt and choiceſt weapon he brings upon the ſtage, is as unreſiſtable, as terrible: there's no fence againſt a flail; he falls in pell-mell, without giving one volley, to cloſe fight, Handy-gripes,

gripes, and Butt of Muſquet: (which he calls *p.* 281.) the Butt-end of an Arch-Biſhop, (that was) *Abbot*, of *Canterbury*.

Now, (think I,) wo worth the day, look to thy hits, poor *Bayes*, and beat but *this Butt-end of an Arch-Biſhop* about his ears, and I'll warrant him ſpoil'd for a fencer whiles he lives again.

To make room, and heighten the expectations of this matchleſs onſet, he would make men believe, *p.* 280. that the wounds that ſhall be given to his Majeſty, Arch-Biſhop *Laud*, and the Government at that time, (by proving againſt them the guilt of *Sibthorpianiſm* and abſolute Government,) are the wounds given by a *Friend*:

Againſt which there is no fence, we keep no guard againſt him, and being ſecure on that ſide, the thruſts (like that of *Joab's* into the heart of *Abner*, and *Amnon*,) are certain and deadly; as being made with as little difficulty, as truth; and as eaſily and readily as baſely and treacherouſly.

And ſuch is *this Butt end* of an Arch-Biſhop; it admits no anſwer, cannot poſſibly be warded, 'tis the teſtimony of Arch —— againſt Arch —— the teſtimony of a friend.

And I confeſs the teſtimony of a mans friend, (though but his ſuppoſed friend,) againſt him, ſhall find credit though falſe; whileſt the evidence given in by an enemy, (through true,) is not believed, (like words of a frequent liar, though he tell truth ſometimes,) becauſe all is conſtrued the effects of practice, malice, or deſign.

And if this *Butt-end* of an Arch-Biſhop be indeed *Abbot's* Butt-end, which is not credible, (as I'll ſhew by and by, where indeed it was forged, and out of what Armory *Greg.* fetches this unavoidable dead-doing tool; it is a hundred to one that we find that it came out of the Arcenal of *Modern Orthodoxy*; becauſe *Greg.* (who is skilful and learned in nothing ſo much as that way) does bring it on to the ſtage, with marvellous proweſs, to this Encounter;) yet the blows it can poſſibly give, will neither bring ſmart, nor infamy either to his Majeſty, or Arch-Biſhop *Laud*, in the judgment of any By-ſtander, that knows but the temper of Arch-Biſhop *Abbot*, what he was; and alſo the nature of this weapon, this ſame *Butt-end*.

I need not give you the Hiſtory here, (nor is this a place for it,) of the plottings and contrivances of the modern Orthodox in King *James* his time, from whoſe wardſhip though the King was ſet free by the privilege of

of his EnglishCrown, yet he was never emancipated from the importunities of thoſe buſie, and unweariedly troubleſome ſpirits; and though he condeſcended to the Conference at *Hampton*-Court, where they, as well as his Majeſty, ſaw themſelves baffled:

Yet theſe are not men that will give over ſo; but King *James* would many times, (whether for old acquaintance, or not quite forgetting his former pupillage under their imperious and pedantick tuition, nor altogether at all times clearly remembring that now he was quite free, and *ſui juris*; or whether, (as indeed very often he did,) to be rid of them and their buſie intruſions) grant them very great favours; which he ſeems to repent of in his *Baſilicon Doron*, when it was too late;

Such was this advancement of *Abbot* to the Arch-Biſhoprick, voic'd and carried up ſo high by the *Cabal* of the Puritans, or Modern Orthodox, who were gratifyed herein by that good natur'd King, not without too late repentance, though *Abbot* fruſtrated the expectations of both parties: for when he was got into Gods Bleſſing and the warm Sun, and ſo near the Court, he grew an abſolute Courtier, yet not altogether forgetting his friends and Creators in the height of his fortunes.

King *Charles* did not make him, but found him, Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*; the place being for term of life, and both the King and he had too much innocence to ſhorten it, before God and nature had put it to an end.

Yet the Arch-Biſhop by reaſon of age, and the many infirmities and diſeaſes of his mind and body, was very unmeet for Council or Court, being very way-ward, peeviſh, moroſe, and unſociable for the reaſons aforeſaid.

His Majeſties affairs no more than nature could admit of this vacation, (occaſion'd chiefly by his decrepit age and diſeaſes:) it was thought fit therefore that his place ſhould be ſupplyed by others, of more health and ability both of mind and body to do his Majeſty ſervice.

This prepared the way to *Laud's* advancement, who then was but a young Courtier and in no great eſteem either with the King or Duke of *Buckingham*, (though before the unhappy blow given that Favourite at *Portſmouth*, he was high in his favour, as well as his Majeſties, King *Charles*.

Who, notwithſtanding whatever *Greg.* does all along ſuggeſt, was no fool, but had the moſt piercing eye and judgment of any mans parts and behaviour about the Court. And

And therefore *Laud* (Doctor of the Laws, yet no Civilian but a Prieſt,) could not long at Court be neglected or obſcure; being ſo vertuous, ſo pious, ſo wiſe a man, that his Majeſty could not but diſcern his Accompliſhments fitted for the greateſt confidence of his Prince, and to which he arriv'd after the death of the Duke of *Buckingham*, but not before; and therefore if King *Charles* his whole Reign was deform'd, it was not by him all the while, (here if I durſt, I had told *Greg. hoc eſt falſum*, or *reſtat probandum*, or in phraſe of *He, he lyes*; but I am more modeſt, at leaſt more wiſe, out of fear rather than ingenuity; he makes himſelf ſuch a terrible Hector, *p.* 153. and *p.*210.) But certain it is the Duke of *Buckingham*, whileſt he liv'd, bore all the blame, if any was due, as well as the ſhame.

But after his death, what ſhould be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honour, but make him chief Favourite! and who more deſerving than *Laud*, who *ſtudied to do both God and his Majeſty good ſervice, and was ſo pious and wiſe*, as aforeſaid?

But envy, envy, (the ſhadow of greatneſs, inſeparably attending thoſe moſt who live in the brighteſt beams of Royal Bounty,) ſoon found out this great Miniſter of State.

And envy it is, more than miſcarriages,

(to

(to which all mortal men are ſubject,) which either ſhortens, or miſerably diſquiets the favourites of Princes; nor was ever any man therefore known to be a *Favourite to two Kings* immediately ſucceeding one another, but the Duke of *Buckingham*; which he did owe to himſelf, more than his fortune; of which he was a miracle indeed, but a greater miracle of nature; and ſeem'd to be made for the very nonce, in ſo incomparable a complexion of mind and body, which ſeem'd to diſagree in nothing but a happy contention for precedency; the beauty of his large mind ſeeming to ſtrive with that of his incomparable body, which ſhould be more amiable and ſweetly raviſhing; his prudence and gravity being adorn'd with a ready wit, and command of his tongue; which never had a denial of what it crav'd, even when he was by reſolv'd and combin'd impeachments proſecuted in Parliament, where he had more admirers than friends.

But a wiſer than he has told us, *who is able to ſtand againſt envy?* It is probable the Duke of *Buckingham* and Arch-Biſhop *Laud* after him, did ſome things, as well as the Earl of *Strafford*, that were not altogether *approveable*, or in ſtrict account juſtifiable; induc'd thereunto rather by neceſſities than

any

any evil diſpoſition of their own.

Nor do men of inferiour rank know the reaſons of State, and neceſſity of affairs, which might plead for Loans and Ship-money too, as our Saviour does for *David* (in his tranſgreſſion of the Law, by vertue of a greater Law than *Magna Charta*, or the *Petition of Right and neceſſity.*) *Have you not read what* David *did when he was an hungred, and they that were with him, how he entred into the houſe of God, and did eat the Shew-bread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them which were with him?*

Nor do theſe bold men know what are the preſſures and urgent ſtraits of a Kingdom, that cannot ſtay ſometimes, without apparent ruine, the due redreſs of a Parliament.

Eſpecially when our wiſe King *Charles* could not but foreſee, by former experiences, thoſe heats of paſſion and ſparks of prejudice that by ſome incendiaries were likely to be kindled, and threatned thoſe combuſtions in the Kingdom, which afterwards by ſad experience and tryals we found too true, and for very many painful years remedileſly groan'd and labour'd under.

Not but that a Parliament is look'd upon by every honeſt Engliſh man, a moſt ſafe as well as acceptable conſtitution, both for the Prerogative

Prerogative and the Crown; as much as the peoples juſt properties and liberties.

Yet at beſt it is but good Phyſick, and proves unſucceſsful and unhappy for the body politick, when perpetuated and made a conſtant food; of which truth we have in our age a fatal *Probatum eſt*.

And only proves that ſome diſeaſes are with leſs pain and hazard tolerated, than irritated by putting the body into a conſtant courſe of Phyſick, in order to cure: which many times beſides the trouble, does ſooner and more certainly haſten that death, which before we did but fear.

And ſure I am that whatever is the meaning of *Sibthorpianiſm*, *Manwaring*, *Arminianiſm*, *Montague*, *Abſolute Government*, or *Loans*, or any ſuch frightful *Bugs*, (now brought again to ſcare the people with fears and jealouſies,) yet put together, and at the worſt they be no bigger than the little finger, in compariſon of thoſe thicker loins of preſſures and grievances, with which to the death we were oppreſs'd and tyranniz'd over many years together in pretence of remedy, and even ſtill thereby our burdens are of neceſſity become ſo much the greater.

But were Arch-Biſhop *Laud* and the *Sibthorpians* never ſo much to blame; were thoſe ſores & grievances never ſo great, by what authority

thority, or to what good end does this bold *Greg.* now rip them up again when they are healed and cicatrized?

His deſign muſt be either to create jealouſies that his preſent Majeſty or ſome great Favourites about him are again about to tread in *Sibthorpian* ſteps; (if this could be prov'd againſt him, he deſerves to be hang'd:)

Or elſe not ſatisfied with the indignities his bleſſed Father and the other Martyrs ſuffered, crucifyes them again *in Effigie*; or as himſelf expreſſes it *p.* 280. And *the deteſtable ſentence and execution of his late Majeſty, is repreſented again upon the Scaffold.*

And thus much for the temper of that Arch-Biſhop *Abbot*, in anſwer to his charge againſt *Laud*, if it were truly his charge and narrative under his own hand: as *Greg* ſaith it was *p.* 281. And if it was ſo, what great matter does it ſignifye, That an old moroſe man, peeviſh by complexion and age, and improv'd to a far greater height of malice by the old Leven of modern Orthodoxy, fermented by his own paſſions and ſufferings, through the loſs of his Place at Court and the Kings favour, his exerciſe of the Office-Metropolitan being alſo ſuſpended, and the profits of the Arch-Biſhoprick to better uſe, ſequeſtred;

Occaſion'd

Occasion'd by the intelligence he kept with the factions, and not for refusing to license a Sermon, (as is suggested,) as improbably as idlely, whether by other mens fictions or his own is not worth the enquiry.

But such a deform'd Issue may shame either the Arch-Bishop *Abbot*, or any body else, that should pretend to father it; not but that some of its parts are truly form'd, but many of them are monstrous untruths; as if it were needful, I will demonstrate, and begin at the first three lines.

But *Greg.* has pick'd these few that seem'd most for his turn out of that, (which indeed goes under his name, The *Narrative of Arch-Bishop Abbot*, &c.

This audacious man as boldly calls *it so*, as if he had stood at his elbow, and saw him write every syllable, which he must have done, or else he is very impudent thus to impose upon men, that which he can but guess at, and has as little ground to build this faith of his upon, as ever any man had, that declared so audaciously, and confidently, as he does here, that any such Narrative in Print was another man's hand-writing.

The truth is, *Greg.* his prime Talent lies in modern Orthodoxy; there he is best read, and there we find *this Narrative*, &c.

And if he can show me this Narrative any

where

where elſe than there, (which I defye him to do;) then will I confeſs that this *Butt-end*, (which in his hand he does ſo terribly brandiſh and flouriſh,) is indeed the *Butt-end of an Arch-Biſhop*; and when he has done, ſince it is but the Butt-end of *that* Arch-Biſhop, at beſt is but an Abbots opinion, which is now no more credited, nor more Orthodox, than are the railings of *Greg.* or other the diſcontents of modern Orthodox.

You may find it, if you will waſte ſo much time as to read an old Diurnal, for ſuch ſtuff is this, compoſed in a Hiſtory forſooth, dedicated to Queen *Dick*, which was (in ſtile of modern Orthodoxy) *Richard* by the Grace of God, Protector of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, &c. *Anno Domini* 1657.

By your Highneſs humbleſt and moſt obedient Servant,

John Ruſhworth,

Chief Secretary in the Army, to General *Fairfax*, and afterwards for pious Declarations penn'd upon all occurrences for the ſatisfaction of the people, upon every new turn or change of Government, by that worthy Gentleman; for ſuch good ſervices related to, and preferred by *Oliver Cromwel* and his ſon *Richard*.

This terrible dead-doing Tool the *Butt-end* of

of an Arch-Biſhop, thus brandiſhed again by *Father Grey-beard*, for the *Good Old Cauſe*, was taken out of that *Holy Arcenal*; let him deny it if he dare or can tell how.

I cannot but ſmile to ſee this *Huffe*, buſſetting himſelf with this *Butt-end* of an Arch-Biſhop; as at other times, he meditates his own ruine, (when I in mercy and poor pitys ſake would ſtep to the man, and ſtop him, laying violent hands upon himſelf,) in ſeveral pages of his own book; namely, when he ſays *p.* 8. "Nor was there any thing that "could more cloſely import him, than that "the race and family of the Railers ſhould be "perpetuated among mankind. *And p.* 18. "I am the more obliged to repair in my ſelf "whatſoever breaches of his (Biſhop *Bram-hall*'s) credit, by that additional civility "which conſecrates the Aſhes of the de-"ceaſed. *And p.* 23. For all men pretend "a ſhare in Reputation and love not to ſee it "ingroſs'd and monopoliz'd, and are ſub-"ject to enquire (as of great eſtates ſudden-"ly got,) whether he came by all this ho-"neſtly, or of what credit the perſon is that "tells the ſtory. *And p.* 41. He never oils "his Hone but that he may whet his Razor, "and that not to ſhave, but to cut mens "throats. *And p.* 49. Though an ill man "cannot by prailing confer Honour, nor by

"reproach-

" reproaching fix an ignominy, and ſo they " may ſeem on equal terms; yet there is " more in it; for at the ſame time that we " may imagine what is ſaid by ſuch an Au- " thor to be falſe, we conceive the contrary " to be true. *And p.* 49. He propagated an " original waſpiſhneſs, and falſe Orthodoxy " amongſt all his followers. *And p.* 48. But " unluckily, in this fatal year of Seventy two, " amongſt all the Calamities that Aſtrologers " foretel, this alſo hath befallen us. *And p.* " 68. Which meeting with the former fra- " cture in his *Cranium*, and all the concur- " rent accidents already mentioned, has ut- " terly undone him. And ſo in concluſion " his madneſs hath formed it ſelf into a per- " fect *Lycanthopy*. He doth ſo verily believe " himſelf to be a wolf, that his ſpeech is all " turn'd into howling, yelling and barking: " and if there were any ſheep here, you " ſhould ſee him pull out their throats, " and ſuck their blood. And does ſo verily believe himſelf a Jaccal, that if there were any dead Corps here interr'd, you ſhould ſee the beaſt ſcratch up their graves, and tear them out, to intomb them again ignominiouſly in his naſty Guts. " *And p.* 77. That after they " have done or ſuffered legally and to the ut- " moſt, they muſt ſtill be ſubjected to the " wand of a Verger, or to the wanton laſh

" of every Pedant; that they must run the " Gantelope, or down with their breeches as " oft as he wants the prospect of a more " pleasing nudity. *And p.* 85. Speaking to the little comfortable importance, (call'd for variety of phrase, *p.* 12. closer importance, *Parthenope*, " whose mother Sir, " sells Ale by the Town wall,) *as you* love " your self, Madam, let him not come near " you, he hath been fed all his life with vi- " pers instead of Lampreys, and Scorpions " for Cray-fish; and if at any time he eat " Chickens, they had been cramb'd with " spiders, till he hath so invenom'd his whole " substance, that 'tis much safer to bed with " a Mountebank before he has taken his An- " tidote. *And p.* 136. (*For I am weary of* " *noting the stabs he gives himself,*) as much " as possible I would not expose the naked- " ness of any person so eminent formerly in " the Church. *And p.* 139. Perhaps he said " so only for evasion, being old excellent at " parrying and fencing. *And p.* 139. He " has face enough to say or unsay any thing, " that 'tis his privilege, what the School- " Divines deny to be even within the power " of the Almighty, to make contradictions " true. *And p.* 155. Whereby you may see " with what Reverence and Duty he uses to " speak of his Superiours, and their actions,

" when

" when they are not ſo happy as to pleaſe " him. *And p.* 164. But of all his three " bolts, this was the ſooneſt ſhot, and there- " fore it is no wonder if he miſs'd his mark, " and took no care where his arrow glanced. " But what he ſaith of his Majeſty and his " Council. *And p.* 146. He confounds him- " ſelf every where in his reaſonings, that you " can hardly diſtinguiſh which is the whoop, " and which is the holla, and he makes In- " dentures on each ſide of the way where- " ſoever he goes. *And p.* 275. But ſuch as " you it is, that have always ſtrove by " your leaſing (*gently good* Hec. *as you love* " *me*,) to keep up a ſtrangeneſs and miſ- " underſtanding betwixt the King and his " people; and all the miſchief hath come " on't doth much lye at your doors.

And whether all the invectives againſt the whole Reign of King *Charles* I. (deform'd, (as he ſays) *with Sibthorpianiſm, abſolute Government*, the *rock* on which we *ſplit*, the impoſition of the *Engliſh Liturgy*, the cauſe of the Rebellion, *Ceremonies*, *Arminianiſm*, *Montague* and *Manwaring*, *libelling* the Reverend Biſhops for their *worthy cares*, ſentencing *Miniſters of State*, *Privy Counſellors*, *jeering* the preſent *Parliament* with being *trinkled*, and bringing forth *Superfetation of Acts*, as if he had a Com-

miſſion to be chief *Cenſor*, prying into all Offices, and Officers, and condemning all that ſtand in the way of *Modern Orthodoxy*, and the *Good Old Cauſe* and *Nonconformiſts*, without mercy or fear, dead and alive, and all this in ſeventy two, and with as many ſelf-contradictions as impertinences,) can have any other meaning than by ſuch *Leaſing* to keep up a ſtrangeneſs and misunderſtanding betwixt the King and his people, judge you: Is't not pity but he ſhould have his own wiſh, *p.* 187. Only I could wiſh there were ſome ſeverer Laws againſt ſuch villains, who raiſe ſuch falſe and ſcandalous reports, &c.

Sure I am he gives himſelf often enough to his ſhame the *Baſtinado*, and if they are not all *Butt-ends*, yet they are dogged *Counter-buffs*, with the leaſt whereof he hits himſelf a vile box on the ear.

And inſtead of encountring the enemy, lets fly at all adventure, and the random ſhot rencounters his own party, and being overcharg'd, the *Butt-end* of his Gun bumps his own breaſt, and fells him with the *Recoil*.

A *ſad accident*; like *that*, (but much more fatal than *that*,) which befel an honeſt well-meaning Zealot, our friend and acquaintance, *W. S.* Who, *good man!* conceited of his own Proweſs and Gallantry, and taking the Alarm at——*The Contempt of the Clergy*, muſters

muſters up preſently all his force, in *a Letter to a Friend*, with deſign to vindicate the Clergy from Contempt, and the fury of that *Charge*.

But in his wrath and rage, miſtaking his way, and to oblige his friends by the next Term, makes more haſte than good ſpeed; and miſſing alſo his *Reſt* in the height of his *Career*, coming to the *Grapple*, fights in the *Shock*, hand over head, *for* the enemy *againſt* his own party:

In an Anſwer, ſo incongruous to the deſign, confeſſing all, asking forgiveneſs, and crying for quarter, before the enemy had any thoughts of hurting him, and all this in language ſo inſipid and ridiculous that he made the Clergy, (*they thank him,*) ſo much the more contemptible, and both *himſelf* and the *Clergy* the more laugh'd at:

Producing nothing but a mere *black Patch*, (aim'd indeed againſt, and clap'd on too upon the *face* of his adverſary, but) only thereby rendring the enemy ſo much the more a *Beauty*, who indeed was *lovely* enough *before*.

So that my dear friend, if ever the mad hair-brain'd humour of Scribling poſſeſs you, as it has done *Greg.* and *W. S.* ſo that nothing can hold you, but you muſt needs come out in Print, tempted by the Dog-Star, the

Stationer, or the near approach of the next Term, In a Letter to a friend: let me beg of you, as you tender your Reputation and Honour, that you take care, not to ſubſcribe it of all the Letters in the Croſs-Row, with thoſe in the Fag-end of it, *W. S.*

And be ſure you put not in the Superſcription one ſyllable of —— *The Rehearſal Tranſpros'd.*

Leſt *thus* mark'd, the Hue and Cry purſue you, upon ſuſpicion of folly, and ſelf-conceit, for the *former*; and upon ſuſpicion of folly, ſelf-conceit and ſedition, for the *latter*: and puniſh you, as ſelf-condemn'd by *your own* groſs *ſelf contradictions*, for both.

But eſpecially take heed that you have not the leaſt reſemblance of *Greg.* who does ſo often with his own hand foil and baffle himſelf and the cauſe he deſigns to promote.

The *man's* a *Fanatick*, and by certain Paroxyſms, as pleaſes the *Planet* that governs him, *Lunatick* with Modern Orthodoxy, and talks like *Oliver's* Porter, now in *Bedlam*, *craz'd with a notion on that ſide the head.*

Name but *Bayes*, he cryes out (like that Hypocondriack that fancied he had *Noah's* flood in his belly, and if he piſs'd, ſhould drown the world,) falls into a fit, rages and frets, foams and ſtamps, ſtares and rants like mad,

mad, all are dead, dead as a Herring, drown'd every mothers ſon, *p.* 42, 43. in *Hungary*, *Tranſylvania*, *Bohemia*, *Poland*, *Savoy*, *France*, the *Netherlands*, *Denmark*, *Sweden* and all *Scotland*, and a great part of the Church of *England*.

Then as is meet, rails at him, calls him a Prodigy, *p.* 47. a *Marvail*, a *Prodigious Perſon*, a *creature* moſt *obnoxious*, *Hebrew*, *Jew*, *Cock Divine*, *Cock-wit*, *Dam-Divine*, *Spy*, *Buffoon*, a *dangerous Fellow*, *Cut throat*, *Madman*, fit for nothing but *Bedlam*, and *Hogsdon*, &c.

Then can any charity believe otherwiſe but this poor *Greg.* is craz'd? and cryes Holla *Bayes*, Whoop *Bayes*, Holla *Bayes*, Whoop, Whoop; name but *Bayes* and his fit comes:

Or name but Schiſm, and it works immediately; as much as the name *Cromwel* does upon the *mad Porter*, who forthwith falls a prayſing his old maſter, and talks of nothing but Crowns and Councils, Scepters and Biſhops, and Presbyters; then rambling into a diſcourſe of Divinity, talks of Superſtition, Ceremonies, Prophanation of the Sabbath, Schiſm, the Cauſe and the Covenant.

So my Gentleman, when the word Schiſm is but nam'd, he extolls it to the skies, or at

leaſt ſays it is no ſuch frightful thing, as the World takes it to be; take it into your hand, touch it, do, touch it, it will not hurt you; it is but a Theological Scar-crow, and rather frights than hurts; then like the mad Porter commends his old Maſter to the skies, ever ſince he had the honour of his acquaintance, when he was a School-boy at *Eaton*; O Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, how does *Beauty and Majeſty* like two twins ſit in thy large forehead with admiration?

I ſhould be as mad as he, if I ſhould go about to anſwer ſeriouſly in Divinity with ſuch a mad-cap, and do no more good of him, than upon the aforeſaid Porter; if I thought he was not paſt hopes, I would give him a hundred Divines for his one; the worſt of them all of far more learning, and leſs partiality and prejudice, than Mr. *Hales*, without any diſparagement or juſt offence to his Maſter, that differ from him upon good reaſon in every thing that *Greg.* brings him to prove in reference to Modern Orthodoxy; all which Mr. *Hales* recanted after his converſion.

If I thought any wiſe man would concern himſelf, in good earneſt, with what ſo trivial a pen as his ſcribles in Divinity, I would lengthen this letter upon that ſubject, though I am quite tyred already with his

Impertinencies,

Impertinencies, Contradictions, and Leasings.

A word he taught me, but if he grutches me any thing of his own, I pretend no propriety in it, he shall have it again, for one thing he says, *p.* 219. For, *without the sign of the Cross, our Church will not receive any one to Baptisme* —— Mr. *Greg.* This is your Leasing, if by *our Church*, you mean the Church of *England*.

I know you were better skill'd in your Modern Orthodoxy, than the *Liturgie*, *which* gives *rules for Private Baptism* without the sign of the *Cross*; and declares that a Child so baptized, *In the Name*, *&c.* is lawfully and *sufficiently baptized*; and *ought not to be baptized again* —— *&c.* afterwards follows, *Then shall not He* (the Minister) *christen the Child again*, *&c.*

Are not you an *Honest*, *true man*, *Father Gray-beard?* True of hand and tongue, and have kept your hand from picking at and stealing away the credit and good name of your betters? Have you kept your tongue from evil-speaking, lying and slandering? I wish you would confess to the Church of *England*, if indeed it be your Church, who it was, whether tempted by the instigation of the Devil, your own evil heart, or devilish men that hired you to these *Leasings*.

Hold up thy head, man! there, thou dost

not

not uſe to have too much modeſty; come anſwer to this in your next Mr. *Greg.* I had rather hear of your honeſt Confeſſion and Contrition, than any more *Leaſings*, by which ſuch as you are, ſtrive to fill the peoples heads with Proclamations of *Ceremonies*, *Superſtition*, put them in fear they cannot come at the Sacraments, the Church does ſo rayl it in; making them jealous and fearful with your *Arminianſme*, *Montagueiſme*, *Manwaringiſme*, *Sibthorpianiſme*, and ſuch frightful words; that though they know not the meaning of them more than your *Nepotiſme*, *Putaniſme*, *&c.* yet they believe theſe are ſome ghaſtly things, and you do very ill to ſcare them.

This is the way to perpetuate and keep up a ſtrangeneſs and miſunderſtanding betwixt the King and his People; for the people are good people, and will hear reaſon, if it be ſpoken; but when ſuch as you *hold forth*, and repreſent the Church of *England*, in ſuch a frightful Dreſs, the people cannot find in their hearts to make love to her; but run from her, like mad, frighted out of their Wits & Religion too, by ſuch *Boutefeus* & Incendiaries.

And all theſe miſchiefs and all theſe dirty doings do lie at your doors, cleanſe your ſelf of them as well as you can.

As School-boys have a Book of Phraſes,

collected

collected out of the moſt fluent Latine Authours, which they bring in to every Theam, and upon all occaſions; ſo *Greg.* has here and there, amongſt his mad *Harangues*, a ſmart expreſſion now and then, which he and the *Virtuoſo's* at a Club have chew'd to a Crambe, and now having gathered up the ſcraps, bunch'd them, and bound them together, he diſhes them up in this Book for a Publick feaſt.

But alas *Greg.* does not conſider that one man's meat is another man's poyſon, and that which ſuites one man's temper may kill another; eſpecially in this age, when ſo many people, like *Mithridates*, or the Maid in *Pliny*, live upon that, laugh and grow fat with that, that would ruine others.

Perhaps amongſt your Crew and Gang, ſuch venemous expreſſions, as you diſgorge in your Book againſt the Innocence and good fame of the late King, Arch-Biſhop *Laud*, by the deformity of the Reign, with abſolute Government, Ceremonies, &c. and perhaps amongſt your ſelves you do ſecurely jeer and ſcoff at the Parliament, the Church, Sacraments, Fathers of the Church, and Privy-Councellors, and great Miniſters of State; thinking you ſpeak *under the Roſe*, and ſo all goes merrily down.

But I'le aſſure you theſe works of darkneſs,

darkneſs, and words that are fit only for the place of darkneſs, malicious *leaſings*, and conſequently devilliſh and venemous words and diſcourſes may not ſafely come abroad and be vended; though you pretend never ſo much mirth and innocency in your deſign. Apothecaries will not ſell poyſon to any but thoſe they have great confidence in, not willing for a little gain to be ſo much as the remote occaſion of miſchief, not having Antidotes in all their Shop prevalent enough to check the malignity and energie of a little poyſon.

And truly all your *Peccavi's* come too late, becauſe no body can believe that the ſame tongue does in good earneſt, in one breath ſpeak contraries, and blow hot and cold together at the ſame time.

Indeed the man that blew his Pottage to make them cold, and blew his fingers to make them hot, came ſomething near in likeneſs, to your mouth; but the Story ſays, it was at ſeveral times, and he made two blaſts on't; and two Periods.

But you in one ſentence and breath, without ſtop or comma, talk of a whole Reign deform'd by the beſt Prince that ever wielded the *Engliſh* Scepter, and the like of the Arch-Biſhop; you outdo all that ever I heard of.

And

And worſe than the cruel *Panther*, that allures and entices his Prey to come near him, by ſending forth a ſweet ſcent and ſavour from his mouth, 'till the ſilly brutes (thus trepan'd) come within his graſp, and the reach of his bloody paw.

Your breath is not ſo intirely perfum'd, but has two ſavours; I wonder any body that have their ſenſes intire, ſhould be in love with you; and but that you are incomparable in your own conceit, I wonder you are ſo much in love with your ſelf.

And nothing do I admire more, excepting always your own unparallel'd confidence, than that any body ſhould admire you for ſuch a tall fellow, and tough Champion for Modern Orthodoxy, which you ſo often by your ſelf-contradictions betray, as well as therein your own weakneſs and infirmities.

Indeed you manage a Cauſe that is plauſible enough (God knows) in theſe days, when you ſtrike at the Biſhops, who have not at preſent too many friends, and they themſelves ſcorning to be grave with a Buffoon; (it is his own phraſe) and having not many that I ſee to take up the Gantlet in their defence ſo readily as my ſelf, though (I confeſs) with great diſadvantage to my own fame.

The Argument I undertake being not ſo plauſible and taking in defending them now

days, as your jolly oppoſition and affront; in which particular alone you have the advantage of me; mine is *the better*, though your's be the *more acceptable* Cauſe; and this alone makes you to be cry'd up for a *Sampſon*, becauſe *you ſmite* the Church and Clergy *Hip and Thigh*, though it be (be not angry) *with the Jaw-bone of an Aſs.*

Is it not poſſible there ſhould be true honour and vertue under a *Caſſock* or *Lawn ſleeve?* Has *Holland ſhirts*, Perrywig and light Drugget got the Monopoly of true Nobility?

As the Noblemen and Gentlemen would be affronted, if the Clergy ſhould deſpiſe them, with your Proverb, *Jack Gentleman:* ſo why ſhould not the Reverend Biſhops and others be as much offended, when ſuch a Pick-thank in a whole diſcourſe ſeems to cry *Jack Clergy-man?*

The King alone is the Fountain of Honour, and are thoſe ſtreams of honour that flow from him, more pudled in a *Clergy* than a *Lay*-Channel? Does not the man forget his own Father?

I hate the folly as much as the pride of ſuch *Upſtarts*, that becauſe in their *Pride*, Jollity, and Atheiſm, they *would* caſt contempt on the Clergy; in their *folly* they think they may and *ſhould* caſt contempt on the *Clergy.*

Who

Who in the opinion of *Greg.* himſelf, are the fitteſt to make the beſt *Politicians* in the World, if *they keep to their Bibles.*

Which none probably does or can better underſtand, nor any in like probability better obſerve; 'tis true they are men, and ſubject to frailties, but all men as much, and in all likelihood *more* than they.

And now I am upon't, I will but make tryal, what virtue there is in Perriwig *Father Gray-beard*, above all others, to make a *Politician* of.

For he often ope's and gapes at *Politick* Lectures, like an Oyſter, againſt the coming in of the Tide; it is his very element, and he is either there good, or no where worth the opening.

I can ſcarce forbear ſmiling to my ſelf to ſee how prettily he ſets his face, and makes up his mouth, with ſuch caution and gravity before he begins to read to Princes his *Politick would-bees.*

Firſt, blaming the *Eccleſiaſtical Politician*, (*he* muſt not be forgotten) for offering at that which was none of his Province, *p.* 61. *Inſtructing Princes, like Sancho*, how *to govern his Iſland*: And *p.* 206. *He had put all Princes upon the Rack to ſtretch them to his dimenſion*: And in another place, *I am aſham'd, Mr. Bayt, that you put me on talking thus impertinently,*

pertinently, for *Policy in us is so.*

Now think I, we cannot be far off this *Politick Lecture*, it is either in front or reer, before or behind, it is hereabouts, look; for *Greg.* his whole book, *then* and *there* most condemns *what* he is forthwith about to practise; as formerly is instanced in the case of *railing.*

To make the King and Parliament secure, he would lull them asleep with saying, *p.*252. *That men are all so weary, that he would be knock'd on the head that should raise the first disturbance of the same nature,. A new war must have, like a book that would sell, a new Title.*

In the front of his Book, you have a strange and unheard of *New Title*, here he gives you the reason of it, he resolv'd there should be something in his Boook to make it *sell.*

And what if a man that had a mind to raise a disturbance should give the *Good Old Cause* a *new Title*, and call it the *Cause too good*, or Modern Orthodoxy, are not those Titles as *new*, and as ready made to a mans hand, as the *the new Title* to his book, and by the same hand too? this man cannot for His life, but he must confound himself.

But *he that should raise the first disturbance of the same nature would be knock'd on the head:*

would

would he ſo? I do not believe any man likes it ſo well, as to be willing to be knock'd on the head, except thoſe knocks be fine gentle knocks, not Scotch *Knox*, nor *Modern Orthodox knocks*: they did knock ſo gingerly that not any man I know *would* be ſo knock'd with his good will however.

I ſuppoſe by, *would be knock'd on the head*, he means, he *ought* or *ſhould* be knock'd *in* the head; and that is ſomewhat deeper than *on* the head; it is as much as a mans life is worth, to be knock'd *in* the head, but to be knock'd *on* the head, may be but a *Tailors blow*, a knock with a Thimble, a Prick-Louſe Rap.

But not to play further with his words, *the thing* means as plain as *it* can ſpeak, that the firſt Rebel that ſhould make diſturbance, muſt needs be knock'd i'th' head.

Therefore disband your Red and Blue-Coats, you need not fence where there is no fear; the *Modern Orthodox* that uſe to be ſo buſie and indefatigable, *are now* ('tis very ſtrange, and news you tell us,) *weary*.

As ſoon as ever I read this news, thought I to my ſelf, and whiſpered, this is all *Leaſing*, the Factions and Modern Orthodox weary? 'tis impoſſible.

As they are the Modern Orthodox, ſo they are the never-to-be-tired modern Peripateticks: what they that wearied two *Kings*,

and one *Queen*; Queen *Elizabeth*, King *James* and Kng *Charles*, now *themſelves weary?*

Are they that would travel as far as *Holland*, *Savoy*, *Piedmont*, nay to *New-England*, rather than not have their wills, *now weary?*

Are they that are ſo *inceſſant* to this hour in their *Cabals*, meetings, ſending out Spies and Intelligencers into all Quarters, now *on a ſudden weary?*

Are theſe modern Phariſees that compaſs Sea and Land to make one Proſelyte, and when he is gain'd, make him more a child of Hell than he was before, *now weary?*

Does the *Father* of lies walk to and fro through the earth, and like a roaring Lion ſeek whom he may devour, and yet is never tyred with doing miſchief; and can the *children* of lyes ſo degenerate? can thoſe evil ſpeakers, lyars and ſlanderers, (in the French and Greek Languages, Devils,) now be weary and ſhame the ſtock they came of?

I ſhould not believe this fair tale *Greg.* tells, though I did not by ſad experience know to the contrary: for though I did not live among ſuch men, nor know the men and their communication, yet I know the *nature* of the men, the Devil muſt be weary

of

of tempting, before *ſuch* natur'd men be weary of acting.

If *Greg.* did but know the boldneſs, impudence, confederacy, contrivances, deſigns of theſe men ſo well as I do, he could not with ſuch impertinent and ridiculous Lullabees, *paſs his word* for the *Nonconformiſts*, (how much ſoever he loves them,) if *his word* be any thing worth.

Not that I think truly that they either can or will bite, but thanks to his Majeſties vigilancy, they dare not; the wolves in *Ireland* aſſault not, nor attempt upon any man that is well arm'd for them, but his nature is nevertheleſs as rapacious and wolfiſh.

Nor can he be a friend to publick tranquillity, that by perſwading to too much ſecurity, renders all unſafe.

I am ſure King *Charles* I. never gave them an Inch, but they took an Ell, and found (too late, and to his coſt,) how irreconcileable to all gratitude, and good nature, that ſort of men continue, and ſays in Εικ. Βασιλ.

(To *which Book* (as *Greg.* ſays of the Bible,) whatever Engliſhman keeps, for this generation at leaſt, makes the beſt Politician, without Controverſie; and of that happy and holy Book I'll ſay,

Præter Apoſtolicas poſt Chriſti tempora chartas
Huic peperêre librum ſæcula nulla parem.)

In one Edition Printed in *Octavo* 1649. and in *page* 204. c. 27. to the Prince of *Wales*:

" I cannot yet learn that Leſſon, nor I hope " ever will you, that it is ſafe for a King to " gratifie any faction with the perturbation " of the Laws, in which is wrap'd up " the publick intereſt, and the good of the " Community.

" I have offered all for Reformation and " ſafety, that in Reaſon, Honour and Con- " ſcience I can, reſerving only what I can- " not conſent to without an irreparable in- " jury to my own ſoul, the Church and my " people, and to you alſo, as the next and un- " doubted Heir of my Kingdoms.

" Never repoſe ſo much upon any mans " ſingle counſel, fidelity and diſcretion in " managing affairs of the firſt magnitude, " (that is, matters of Religion and Juſtice,) " as to create in your ſelf and others a diffi- " dence of your own Judgment, which is " likely to be always more conſtant and im- " partial to the Intereſts of your Crown and " Kingdom than any mans.

" Next beware of exaſperaring any fa- " ctions by the croſsneſs and aſperity of ſome " mens

"mens paſſions, humours or private opini-
"ons, imployed by you, grounded only up-
"on the differences in leſſer matters which
"are but the skirts and ſuburbs of Reli-
"gion.

"Provided the differences amount not to
"an inſolent oppoſition of Laws and Go-
"vernment, or Religion eſtabliſhed, as to the
"eſſentials of them, ſuch motions and min-
"cings are intolerable.

"Time will diſſipate all factions, when
"once the rough horns of private mens co-
"vetous and ambitious deſigns ſhall diſcover
"themſelves; which were at firſt wrap'd up
"and hidden under the ſoft and ſmooth pre-
"tenſions of Religion, Reformation and Li-
"berty.

"None will be more Loyal and faithful to
"me and you, than thoſe ſubjects, who ſen-
"ſible of their errors and our injuries, will
"feel in their own ſoul moſt vehement
"motives to repentance, and earneſt deſires
"to make ſome reparations for their former
"defects.

"Keep you to true principles of Piety, Ver-
"tue and Honour, you ſhall never want a
"Kingdom.

"And *p.* 35. *c.* 7. But common civility is in
"vain expected from thoſe that diſpute their
"Loyalty. And *p.* 21. *c.* 4. as ſwine are to

" garden and orderly Plantations, ſo are " Tumults to Parliaments, and Plebeian " Concourſes to publick Councils, turning all " to diſorders and ſordid confuſions.

" And *p.* 201. So order affairs in point of " Power that you ſhall not need to fear, nor " flatter any faction.

" For if ever you ſtand in need of them, " or muſt ſtand to their courteſie, you are un- " done.

" The Serpent will devour the Dove: you " may never expect leſs of Loyalty, Juſtice " or humanity than from thoſe, who engage " into religious Rebellion; their intereſt is " always made Gods; under the colours of " Piety, ambitious Policies march not only " with greateſt ſecurity, but applauſe, as to " the populacy; you may hear from them " *Jacob*'s voice, but you ſhall feel they have " *Eſau*'s hands.

Theſe indeed are *Politicks*, fit to be read to *wiſe Princes*, that obſerving the *Sea-marks*, they may avoid the *fatal conſequences*, that excellent Prince experimented to his coſt; It is pity goodneſs ſhould ever prove evil, or that the Sun-ſhine of Royal Bounty, ſhould the more harden ſome ſorts of men.

Who, like true *Sheba*'s, ſons of *Belial*, that will endure no yoke, no reſtraint of Laws,

no

no Reins of Government, grow head-ſtrong, and getting the bit in their teeth, away they run neck-break over hedge and ditch, till they throw themſelves and their rider both into the ditch.

And then, (*not till then,*) at their wits end, tyred with their own licentious wantonneſs, they entreat their rider to get up again and guide them and govern them.

For indeed the Crown is more beneficial to the people, than to him that wears it; for he has more cares, more hazards, more perplexities; and yet neither eats, drinks, nor ſleeps better than millions of the people, nay ſometimes as much in debt as any of them.

So that I have ſometimes wondred with my ſelf that ever any man who had wit enough to be a knave, and was knave enough to be an Uſurper, ſhould have ſo little wit as to wade in blood ſo deep only to get the pleaſures of a Crown.

Which how ſteddy ſoever it ſits on any Kings head, is yet weighty and more troubleſome than gay; and thouſands that behold him have leſs cares and hazards, and yet wear as good cloths, and eat and drink as well as he, or any man can; for to *ſwoop* like the *Gipſie-Queen* a diſſolv'd Jewel worth ten thouſand pound for a mornings draught, is

not *now* deem'd a Cordial.

And if Ambition and Faction were not Monsters, one would marvel that *Greg.* should so disquiet himself with Picques at the *Privy Counsellors and Bishops:* who by their great places have greater cares and perils, and are to be pitied, rather than envyed.

And then for him to do all this with *Politick-scraps* gathered up when let fall at a *Club* in the Tavern or Coffee-house, bound up with patches out of Diurnals, old Parliament & Army Declarations, Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton* his account of Schism, and *Rushworth*'s orts, is intolerable presumption through a ridiculous conceit of his own abilities by such improvements.

He had *bit it*, and had more seasonably transcrib'd *Rushworth*, if he had given us a report out of the speech of Mr. *Glanvile*, a great Lawyer and excellent Orator, which quadrates the *March-Declaration* to an inch; in telling us how far the Prerogative may lawfully entrench upon an Act of Parliament, *p.* 578. and 579. There is a trust inseparably reposed in the persons of the Kings of *England*, but that trust is regulated by Law, &c. Statutes incorporate into the body of the common Law, over which (with Reverence be it spoken) there is no trust reposed in *the Kings Soveraign Power and Prero-*

gative

gative Royal to enable him to dispense with them, or to take from his Subjects that Birthright, or inheritance which they have in their Liberties by vertue of the Common Law, and of these Statutes.

And I believe there is not a man in *England* but admires the goodness and wisdom of his Majesty and his Privy-Council in that *March Declaration* for Indulgence; as a new experiment, to make tryal upon the modern Orthodox once more, how good so much goodness will make them, who hitherto like clay in the Sun, have been the more hardened by the Beams of Royal Bounty.

For sad experience has instructed us, that the Head-strong Jade, rides with the greatest grace, when rein'd in with a Curb.

Yet for all this, as if this *Greg.* our young *Machiavel*, had the Law in his own hand, he *tutors* our wise Princes, shews the *Sea marks*, and reads Politick-Lectures 12 *pages* together.

The great design he promotes is to teach his Prince *the art of forgetfulness*; not the art of memory, but the art of *Gentlemens memories*; by which he means, (if he have any meaning) a loose, flashy, watery memory, that will hold no Print, nor retain impression.

And

And though to help the impreſſion and memory of ſome things forgot, he inſinuate *Sibthorpianiſm*, *Manwaringiſm* and *Montagueiſm*, and *Laudiſm*; yet to remember that ever there was a Rebellion or harm in Modern Orthodoxy, then *p.* 253. believe him *Kings as they have Royal Underſtandings, ſo have Gentlemens memories.*

Nay, he will not ſuffer His Majeſty, our gracious Soveraign, ſo much as to retain any good nature, or gentle impreſſions of *his Father's* being *murthered*; if he has, *Greg.* makes him forfeit his Gentility; he ought to have a Gentleman's memory.

And is it ſo indeed good *Greg?* Cannot a King be Gentile, though he retain his nature? And cannot he be gentile except he bid defiance to all good nature too? And can a man retain any good nature, if he quite forget he had a Father and murther'd too? Or if he muſt be diſciplin'd by you into that forgetfulneſs, why ſhould his memory be ſupplied with thoſe ungrateful Reſentments and Impreſſions of *Sibthorpianiſm*, *Manwaringiſm*, *abſolute Government*, *the deformity of his Father's whole Reign?*

Indeed *Father Gray-beard* you are a very hard hearted and cruel Tutour as ever Prince ſubmitted unto for Pupillage and Inſtruction.

And

And why ſhall not his Majeſty keep in memory, (except in Gentleman's memory) that his Dear Father was murther'd? Why do you ſay? For a great many *whyes? J. O.* for one, can tell you a great many: and his friend *Greg.* can alſo tell you a great many *wherefores.*

Not *wherefores only*, *why* the King ſhould not remember that his Father was murther'd; nor only, who plotted, contrived, and were acceſſories thereunto; but *alſo wherefore* he ſhould look to himſelf alſo for fear, and take heed, *ſpecial heed* of offending thoſe that having been fleſh'd and bloodi'd already in the Royal Chace, are the more terrible. This is *Gregories* Policy.

Whereas *Almighty God* teaches Princes, who are Gods on earth, by his own example, *with the froward to ſhow themſelves froward*, Pſal. 18. 26. and as Job 29. 17. *Break the Jaws of the wicked, and pluck the ſpoyl out of their Teeth.* The Hebrew word there rendred *Jaws*, ſignifies *the Grinders*, or the *Jaw-teeth*; and is an alluſion to the practiſe men uſe to curſt currs, and maſtives that are *man-keen*; they break their Teeth, their ſharp Grinders; a toothleſs Dog bites not much more than a dead dog: as if Almighty God by theſe things ſhould ſay to Princes, Courage! *Regum eſt parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos*;

ſuperbos; Be not afraid of a Curr-dog or grinning Rebel; knock their teeth out, diſarm them, truſt them and hang them; or, as our King's bleſſed Father ſays as aforeſaid; If *ever you truſt them, or muſt ſtand to their courteſie, you are undone.*

But comes me *Greg.* reads quite another Leſſon, and inſtead of *breaking the Teeth of the ungodly, and ſmiting his enemies upon the cheek-bone*, (as God by King *David's Army* did the Rebels in *Abſalom's Army*, Pſal. 3. 7.) he would perſwade the King into a Panick fear, and to flatter the factious rabble, as unmanly as unwiſe: Nay, not ſo much as to remember, but quite forget his Father, or that he was murther'd; and ſince it is paſt, ſo let it go.

This muſt be the meaning of *p.* 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, and 253. or elſe they are nonſence, and have no meaning in reference to what he retorts upon the Eccleſiaſtical Politician, *p.* 241. He goes a great way at firſt ſetting out for an Inſtance of this New Divinity and Policy; and truly ſo he had need; for ſuch examples are rare in Hiſtory, wiſe Princes were wiſer than ſo; and though he finds one Prince in *England*, ſince Modern Orthodoxy came up, and got the upper hand, *Charles* I. that had not been treated

ſo

ſo ill, if he had not been *ſo good*; yet this ſupererogating goodneſs is ſeldom found in ſtory.

The firſt inſtance he fetches as far as *Rome*, and 1700 years ago, (excepting two moneths and three days, ſeven hours, ſeventeen minutes to a ſecond) in *Auguſtus Cæſar whoſe Father too was murthered.*

Too was murther'd? This muſt relate and can relate only to the King *whoſe Father too was murther'd.*

But firſt I deny that *Auguſtus Cæſar*'s Father was murther'd: and that it is as falſe as that King *Charles* I. his *whole Reign was deform'd.*

Now is *Greg.* gravell'd, I feel him at the firſt ſtep he takes, and knows not how to go a foot further, except lamely as he goes halting all along.

And if *Auguſtus Cæſar*'s Father was not murther'd, though he had never ſo much a *Gentleman's memory*, yet it is nothing to the caſe in hand.

Auguſtus Cæſar's Father died in his bed, the threed of his life was ſpun out as long as it would run naturally; there was neither Ax, nor *Gregory*, nor *Father Gray-beard*, nor *Bradſhaw*, nor Sword, nor Dagger, nor *Senate-houſe*, nor *Brutus*, nor *Caſſius* in the Caſe.

Why? then ſaith *Greg.* (I know his refuge)

fuge) *His Uncle was murther'd*: Oh my Nuncle! But why does *Greg.* then ſay, *his Father too was murther'd?*

This is *Greg.* his own ſelf, he has heard in a Coffe-houſe, or a Play-book that *Auguſtus Cæſar* ſucceeded *Julius Cæſar* in the Empire, and ſo he takes it for granted he was his Son; and becauſe *Julius Cæſar* was murther'd, therefore *Auguſtus* his *Father too was murther'd.*

But *Auguſtus Cæſar* was not ſo near a kin to him neither, as *Brutus* that ſtab'd him, who was alſo his Nephew, and ſome ſay *more than his* Nephew; and though it was not ſo commonly known till after his death, yet *Cæſar*'s laſt words to *Brutus*, καὶ σὺ τέκνον, made the credulous world believe that *more than brotherly* familiarity, of which before they were only jealous; which was the reaſon perhaps that *Auguſtus Cæſar* his Nephew and Succeſſour was not ſo much as appointed by *Cæſar*'s laſt Will and Teſtament to be his Heir.

The *Triumviri* ſharing the Government amongſt them, 'till they had deſtroyed *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, and all the Confederates in that bloody Conſpiracy, not leaving a man alive that had a hand in *Cæſar*'s fall.

And what *Greg.* can make of this, or *Auguſtus Cæſar* for his purpoſe, for my part, I do not know; for let it go ſo, that *Auguſtus Cæſar*'s

Cæſar's Father too was murther'd; then (I alſo add) his Father's Murtherers were kill'd for that murther; But either this latter part of the ſtory was not in the Play, or elſe *Greg.* did not ſtay to the end of it, to hear whether the Comedy (which he thinks makes for his ſport and deſign) did not end in a Tragedy; namely, the death and deſtruction of them that murther'd *Cæſar* —— But that did not make for his purpoſe; but would have ſpoyled all, and the King's murtherers would not have thank'd him for his Plea.

Becauſe then he muſt have ſpoke againſt them inſtead of ſpeaking for them; and if he had ſpoke the ſtory out, he muſt have ſaid —*His Father too was murther'd, but his Succeſſors did hang up and deſtroy thoſe murtherers*, every mother's Son. As that King did, *Matt.* 22. 7. not for murthering his Father, but a far leſs fault, the murthering only of his ſervants; and therefore *he deſtroyed thoſe murtherers and burnt up their City*, for an example to all the King-killers in the Chriſtian World.

I wiſh *Greg.* had not nam'd for his purpoſe this *Auguſtus Cæſar*, *whoſe Father too was murther'd*; and 'tis ten to one but he has as ill luck in all the reſt; for never did blind Archer more over-ſhoot himſelf, than does this *Greg.* But now his firſt Bolt aim'd indeed, and deſign'd

deſign'd at the *Eccleſ. Politician*, but is lodg'd in the gore-blood of the King's murtherers; if *Greg.* lov'd me never ſo dearly, I would not engage on his ſide; for there is more danger from him than an Enemy; he has an unlucky hand as ever managed the Modern Orthodoxy.

Yet do not I deny but that Honey lick'd off a thorn, Wooll pick'd off a hedge, and Phraſes pick'd out of a Comedy, Diurnal, *Hales*, Clubs, *Ruſhworth*'s Speeches, and Army Declarations are very good things in themſelves, and as uſeful in compiling ſome Books, as is *Theſaurus Poeticus* to help Fancy, both with matter and words, when a Schoolboy compoſes a Copy of Verſes.

And looks like *Gazette*; wherein though you find things of grand Importance, and may ſooner come at your Watch or Horſe when ſtoln by the Intelligence it keeps in all Quarters, than if *Moll Cutpurſe* her ſelf were alive; yet if you expect coherence and connexion there, you look for what it pretends not unto:

But Mr. *Greg.* pretends a ſailable Book, fitted with a new Title for the nonce; and yet his *Letters* are as contradictory as are ſometimes thoſe in a *Gazette*; you cannot pair them, you cannot ſample them, they are of ſveral Parithes, and look ugly, becauſe not alike. Reſembling

Reſembling a *Cambridge*-Schollar's riding furniture, which though good and not out at elbowes, yet it is a ſorry dreſs becauſe unſuitable: The whole garb being *diverſe* to it ſelf, and as different as the Gentlemen of whom they are borrowed.

Therefore the next time *Greg.* writes an Apology for Non-conformiſts and Modern Orthodoxy, I adviſe him to take time till he can accoutre himſelf with his own ſtore, leſt he again contradict himſelf ſo often and egregiouſly, to the hazard of his fame as well as ſomething elſe.

From *Auguſtus Cæſar* he skips into *France*, and makes *Rome* and *Paris*, and 1600 years meet together in the turn of a hand; 'tis well leap'd, nevertheleſs if it be but for his purpoſe, i'le think it worth his while.

Henry the Fourth of France, and his Predeceſſor, (that was *Hen.* III. of *France*, if I have not forgot, for it is a long time ſince I read the ſtory, and I have not my *Monſieur de Serre's* now by me, nor is the matter great) *Hen.* IV. *and Hen.* III. *his Predeceſſor were aſſaſſinated. Gregories* words p. 241. are——

Or, (to come nearer both to our times and your reſemblance of the late War, which you trumpet always in the ear of His Majeſty) had you (meaning the Eccl. Politician) *happen'd in the time of Hen.* IV. *ſhould not you have done*

well in the Cabinet? No Mr. Bayes, you would not have been for their purpose. They took other measures of Government, and accordingly it succeeded with them. And His Majesty, whose Genius hath much of both of those Princes, and who derives half of the blood of his veines from the latter, will in all probability not be so forward to hearken to your advice as to follow their example.

Let any man judge by his words, if *Greg.* does not intend by all this, that His Majesty should in the case of His Father's murther, take example at *Hen.* IV. of *France*, and his Cabinet-Counsel, rather than follow the advice of the *Eccles. Politician*, His Majesty being so much the more obliged to write after the Copy of those two Princes, especially *his Genius having much of both those Princes*, but to the latter he is a very near Kinsman by the half-blood.

And if this be the meaning of his words, (which I think neither he nor any man can construe otherwise) let us consider how aptly the Gentleman fits the story to our King, and the Case of His Father's murther.

If the murtherers of *Hen.* III. and *Hen.* IV. of *France* were mercifully dealt withall, and not prosecuted to the utmost; then indeed, and not otherwise does it plead at all for the murtherers of His Majesties Father;

so

ſo that if His Majeſty deal but by them, as his Kinſman *Hen.* IV. of *France*, and his Cabinet-Counſel have left him a glorious Pattern to imitate; then I perceive there is no great fear but His Majeſty may ſtill continue in *Father Gray-beard's* good favour.

Hen. III. was ſtab'd with a dagger, and ſo was *Hen.* IV. of *France*; the former by *Clement* a Monk, (either in revenge of the death of the *Duke of Guiſe*, and other the confederates in *the League*, whom *that King* having once catch'd them *in his net*, put them *to the pot*; or whatſoever other bloody motion animated this curſed *Monk* to that horrid Deed.)

Hen. IV. his Succeſſor and next Kinſman with much ado, and by the help of his Proteſtant Subjects, and our Queen *Elizabeth* conquered all oppoſition, and was happily crowned; but leaving the Proteſtant Religion wherein he was educated, but not altogether his affection and kindneſs to the Proteſtants, *Ravilliack* ſtabs him to the heart at one blow, as he ſat in his Coach, and the Villain being put upon the Rack, to the very laſt denied that he had any Confederates in that bloody aſſaſſination, but of his own accord and deſign alone was moved thereunto by reading of a Book writ by a *Spaniſh* Jeſuit called *Mariana*.

Both these murderers were tortured, their flesh by piece-meal nip'd off with red hot pincers, and lastly drawn in pieces with four Horses.

Ravillack had a Father and a Mother alive, but not the least suspicion of confederacy with their Son in that fatal stroke could be laid to their charge; but in detestation of such a monster brought forth into the World, his parents were for ever banish'd, and the house wherein the villain was born and brought forth into the World was pull'd down and made a Dunghill unto this day.

This is the truth of the story; if it be not, let *Greg.* if he can or has impudence enough, deny it; and if so, then Mr *Greg.* must either conclude that his Majesty and Cabinet Counsel are very shallow, and meanly conversant in the History of his Progenitors and Neighbour Nation, and so believe the groundless insinuations of this impertinent man; or else he falls upon the party he has espoused with another *terrible but-end* and counterbuff, by perswading his Majesty to follow the example of his Kinsman *Hen.* IV. of *France*, and his Cabinet, and not leave one of our King-killers alive; or if there be any on whom the innocent blood of his Father still calls for vengeance, that he would first put them upon the Rack, and make them confess who it was

besides

beſides the Devil and their own wicked hearts that did inſtigate them to ſo horrid a villany, and then pinch off their fleſh from their bones with burning pincers, and pull their four quarters aſunder with wild horſes, and make their names as hateful as themſelves, baniſh their parents, and make their houſes a perpetual dunghil, in example of *Henry* IV. of *France*, and for an everlaſting pattern to all King-killers unto the end of the world.

And this is all that our *Nibler* at Hiſtory gets hitherto by his ſly inſinuations, and indigeſted impertinencies in the behalf of his minions.

Now let us proceed and follow him to his next inſtance, for I am reſolv'd I'll take a bruſh with all the Butt-ends in his book, if't be but for curioſity, to try the metal of this vapouring Huff, as well as to prove what metal his weapon is made of.

And now ſtand clear, the next is a *none-ſuch*, a *Goliah*'s Sword, *They* (Kings) *obſerve how the Parliament of* Poland *will be their Kings Taylor*, &c.

For which *unſufferable* affront to his Majeſty our Gracious Soveraign, his Crown and Dignity *Hereditary*, and not *Elective*, and at the good will either of people or Parliament, as is the Poliſh-Crown, I leave him to be chaſtiſed by thoſe whom it does ſo highly concern.

Leaving the conſideration to *their* Com-

ments upon this bold intrenchment and invaſion of our Kings Prerogative, and *Title to his Crown* by a compariſon ſo odious, as well as falſe.

And ſo much the rather do I wave any enlargment upon this, and the reſt of his ridiculous inſtances, (which would tempt any man alive, if he has any laughter in him, to laugh and droll upon this ſoppiſh *Greg.* the moſt impertinent thing that ever offered to tell a ſtory,) but that I know he muſt ſhortly be diſciplin'd for them by another hand, which (by *turning up all*, for want of the Proſpect *of a more pleaſing nudity*,) will make us as good ſport, with *Greg's* following *Stories* that were *Nuts to Mother-midnight.*

Go ſay thy Prayers *Greg.* and tremble at the rod that is coming upon thee, except thou thinkeſt the wiſeſt way, in brief, is ſome way or other to ſave the Hang-man a labour, and ſo be as inſenſible of the blows that are coming upon thee, as is *thine old Maſters* head, *Bradſhaw's* or *Father Grey-beard's*, (your name-ſake, as well as Fellow-ſinner's) heads, when the *Jack-daws* ſh—— upon them: and be thankful likewiſe that thou haſt eſcap'd *my fingers* too, whoſe *Dexterity* in flaſhing, more than any of the former Pedants, to your ſmart, you may yet further feel, when you give me far leſs provocation, than

in

in theſe idle inſtances of your Politick Abilities.

I tell you true, I do not think it was worth your while, to go ſo far as *France*, nay as *Italy*, for a ſample of a King that had *a Gentlemans memory*, and could not ſo much as remember that ever his father was murthered; our King-killers, for whom you plead ſo heartily, might have made better eſcape, if you had never gone beyond Sea, to find out Kings to be for the murtherers of a King, Royal *Advocates*, *viz.* *Henry* IV. of *France*, and *Auguſtus Cæſar* whoſe *Father too was murthered.*

And now am I ſo weary with following this Wild-gooſe-chace thus long, that if *I would be knock'd on the head*, I cannot write one Page more, till I throw my pen away, and laugh a little at one pretty word: he has many on them, but this pretty word does *ſo jear* the Parliament, and *ſlear in their face* for the *Act of Uniformity*, and the *ſuperfetation* of *that Act*, *p.* 310. I cannot but admire the ſagacity of his Raillery. "It hath been obſerved that whenſoever his Majeſty hath "had the moſt urgent occaſions for ſupply, "others of them (*Fathers of the Church*) "have made it their buſineſs to trinkle with "the members of the Parliament, for obſtructing it, unleſs the King would buy it

" with a new Law againſt the Fanaticks.
" And this is that which of late years hath
" cauſed ſuch *a Superfetation of Acts* about
" the ſame buſineſs.

Modern Orthodoxy ſtill; *tooth and nail*, fly at *King* and *Parliament*; all, dead and alive, that have a hand, or has had an hand in the *Act of Uniformity*, that *bane of the Good Old Cauſe*, but quite deſperate by the *Superfetation-Acts*, about the ſame buſineſs.

But this is no laughing matter, that which does *tickle* me ſpite of my teeth, is the word: the *new coin'd* word, by *Greg.* his own ſelf, minted, is *Trinkle*; *trinkle with the members* of the Parliament; ſome *of the Fathers of the Church, when his Majeſty hath had the moſt urgent occaſions for ſupply, did make it their buſineſs to* Trinkle, *to trinkle with the Members*——

I wiſh for all that *Greg.* had not ſaid trinkle, *Trinkle?* it does ſo run in my mind like a new tune, that I cannot write one jot more till I have eas'd my hypochondriack ſides, and laugh'd at this ſame *Trinkle* a little, with my little Droll:

A Miſtreſs I lately made love to, only for the ſake of her dreſs, 'tis ſo much in faſhion, and looks prettily;

But I ne'er entertain her above half an hour at a time, having better employ, and alwayes after dinner; And

And that's the reaſon my *Minerva* is *Craſſa*, and my wit ſo groſs; yet it is but little neither for its age;

For which cauſe my little Miſtreſs Droll does not much care for me, for fear I ſhould get nothing but a race of Pigmies, and therefore coy, and ſeldom comes at me.

Her lodgings are in the *Middle Temple*, there ſhe keeps with the ingenuous *Hudibras*; and in good earneſt I think ſhe loves him above all Engliſh men.

Holla! *nine Siſters! you!* Clio,
Melp. Thal. *and th' reſt! come hither, Ho!*
But ſtay, of late you're grown ſo common,
Send little Droll, *your waiting woman*;
You *get the* Hiſs, *but* She *the* Hum:
Droll *then, my pretty Houſwife, Come.*
What is't? (*if thou be* Oedipus,)
To Trinkle Members *of the Houſe?*
Come, ſcratch thy noddle Girl, *and gueſs*:
Riddle me, riddle me what it is.
To trinkle members, *is meant* here,
To round *the members* in the ear;
No, no; for they've thrown off their Round Heads,
And now *got* Perukes, *and more ſound heads.*
To trinkle members *is perhaps*,
To cure *the* members *that have* Claps:

Yet

Yet now *that cannot be meant* here,
For Harry Martin ſits *not* there.
To trinkle members, *then muſt be*
Some new, new *term of* Alchymie;
And does in phraſe of Virtuoſo,
Speak Royal Aid, ſupply, *or ſo, ſo*:
Then trinkle members *is get* Glaſſes,
Limbecks, Charcoal, Stills, Furnaces,
(*To* crock *your faces be not ſorry*)
Turn the houſe *to a* Laboratory:
Bring Luna, Venus, Quick-ſilver,
Mars, Saturn, Sol *and* Jupiter;
Sulphur, Salt-Peter *and* Petrol,
Bole-Armonack *and* Vitriol,
Ceruſe, Minium *and* Red-Oker,
Pitch, Chalk, Ars'nick *and* Synoper,
Allum, *and* Salt, *and* Antimony;
(*To find the* Mine *where does lie* Money:)
Caſting off Caput mortuum,
Try *for the* Stone, *if it will come*:
So trinkle members, *as I've heard*,
Is nothing elſe but what I fear'd.
Fire *the Houſe, with honeſt Fellows*,
Trinkle the members, *blow the Bellows.*
Thus trinkle th' members, (*as I am told*,)
Is turn *the members into* Gold;
And ſo thoſe Biſhops *were* Midas's,
And ſome *o'th' members* golden *Aſſes.*
Or, trinkle members, *is*, *Get on*,
Hey, *for* Superfetation!

Theſe

Theſe two laſt *ſences th'* meaning *is*,
Or, Trinkles *is* non-ſence, *I wis*.
And Greg. *had better far been hang'd*,
Than thus *with laſting* Droll *be hang'd*.

And if *Greg.* takes it *in Dudgeon*, that I thus ſet my little *Droll* upon him, and foil him; let him the *next* time bring either better weapons, skill and ſtrength; or more humility, ſubmiſſion and manners.

Leſt *ſhe* that has now *hang'd* him in *Metre*, give him *the next* time no more *Quarter* than the old *Iriſh Rimes* do their *Rats*.

But indeed *it* would be better *on all hands*, if he would keep him *quiet*, and within doors; and not, (*as now*) ſo weakly and and wickedly *Rhodomantade* for a baffled cauſe.

By *challenging* his *Betters*, whether *dead* or *alive*, to *come if they dare*; whether *King* or *Parliament*; *Fathers* of the Church, or *Privy Counſellors*; *to play the prize* over again *once more*, at the *ſame old* weapons, (*jealouſies* and *fears*, vile *aſperſions*, crying, down with the *evil Counſellors*, and the *Liturgy*,) to fight for *Reformation*, *Liberty*, *Indulgence*, *modern Orthodoxy* and the *Covenant*.

Thus far I thought the deſign of the man was to fight *neither with ſmall nor great* but only

only with the King and Parliament.

But now his *hand's in*, he'll play at *ſmall games* rather than *ſit out*, if't be but for *luck-ſake*, and to that purpoſe, in the next page 311. makes one ſtep to the *Ordinary*.

Have you never a little Clergy-man here, for a Gentleman to play with? never a *Droll*, or *boon* companion with a *Caſſock* on? that forgetting his *ſerious office*, will *make* a Gentleman *merry*, & rather than fail, with a Joque upon Scriptures make a *little Play?* that I may paſs upon him once or twice: and with a *lucky hit*, (or as he phraſes it, *p.* 312. with an unlucky Repartee,) jear the Parſon, make him a ſcorn, a tail and contempt to the people.

His words there are; But *his*, (the *Eccleſ. Politician*'s) *zeal ſpends it ſelf againſt* the *Atheiſts*, becauſe they uſe to jear Parſons. *That they may do, and no Atheiſts neither. For really, while Clergy-men will, having ſo ſerious an office, play the Drolls and Boon Companions, and make merry with the Scriptures, not only among themſelves*, (who neither having Perukes on their heads, nor Swingers, and Repartees at their tongues end cannot poſſibly be Gentlemen) *but in Gentlemens company, 'tis impoſſible but that they ſhould meet with, at leaſt*, (if not a ſwinger and a rapper two or three, yet) *an unlucky Repartee* (oh! I thought

thought it would come) *ſometimes, and grow by degrees to be a tale and contempt to the people*: (or as it is in the Original *Our people*, namely, the *modern* Orthodox do make themſelves a taile of an *old* Orthodox Divine.

And (p. 314.) *I know not by what fate every day one or other of the Clergy does, or ſaith, ſome ſo ridiculous or fooliſh thing, or ſome ſo pretty accident befals them, that (in our Authors words) a man muſt be very ſplenetick that can refrain from laughter*, (it ſhould have been quite contrary, A man muſt not be very ſplenetick that can refrain from laughter, for *Splen ridet*—— It is the ſeat of laughter, always while you live, ſo much *ſpleen*, ſo much *laugh*.)

But it would make a man laugh ſpite of his teeth: (though he had ſcarce any laugh to ſpare) at what? *To ſee how every day one or other of the Clergy does or ſaith, or ſome accident befals him, that a body can't chuſe but laugh.*

Thus the Taſſil-gentle, once upon the wing, for lack of a Heron, or ſome noble prey, rather than fail, makes a ſtoop at a Jack-daw, or a Mag-pye.

'Tis a merry world with *Greg.* he ſays, *every day* ſome *one or other* of the Clergy (*either by word*, or deed done by him, or done upon

upon him) is as good to *Greg.* as *Jack-pudding* himſelf, or *Wild*, or Merry *Andrew* to make him laugh.

When will't come to my *turn* (think I) *to wait*, and make the Gentleman ſport? I am afraid he will not like my *Droll*, I ſhall ne'er pleaſe him; or if he do laugh, I ſhall, with ſome unlucky repartee, make him laugh but on one ſide of his mouth.

Let me ſee; give me mine Almanack: ſince that *Greg.* has his *every day* ſport (and laughing, and jeſting at one or other of the Clergy) How long will it be before it comes to my turn?

For you know, my dear friend, *Father-gray-beard* will find no great comfort in me, except to laugh at my Caſſock and Girdle; but let him and all the *Virtuoſos* in *England* laugh how they will, whether with open mouth, or in their ſleeves; they can never be able to laugh me out of my Coat.

Indeed I am none of *theſe* merry Greeks; I can neither *pergræcari*, nor laugh now; I'm not in the humour; they only can beſt laugh that win.

But I muſt be ſerious, and mind the great buſineſs in hand, to ſee when it will come to my turn to wait upon *Father-grey beard*, as one of the Clergy to make him laugh.

Let's count. *Every day?* How many days

is

is there in a year? Ask *poor Robin.*

According to the { *Julian account* 365 days. Fanatick Calender 366 days, for there is a myſtery in 66.

Well then; 366 days in a year, and above 12000 Pariſhes in *England*; of which I have but juſt four Pariſhes, neither more nor leſs. How long then will it be before my turn comes for one or other of theſe four Pariſhes to make ſport for *Greg.* and make him laugh, who is *not one day* without the company *of one or other Chaplain* (new as the day) to ſay grace for him, and make him laugh? At a venture, I'l ſay, it will not come to my turn (to *tickle* and *trinkle* him till he laugh again) above once a year, and to the moſt of the Clergy (who have but one Pariſh) once in four years.

Now what great *Marvail* is all this, in reproach to the Clergy, that every one or other of them, (ſome once a year, and ſome of them (of the moſt wary and poorer ſort, that have but one Living, and that ſcarcely a Living neither) once in four pears) *does* or *ſaith*, or at leaſt ſome *accident befals* him or them, that a merry man and full of *ſpleen* (ſure he means a *Phanatick*) cannot *hold from laughing*?

Nay,

Nay, if there were a whole thouſand of Clergy-men ſo ridiculous, that once in a year, or at leaſt once in four years, did do ſuch a ridiculous action, or elſe ſpoke ſuch a ridiculous word, or (at leaſt) ſome gave him a twitch by the Girdle, or ſome other ſad accident befel him, that might make a Gentleman laugh;

Why are all the reſt of the eleven thouſand Clergy-men thereby any more blemiſh'd and made contemptible, than were the eleven Apoſtles for one *Judas*?

Or, than all, All the Lords, Parliament-men, Gentlemen and Tradeſmen, becauſe a certain Lord, (he ſhall be nameleſs) and a certain Parliament-man, (I name none) or a certain Gentleman, and alſo fourthly, and laſtly, a certain Citizen, that either *did* or *ſaid*, or elſe ſome accident befel him or them, or at leaſt befel the wife of him, or one of them, ſo ludicrouſly and ridiculouſly; that a man (merrily diſpos'd) could not but laugh, as if he had ſeen a pair of Horns upon the head of him, or them, or one of them, (a ſad accident!) or, that a certain Lord, Parliament-man, Gentleman (I forgot to ſay the Knight) or Citizen with his Pery-wig off; either pluck'd off, or ſtruck off, or box'd off, or fourthly and laſtly (by ſome other ſad accident) fallen off.

Now

Now what a blot in the Scutcheon would this be, to all the Lords, Parliament men, Gentlemen and Citizens in *England*? if *Greg.* was their Adverſary, or ſhould come to be *Garter* King at Arms?

Oh! yes, a very great blot and blurr to Honour and Reputation; of which the Gentlemen of *England* are ſo tender, that 'tis two to one, if *Greg.* had not ten thouſand Gloves ſent him, all left-handed; if he had dared thus to confront perſons of Quality, and men of Honour.

But to put the affront upon the Clergy, great and ſmall, poor and rich, long & ſhort Gowns, Lawn Sleeves, or no Sleeves, Caſſocks ſilk or Caſſocks thread-bare, from the Ordinary, to the Rector, Vicar or poor Curate, from the ſilk Girdle with four Livings, to the worſted Girdle with poor one Living, 'tis all one to *Greg.*

He dares all, ſlights all, jears all, nay huffs, and ſtruts, ſtands a tip-toe, and looks big; ſhakes his Perywig, and ſtamps, ſcolds, rails, ſwells, frets, and rages like a profeſs'd *Hec.* at all of them, as a pack of puny Gown-men, a Pen and Ink-horn-crew, a ſort of ſpiritleſs and cowhearted milk-ſops, daſtards and white-livers, and dare not ſend a Gentleman the length of their ſword.

Excepting this, there's nothing tends to

the contempt of the Clergy in his whole relation and invectives, any more than what, changing the name, may with as much eaſe and unavoidably make a thruſt at Reputation of Lord, Parliament man, Gentleman or Citizen.

Some one or other of the Clergy, nay a thouſand of them may be black; and yet both the Church-men and the Church continue comely.

I wiſh indeed, with all my heart, that all the whole company of Divines in *England*, were a Divine company: I wiſh that the Clergy, and all other men, (of what quality ſoever) were without ſpot or wrinkle, or any ſuch thing; that might tempt either a light heart to laugh, or a good heart to weep.

But though I ſo pray, I have no cauſe to believe it will be ſo; or any great ground for hope that it ever ſhall be ſo, whilſt we are mortal, although Modern Orthodoxy and *Hugh Peter* ſhould be rediviv'd.

The Modern Orthodox! Oh! there's your man!

Iſte regit dictis animos ——
—— *Nec longè ſcilicet Hoſtes*
Quærendi nobis, circumſtant undiq; muros.

Theſe

Theſe are the men that can make

Candida de nigris & de candentibus atra.

(*I'l fit you for ends of verſe; and I'l uſe them as I liſt, and when I liſt, for all you,* Father-gray-beard.)

Greg. tells us not of one *Daw-Divine* amongſt the Modern Orthodox (no, he ſays, that if he can do them no good, he is reſolv'd, he will do them no harm) nor tells us of one *Buffoon*, or mad *Prieſt* amongſt them; not one *Cock-wit*, *Hugh Peters*, *J. O. Smec.* or *Cock-Divine*, &c.

Thus, *Aſinus ſcalpat aſinum.*

The treacherous dealers have dealt treacherouſly, yea, the treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherouſly.

But though there be not one of the Modern Orthodox (that pretend to fear God) who does truly honour the King:

Yet I wiſh (if wiſhes would do) that there were not one of the old Orthodox

Divines (who truly honour the King) but would alſo truly fear God.

Turpe eſt Doctori cùm culpa redarguit ipſum.

Which I engliſh thus:

Great Doctors *ſins (when Doctors fall)*
Juſt like their Robes, *are* ſcarlet *All.*

Not but that I think, that evil *Miniſters*, if men of Parts, may poſſibly miniſter ſome good; a crackt Bell may ſerve to ring others to Church, though it ſelf muſt be caſt into the fire; or, like *Noahs* Carpenters, who made a ſhift to build an Ark of Salvation for *Noah* and his Family, though themſelves were drown'd.

A dull whet-ſtone may ſerve to ſet an edge upon a knife; and the *life-leſs* Sun does yet enliven other Creatures; and (in this ſence) denies the old Axiome, *Nil dat quod non habet*; ſpeaking, like the Magick-head of Braſs, with honeſt words; like the Divel in *Samuels* Caſſock, 1 *Sam.* 28. 14. And the weeds that may now annoy the Churches Garden, may yet prove medicinable, *virtute officii*, though not *virtutis officio*.

Galba, *Otho*, and *Vitellius*, (as our *Richard* the

the Third) were good Emperours, though bad men; and 'tis poſſible *bad men* may yet ſometimes be good Preachers:

Yet we may ſay, as of weeds, they do more harm than good in the Garden of God, they make the way of Truth to be evil ſpoken of, and ſtain the Surplice they wear.

Being the Churches *Opprobrium*, Rom. 2. 23, 24. the ſcandal of their Profeſſion and high Calling, putting Religion to the *Bluſh*.

For when we compare their prophane lives, with thoſe of the good Apoſtles, whom they ſucceed; we may ſay as that *Painter* replyed to a *Cardinal* (who was angry with him for painting the *faces* of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* ſo red) I do it, ſaith *he*, for the very nonce, that they may be thought to *bluſh* at the lives of their *Succeſſors*.

He was in the right on't, that of old complain'd, that formerly the Church had wooden Chalices and golden Miniſters; but now, ſaith he, we have golden Chalices and wooden Miniſters. Such *Drones*, ſo they get the *Honey*, care not who *labour*, or under what *diſcouragements* they *labour*, that's work for the poor Bee.

Thus *Damaſus*, (the Scholar to St. *Hierom*) ſtept up into the Infallible *Chair*, whilſt

poor St. *Hierom* ended his days in a *Cell* at *Bethlehem*.

Yet it is more true Honour, to deſerve Honour and want it, than by Simony or ſmock Simony to bluſter in ſwelling Titles without merit. *Cato* had rather men ſhould queſtion *why he had no ſtatues* erected in honour of his great worth, than *why he had any*?

True Piety and Vertue is *vera nobilitas*, its own ornament; and needs not the varniſh of dear-bought Heraldry to ſet it off.

And if true Piety be required in any man, much more in a Clergy-man, whoſe eſcapes (like a City upon a Hill, and the oyntment of the right hand) cannot be hid, eſpecially in theſe times, when men watch for advantage againſt them, and like the Divels rejoyce in iniquity.

A little ſpot is ſeen in white, in a Swan, not ſo in Swine; fine Lawn is ſooner ſtain'd than courſe Canvas; every little flaw ſpoils a Diamond.

The people are affected *opere* more than *ore*, *exemplis plus quam verbis*, more with Examples than Precepts; more with deeds than words, except they be very flattering words, and pronounc'd by ſuch glozing Paraſites, as will lick up the peoples ſpittle, in hopes of gain or fame: humoring them *to*

the

the life, but to their *own* and the peoples everlasting *death*; like *Demas*, that forsook St. *Paul*, to be further preferr'd to the favour of the rabble, and in the Idol Temple at *Thessalonica*.

They therefore that *tread in high places*, had need look to their *steps*, that they *walk uprightly*, especially when they have many followers and dependents; lest they be accessary to other mens fall, as well as principally to their own.

As the due place of the Clergy sets them above many others, *Heb.*13.17. 1 *Thes.*5.12. so should they be more eminent than others in Learning and Piety; Gods high Priest of old had Pomegranates for smell, as well as Bells for sound.

King *Solomon* the Preacher call'd, himself *Kobeloth*, the Preacheress, of the feminine gender; and Preachers are called wisdoms Maids, *Prov* 9.3. And the Apostles are called *Joh.*3.29. Christs *Nymphs*, to teach the Clergy purity, as Virgins.

The longer their Gowns and Robes are, the more apt to contract dirt, and therefore the more carefully to be holden up; lewdness in a Virgin is insufferable.

Epicurism and *Libertinism* prevail'd in the World, not for the goodness of the Doctrine, but because of the sober and austere

life of the Doctor that brought it, *Epicurus*.

And I am confident that rebellion and ſchiſm (which is *factions libertiniſm*) had never prevail'd ſo far in the hearts of the people of *England*, againſt ſo righteous a King and Laws; but for the auſterity of many of the moſt vile incendiaries, and the looſeneſs and remiſſneſs of others, who went not ſo ſteddily, though walking upon better ground.

Thus you ſee, my friend, I am not poſſeſt with a ſpirit of contradiction, right or wrong to oppoſe all that *Greg.* does ſay; I can be content to accept truth, even when it comes from the father of lyes: and all I have now writ to you, upon this occaſion given me by *Greg.* is only out of my hearty well wiſhes to the Clergy, that the enemy (by ſtanding on their ground) may have no advantage over them; for *we are not ignorant of his devices*; endeavouring to foyl, and always twitting a good cauſe, where he finds the leaſt reſiſtance and defence.

Though in the greateſt latitude of Charity, no man can imagine that *Father-Gray-beard* expoſes the looſneſs of any of the Clergy, for any love he has to a more ſtrict converſation, either in himſelf or them.

That which is moſt admirable in the man

is

is the pregnancy of his fancy in only one Art; to wit, the *superfetation* of wit in all the kinds of railing; the worst Butter-whore is to seek, and may well go to school to *Trinkles*, he and she both being so fertile, sure the brood they ingender will all be Marvelous railers.

With what exuberancy of stile and variety of invectives does he prosecute the Ecclesiastical Politician, Bishop *Bramhall*, Arch-bishop *Usher*, Bishop *Sparrow*, Bishop *Andrews* deceased, Arch bishop *Laud* deceased, King *Charles* deceased; with many siniſter reflexions upon his gracious Majesty and this happy Parliament?

How falsly does he charge the Church of *England*, when he says it admits none to Baptism without the sign of the Cross? whereas the sign of the Cross is not the Cross in Baptism by her Constitutions: But the Cross after Baptism, when the God-fathers and God-mothers vouch for the visibility of the Childs profession and education in Christ's Religion; and is a practice as ancient as innocent amongst Christians, who, being scoft by the Heathens for believing in Christ, crucified on a Cross, they did ever since the Apostles time thereby testifie, and openly, and couragiously justifie to the World, that they were no *Gnosticks*, but like St. *Paul*, *not ashamed*

ſhamed of the Croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

And whereas he makes it ſuch a horrid thing to keep men from the other Sacrament of Chriſt, *viz.* the Lords Supper, becauſe they will not kneel and ſtoop to a Ceremony; let him know they do juſtly and warrantably in ſo doing, granting there is ſuch an Humane Law, and Ordinance for the ſame: which ought to be, leſt men left to their liberty, ſome would out of novelty, ſingularity or capriciouſneſs, loll, or lye upon the ground, in unſeemly, if not in immodeſt poſtures, and conſequently tempt ſome to *abhorr the offering of the Lord.*

And whether we ſtand, or keep walking all the time, as many *Calviniſts* do, or ſit, as do *ſome other Calviniſts*, or kneel, as do the Engliſh Proteſtants, one is as warrantable as the other, and all alike; and all unlike to the poſture of our Saviour at the Inſtitution of it; if he lean'd his head upon St. *Johns* Breaſt, as he did at Supper; which yet cannot be prov'd, that *that* poſture of Diſcumbency was his poſture at the celebration of this Sacrament.

But much more credit had it been to Trinkles, and much more good had he done in his generation, if inſtead of *hollaing* and *whooping* againſt the Eccleſiaſtical Politician, he had been *hollaing* and *whooping* his Dogs, his

his Hogs, his Geese, or his Sheep; and leave discourses of Divinity and Policy, and censures upon the Doctrine and Fathers of our Church, King and Parliament, to men of greater abilities, and more modesty; greater reading, and better parts: Or, if his antipathy be great (as it seems to be) to all Clergywen, forgetting his Father; let him, concerning Sacraments, learn of that almost matchless Pen of Sir *William Morrice*, in his *Cœna quasi κοινὴ*, by which like a true English Gentleman, and not an *upstart Virtuoso*, he has gain'd a more lasting and glorious name, than a Kingdom could have given him without such accomplishments; and as much honour by every page of *that his Book*, as *Father-gray-beard* has got dishonour by *his*: And that is enough in all conscience, in the judgement of all Learned men, always excepted the Modern Orthodox, who I know would be angry, to be excluded quite from being thought (at least) to be Learned men; though the truly Learned men of the world, by long expectation to see some of their Learning in their works or words, are now grown hopeless, and despair of it, it is so long a coming, a deaf man would be glad to hear it, as much as a blind mind would be glad to see it; chiefly, because their Learning consists in sounds and tones, cantings, groanings,

groanings, noiſe, clamours and whinings; which would be convenient for a deaf man to hear: And likewiſe in thumping the Pulpit, and there traverſing all the whole poſtures of a Maſter of Fence, and has frighted ſome (that uſed to ſit near the Pulpit) from their ſeats, being ſo often menaced with viſage grim and fierce, and Bible heav'd up, leſt at laſt *they ſhould be knockt on the head*, with *Geneva* and *Knox*.

And truly at this taking Oratory they are old excellent, and for this alone cryed up and followed by the rabble, in as great multitudes as *Jack-pudding* himſelf has about him at a Fair.

And though I know not one knowing man of Quality in *England*, that is a Phanatick, (except upon deſign, as a crafty Mountebank companies, and playes the fool with his own *Jack*,) ſo the rabble and multitude are generally as much pleaſed with one of theſe *Phanatick Jack-puddings*, and part with their monies as freely to them, and flock about them in droves, as great and numerous about them, as about *Merry Andrew* or Poet *Wild*.

And they'l follow this foolery, till their pocket's emptied and pickt pretty often, and the jeſt grow ſtale, (as indeed it is very ſowre al-

already to all understanding men and women;) and though they did flock hand over head with their Plate, Thimbles, Bodkins, Horse, Arms, Spoons, Gold rings and Beakers, to *those Jack-Puddings* in the late times, *Hugh Peters*, and the rest, preaching upon *Judg.* 5. 23. *Curse ye Meroz* —— as if they were afraid the Devil would take the hindmost; yet it would not be so taking now, as then, except the *Hocus's* devise some new Antick Tricks, (fools and children being delighted only in change and novelty) though the Text, *Curse ye Meroz*—will serve still now for the feat as well as ever it did, when occasion serves.

Though to all but Fools and Knaves, it is *such a Text* for Loyalty and Allegiance, such a Text for the King and Cavaleers; that Almighty God has not furnish'd us with such another in the whole Bible:

Yet these villains could turn it to the quite contrary sence, wresting the holy word of God by their Interpretation, as blasphemously as atheistically; for they were not all of them so besotted, but they could not but know that they *did lie to the Holy Ghost.*

I confess indeed there are abundance of Texts, besides the fifth Commandment, that plead for Allegiance and Loyalty, but none like this of *Curse ye Meroz*——

Others

Other Texts require us not to think evil, nor ſpeak evil of Dignities, much more not to entreat them evilly; *For who can lift up his hand againſt the Lord's Anointed and be guiltleſs?* Though the Lord's Anoynted be as wicked as *Nero* or *Saul*, and have a Devil in him as King *Saul* had; yet we muſt not be ſo deviliſh as to lift up our hands againſt him. *David*, that did not cut off King *Saul*'s head, yet his heart ſmote him, and his conſcience *ſmote him* for *cutting off Saul's skirt.*

But this Text —— *Curſe ye Meroz* —— denounces a heavy Curſe ——not only as other Texts do for rebelling againſt the King and taking up arms againſt him, and ſending in money and plate to the Rebels to comfort the hearts and bowels of Traytors; ——

But here they are by *the Angel of the Lord accurſed*, that *like Meroz* ſit at home, and will neither come nor ſend in their Horſe and Arms, and Monies to the help of the Chief Magiſtrate and Chief Judge of the Land, as *Deborah* then was; and *Meroz* was accurſed by the Angel of the Lord for not coming to help her againſt her mighty enemies: Where note too, that the *helping thus* the Chief Magiſtrate, (as *Deborah* was) is called helping of God, or the *help of the Lord.*

No man that has his wits about him, or has

has any ſober ſence, enough to keep him from ſlavering, can deny this meaning I put upon it; and let *Greg.* and all the Modern Orthodox, if they dare, offer at any other Interpretation, or mitigate the force of this ſence I put upon it if they can; and they are daring enough even now, as well as formerly, not only as *T. G.* and *R. B.* upon that Text, *Touch not mine Anointed*, but as many others of them, and *Greg.* amongſt the reſt does, *p.* 120. upon that Text, *Rebellion is as the ſin of Witchcraft.*

Which *Text* becauſe the *Eccleſ. Politician* interprets it, *Rebellion againſt the King*—— *Greg.* ſays (for fear *he would be knock'd on the head, if he ſhould deny it*) he does *allow* him that interpretation;

Nevertheleſs (he ſay there) *that Text of Scripture will ſcarce admit it.* And though we know by that what true affection he bears to the King, (againſt whom who rebels, rebels againſt God; We have ſinned againſt *Moſes* and againſt thee, ſay the People; for the ſin of Mutiny and Rebellion immediately againſt *Moſes* is acknowledged Rebellion againſt God) ſo that *that evaſion* will eaſe the tender conſciences of no Rebels, but ſuch of the Modern Orthodox, like *Father Graybeard*, that thus mince it: as *R. B.* and *J. O.* did *Rom.* 13. 2. making *damn'd* in that Text ſound more comfortably.

But

But let *J. O.* and *R. B.* that writ *Oliver's Maxims* of Policy and damnable Treaſon, and the poyſon to the Antidote of his *Saints Everlaſting Reſt*; together with all the Modern Orthodox, and your ſelf (in the firſt place I ſhould have ſaid) Mr. *Greg.* alleviate and take off the weight of this interpretation of *Curſe ye Meroz* —— which I impoſe upon you, and all of you put together have not Art enough to ſhake it off; Though thus you are bereav'd of your Darling-Text, that ſent ſo many poor ſouls to the Devil, ſo many thouſands to an untimely and deſperate end, and ſo many millions of blood and treaſure caſt away and loſt by your *leaſings* and *lies* told ſo ſpeciouſly upon *this Text*.

I know I had better have ſtirr'd in a Hornets neſt, than thus to fret and anger the Modern Orthodox, the Leven of whoſe Religion makes them waſpiſh, peeviſh, touchy, clamorous, and malicious ſlanderers and backbiters; But I am as much above the reach of their malice, as above their low and baſe Principles, and unmanlike as well as ignoble and effeminate Practices.

Anſwering a man's Arguments with a Libel upon his Perſon, and clapping upon him ſuch a beaſtly character, (as did the Heathens when they arrayed the Chriſtians in Bear-skins) on purpoſe to ſet their dogs at them,

according

according to their keeneſs either to bite or barke.

Let them oppoſe the ſtrength of my Arguments and reaſonings with anſwerable skill and force, and then the danger is over as ſoon as it appears, though the *Cabala* club for the ſhot; as the whole Aſſembly of Divines did ſix years together with joynt and united forces, to make only at laſt a Catechiſm for little children, when *Ball*'s Catechiſm new printed had done the feat much better.

Theſe are brave fellows, for whoſe ſakes the Government and Laws muſt give place, and bow which way they pleaſe.

I know wiſe men know them well enough, but becauſe ſome look upon theſe *Demagogues* and Incendiaries, as the great Lights and Luminaries againſt Ignorance and Atheiſm, (as *Greg.* ſuggeſts, *p.* 313.) i'le but draw the picture of one of them in the pulpit, and barely repreſent the words that a thouſand witneſſes yet alive are ready to depoſe unto, as the very language of the Pulpit, of *Hugh Peters* particularly, when they gull'd the people of their ſouls, bodies, money, arms and plate, by their damnable doctrine from that bleſſed Text, Judg. 5. 23. —— *Curſe ye Meroz.* ——

It had been happy for *England*, the King, Parliament, people and themſelves too, if

they never had preach'd, nor ever ſhould be ſuffer'd to preach on any other Text, than *Matt. 7. 12.*

And becauſe their Pulpit Buffonery on ſo ſacred a Text, as ——*Curſe ye Meroz*—— was all drolling ſtuffe, I have ſuffered my Muſe to make uſe of her Rhime, but not her Fancy in this Pourtraicture; in which I can plead no propriety other than the Chronologer does in the villanies of *Wat Tyler* or *Jack Straw*, the bare Hiſtorical relation.

I neither have nor can claim any right or ſhare to this repreſentation and interpretation of that ſacred Text, nor this following Sermon of *Hugh Peters* thereupon, more than he that writ Sermon-notes after him, to which I have added only the Rhime, and abridg'd *Hugh Peters* idle Tautologies and ſome ſlovenly as well as prophaner expreſſions, unworthy my pen.

The Hiſtorical relation and dreſs is mine own, but the Buffoonery is well known to be the Pulpit ſtuffe of *Hugh Peters* in many Congregations, thwack'd full all the Kingdome over, to liſten to that prophane *Hocus*, and paid him well for his pains.

They ſhall have it therefore as freely as ever it was mine, they have bought it and paid dear for it, & therefore do I give it them, & put it in print for them, that keeping it by them, they may

may yet have ſomething for all the Plate, Thimbles and Bodkins, the poor fools gave him with ſuch a liberal hand; I am ſure I deſerve more for repreſenting it in Droll; but they'l be far enough before they'l give me ſo much as one ſilver ſpoon for my pains, or perhaps ſo much as thanks, which is all I look for or need (I thank God) though my deſign is purely for their good, and to ſhow them their folly and madneſs in ſo deſperate a cauſe, to throw away their eſtates, body, and ſoul for ſuch foppery, as

Hugh Peters's Sermon upon *Judg.*5.23. *Curſe ye Meroz* — Repreſented, like it ſelf, in this Drolling Pulpit-ſtuff.

HId in theſe words, *it plain appears*,
Lie men and arms, *'gainſt Cavaliers:*
I ſee them, clear as any thing,
Both Foot and Horſe, *againſt the King*:
Couchant, *I grant*, Perdue *they lie*;
Nor ſeen indeed by Carnal *eye*;
Becauſe they lie in Ambuſcade;
But ready are for a Parade:
Arm'd Cap-a-pee; *and One and All*,
To come when we do beat a Call.
Drum-Major I, *on Pulpit Drum*,
Am therefore now, beloved, come,

With Bible *in* Geneva *Print*,
To turn up All, this Text *has in't*.
In which *two Parts*, *at leaſt*, *I count*,
Here's Gerazim, *there's* Ebal *Mount*:
Here lies the Bleſſing, *there the* Curſe:
Take you the better part; *the* worſe
Is good enough for Cavaliers;
And ſuch as dare not ſhew their eares,
As Round-heads *do*, *in good Old Cauſe*,
For Liberty, *Religion*, *Laws*:
For which, *who dies*, *is* curſed never,
From which, *who flies*, *is* curſed ever.
For which, *who dyes*, *is* bleſſed ever,
From which, *who flyes*, *is* bleſſed never.
Since I was with you laſt, *I've been*,
To tell you Truth, *in Hell and Heaven*:
You'l ſay perhaps, *it is a great way*,
Yet to the firſt, *it is a neat way*;
And to be found out very eaſie,
And down-hill all way to't, *an't pleaſe ye*:
Nor is 't far off, *ye may come to't*
In one day, *though you go on foot*:
And Bare-foot, *without ſhoes or horſe*.
Of all days in the week, *I choſe*
The Sabbath (*taught by Maſter* Gurney;)
To ſpeed the better in my Journey:
For one may preach, *and cant*, *and pray*;
Yet never be out of the way:
When I came there, *who* (*do you think*)
I ſpi'd, *as I ſtood at Pit's brink*?

Except

Except the Cavaliers, not one:
And only one Committee-man,
With Sequestrators three, at th' door;
Only condemn'd for being poor,
And balking of a Bishop's land,
Sentenc'd for ever there to stand.
My foot stood just at brink of pit,
A little more I'd been in it:
Truly I durst not come too near,
As I good reason had to fear:
Long Prayers there are no assistance,
I therefore still did keep my distance:
And loth to stay, the fiends to shun
Like Hare before the Hounds, I run,
And I, though fat, away did hie,
To see what I in Heaven could spie.
And to that purpose I did gather
In Arabs a great Phœnix feather
To fly withall, a pretty thing,
Dædalus ne're imp'd such a wing;
Resolving with my self to flie
Above the Clouds, and starry skie:
Hoping the better to get in,
Because my name-sake is in Heaven,
St. Peter at the door: yet I,
Thinking on't better, (loth to fly
So high a Pitch) had cause to fear
I never should find entrance there,
On that acount (but was to blame)
Peter was not my Christian name.

Beſides, I fear'd St. Peter *ſhould*
Owe me a Grudge, becauſe I would
Often (for which I now am vext)
Make a bold ſally from my Text
Againſt the Pope, *who is all'd*
To Peter *by the ſurer ſide.*
Fearing ſucceſs, and loth to climb,
I put off 'till ſome other time
The Journey: I deſiſting then
Can tell you no great News from Heaven:
Therefore I'll keep me to my Text,
That with ſome doubts is much perplext;
But I'll reſolve All *out of hand,*
And firſt, *in order as they ſtand,*
Curſe ye Meroz —— *What is* Meroz?
Some Infidel will not come near us,
Nor to us will Horſe and Arms bring,
But rather ſend them to the King,
And go himſelf, and men to boot;
But for the Cauſe not ſtir one foot.
This is that Curſed Meroz, *that*
To th' Parliament will ſend no Plate,
But from us if he can will lock it,
And keep his money in his Pocket.
So much for that. Another word
There is to clear: —Help of the Lord.
Help of the Lord! *What's that?* Lord Biſhop?
Or Houſe of Lords? *Not ſo, I hope:*
Nor Lord Newcaſtle, *nor* Lord Goring;
(*With whom the wicked go a whoring;*)

Help

Help of the Lord, *is*, *One and All*
Help the Lord Eſſex, General.
But that's not All, *for moneys are*
The Nerves and Sinews too of War;
For Powder muſt be had for Gun;
(*We had as good elſe ne'r begun*;)
If the Red-coats *have not their Pay*,
They'l from their Colours run away;
Nor will they willing be to die:
Nay, and perhaps may mutinie
For want of Pay, where are we then?
We may go hang our ſelves for men,
Except we money have. The Gold
Muſt here be found; *as I'l unfold*;
Help of the Lord then, *is Dear boneys*,
Help the poor Red-coats with your moneys.
Down with your Duſt then; *come, be nimble*,
Plate, Bodkins, Tankards, Spoons, or Thimble:
All theſe (then as if at a ſtand,
And into pocket putting his hand)
All theſe (like Barber's Teeth, being ſtrung
On Red cloth, ready as they hung)
(*Holding forth, ſaid*) *all theſe* (*good People!*)
From Colcheſter *St.* Peter's *ſteeple*
Are all clear gains; *and I aſſure ye*
As many more I got at Bury.
Then (leſt the people ſhould diſcover
His ſleight of hand, and ſo give over,
Finding the Juggle out, and mock it)
He put his hand in th' other pocket,

As feeling for ſome other ſtrings:
(But in the interim ſlyly flings
His right hand into th' left behind,
And then the better them to blind,
His hands met under's cloak, in brief,
As the receiver with the Thief)
He held it out then to be ſeen,
(*As* if ſome other ſtring 't had been,
And ſaid) *This other ſtring of Plate*
I, from the Wives of Ipſwich *got.*
The Butcher's Wife *did freely give*
All the poor ſoul had, I believe;
I got all to her very Placket,
And can have more ſtill when I lack it.
Help of the Lord then, *is, Dear Coneys!*
Help us dear Petticoats with moneys.
Liſt; for I hear this Text plain lie,
Fine Ends of Gold and Silver *erie*:
(*Beggars muſt be no chuſers*) *whether*
Silver broken or whole; *bring't hither;*
Good Wife or Wench; the Widows mite:
Oliver C. *ſhall you requite;*
If you'l not credit what he ſaith,
I'l give you then the Publick Faith.
Methinks I hear the Proverb ſtarted,
A fool and's money is ſoon parted:
That Proverb does belong to thoſe
That part with money to our foes.
Help who? *the* King? *No. No ſuch thing,*
Help Parliament, *not Help the* King:

When

When we ſay, King and Parliament,
The Parliament alone *is meant.*
So much for this time then I ſay.
Deſiderantur Cætera.

By *this* you *have* heard how the juggle *has* been done; the ſtory is good, becauſe 'tis true, and thouſands to this day witneſs it to their coſt, to the loſs of their goods, plate and eſtates, and which is more to the loſs of the bodies, and ſouls too, (it is too probable,) of their dear relations.

Was the holy *word of God* ever before in any age or Kingdom ſo vilely abus'd by ſuch abominable wreſtings and interpretations, and to ſuch baſe and bloody ends and deſigns, as by theſe *Peters*, *Owens*, *Marſhals*, *Baxters*, &c. are not theſe *worthy cures for the Fathers* of the new *Church* of modern Orthodoxy? are not theſe within an inch and a half at leaſt as bad as a *Rationale* upon the ſacred Common-Prayer? could the Devil of hell ever abuſe and wreſt the Holy Scriptures, as theſe *modern Orthodox*-juglers and *Sermon-mongers* have done? nay, the Devil to give him his due, was not ſo impudent, *Mat.* 4.

For though he was Devil for taking the ſacred word into his mouth, ſince he hated to be reformed; yet *thoſe* Sermon mongers in theſe times were much more Devils in that parti-

particular, and outvyed *Beelzebub* himſelf.

For *He*, *Mat.* 4. quoted the Scripture truly, but not fully, omitting in the ſixth verſe of that Chapter, as *his* children uſed to do, in the ſeventeenth verſe of 1 *Pet.* 2. the latter clauſe, as that which made not for their turn.

But *theſe* children have out-done *their* Father in helliſh craft upon thoſe Scriptures, *Curſe ye Meroz* —— *give them blood to drink* —— *Bind their Kings with chains*, *and their Nobles in fetters of Iron* —— and a hundred the like; *not.* in concealing the *full ſence* of them, as the *Devil* did; but being *more* deviliſh and out witting-*Hell* it ſelf, in wreſting *them* to a quite *contrary* ſence, the Devil went not ſo far, theſe *modern Orthodox* herein making the *Devil an Aſs*. Are not theſe worthy cares, Mr. *Grey beard*, for your Learned Fathers?

Conſidering therefore theſe things with my ſelf, as one whoſe fate it was to be born and bred up in ſchiſmatical times, and a factious *Univerſity*, (ſucking in Schiſm with my mothers milk, in two ſenſes,) and conſequently *when I was a child*, *did as a child*, and was gull'd and cheated into their Fopperies, as much as I muſt needs have been into *Mahometaniſm*, if I had been born and bred up amongſt the *Turks*, whom yet I have found the honeſter of the *two*, though *both bad*;

I

I ſay, conſidering with my ſelf, when I came to years of conſideration, what deviliſh bloody and rapacious villains theſe *Modern Orthodox* Preachers and *Sermon-mongers* were, ſo that *Hell it ſelf could not match* them; and withal conſidering that thoſe people that moſt haunted thoſe Preachments, Sermons, Lectures and Stories, were above all mankind whether *Turks*, *Cannibals*, *Indians* or *Jews*, the moſt falſe, malicious, revengeful, ſlanderous, envious, liars, cheaters, treacherous, bloody, perfidious, rapacious, plunderers, Sequeſtrators, Oliverians, Committeemen, Gifted-men, cruel, Diſſemblers, Lovers of their *own ſelves alone, together with them of their gang*, covetous, Boaſters, proud, Blaſphemers, diſobedient to Parents, unthankful, unholy, Traitors, heady, high-minded, Lovers of pleaſures more than Lovers of God, having a form of godlineſs, but denying the power thereof, &c.

Preſently I think with my ſelf, if theſe be the people of God, *who the Devil* will have for his people, I cannot tell; for in all my travails upon earth, I never met with ſuch *villains and wretches* amongſt *Turks* or *Indians*; praying, as the *Indian* did, (when the *Friar* told him to what place after this life the bloody *Spaniard* went) that my ſoul may never go to that place, whither thoſe bloody villains

villains go, except they *repent of their deeds*.

For thought I, how can these people be the godly party, whose deeds are blacker than hell, more bloody than *those* of that roaring Lion, as great *Lyars* and *Slanderers*, διάβολοι, as *the Father of Lies* can be, or make *them* to be; one may know by their Looks what breed they are of, they are so *Father-like*, as like him as ever they can look':

And tell them of these things, instead of giving you thanks, or repenting and amending, they rage and rail, slander like mad, or the Devil himself.

Therefore finding them characterized and prophesied of in the *latter days* by the Apostle 2 *Tim.* 3. 1, 2, 3, 4. Oh! thought I, now I have found you *Traitors*, *heady*, *high-minded*, &c. *Lovers of Pleasures more than lovers of God*; *having a form of godliness*, *but denying the Power thereof*, &c.

Indeed and indeed —— will *they* say —— have you found us *Traitors*, *heady*, *high-minded*, &c. but I pray who is characterized by the next words, *lovers of pleasures* —— mark that —— *more than lovers of God*; *having a form of Godliness* —— who is for *forms*, I pray, come tell us that, are we for *forms*, &c.

Now the poor souls think they have *bit it*. Alas! poor souls! the characters of *Traytors*, and

and *the reſt* of them do not ſeem to fit theſe *modern Orthodox* altogether ſo well as *theſe two laſt*, for *they* ſeem to be made for *them* for the very nonce, on ſet purpoſe, nothing can be more appoſite or proper for them. *Lovers of pleaſures*, the Apoſtle ſays, φιλήδονοι, *voluptuoſi*, Lat. *voluptueux*, French, *voluptuous*, (*voluptas* comes from *voluntas*) and ſounds thus much, *Lovers of their own wills and pleaſures*, a people that *will* have their *wills and pleaſures* to be done, as if they were Kings, or more than Kings, a *wilful* generation, that what they *liſt* to have, they *will* have, or they will mingle Heaven and earth, ruffle Kingdoms, turn all to blood and ruine; Kings ſhall ſtand upon the *ſtool of Repentance*, Kingdoms ſhall be laid waſte, millions of men and moneys loſt; and the beſt of Kings if they ſtand in the way of their *wills and pleaſures*, down they muſt, let God and Laws ſay what they will, for they are φιλήδονοι μᾶλλον ἢ φιλόθεοι, more in love with *their own good pleaſure*, than *Gods good pleaſure*: God ſays, *Fear God, Honour the King, Submit to every ordinance of man for Gods ſake*, be ſubject, *you muſt needs be ſubject for conſcience ſake*, or you *ſhall be damn'd*: no matter for that, let *God and man* ſay what they *will*, *they will* have *their wills*; yet *theſe wilful* people never want *woe*; nor thoſe Kingdoms that are troubled with them,

them; they miſerſably diſquiet *themſelves* as well as *others*.

But theſe Modern Orthodox are not more ſignally deſcrib'd by *that* character, than the *next* —— Having a *form of godlineſs* —— μόρφωσιν εὐσεβείας.

Μόρφωσις, tranſlated here the *form*, is of the ſame ſignification with μόρφη, whence the *Latines*, by way of *Anagram*, have their word *forma*, and the *Engliſh* do nearer *anagrammatize* the Greek μόρφη, in our word here —— *form*.

Μόρφη ſignifies the *face* of any thing, *exterior rei facies*, the *Vizor*, the *Mask*, the *Image*, the *reſemblance* of a thing.

So that the *form of godlineſs* here is *the face of godlineſs*, the *Vizor* or *Mask* of godlineſs, the *reſemblance* or *Image* of godlineſs, but *denying the power thereof*. Such a *Mask* as *Jezabel* put on, when ſhe *proclaimed a faſt*, but denyed the power of godlineſs, when ſhe *murthered Naboth* to get his Vineyard.

And *thus* theſe *Modern Orthodox* put on the *Vizor* and *Mask* of godlineſs in their *Old Parliament faſt-days*, their noiſe of Reformation, multiplicity of Sermons; yet theſe zealous Sermon-mongers, theſe gifted-praying men, theſe *Jewiſh Sabbath-men*, if they had had the *power of godlineſs*, they *had* not, *durſt* not have run into Rebellion, Blood, Schiſm,

Robberies

Robberies called Plunderings and Sequeſtrations, Murder, Oppreſſion, Lyes, Slanders, Blaſphemies, Pride, Malice, Envy, Hatred and all uncharitableneſs; and murder, which makes them odious to all mankind, but themſelves, namely, *King-killing*.

But not a word of this as you love me, this muſt not be remembred, learn herein to get *Gentlemens memories*; but if you will remember, remember *Schiſm in the Letany*, extinguiſh it, *Letany* and *Liturgy*, the *cauſe* of all the wars, together with the *King* and *Council* that impoſed it, remember *that* —— but as for the poor harmleſs Lambs, if it were a failing to murther the King and his friends, come, it was but a failing, an infirmity in the Saints, *be Gentlemen* and *forget it*.

Yet for my part, in the moſt impartial ſcrutiny, that I can make, I do not perceive that theſe *Modern Faux's* had their *Vizors* truly on, when they went about thoſe deeds of darkneſs; I do not find that their way of Sermons, Prayers, Jewiſh Sabbathizings deſerves ſo much Honour as to be called the true face, form, mask, vizor, or reſemblance of Religion; it is ſo far from *true*, that it is not ſo much as *like the true* way of godlineſs, and Goſpel diſcoveries by Chriſt and his Apoſtles.

Firſt for their way of Sermons, Preachments, two, three, four or ten times a week, the

the running of an hourg-lass or two at a time; in Lectures on Sundays and week days, Lectures in the morning, Lectures at noon, and after noon, Lectures, Lectures, Sermons, Sermons, Oh Sermons! I am sure it is not a Gospel way, nor so much as the true face, form or semblance of the preaching of our Saviour and the Apostles.

Our Saviour in his first Sermon upon the Mount in the 5, 6, and 7 Chapters of S. *Matthew*, all not half an hour long, yet speaketh of twenty or fourty several subjects: not confining himself to *one* subject, *one* Text, Doctrines, Inferences and Uses, but thought he should not need to beg pardon, though he went from one subject in discourse to another of a Random nature; which our *modern Divinity men* would have call'd *Rambling*, at least; and 'tis well if it scap'd so; our Blessed *Saviour* speaking what was most useful and seasonable for his auditory at that time, and more than ever he spake at any other time, in *one continued* discourse.

To say that *all* his Sermons are not set down, is bold, impudent, precarious, and daring: the Apostle *John* saith, the *signs* or miracles he *did are not all set down*, but for his words as they were *all* saving, so we have cause to think he did *not grutch them* to posterity; for certainly novelty in religious worship

worſhip and variety was not *then* in faſhion, he preach'd and ſo did the Apoſtles the beſt that they could, and the beſt that could be; and if they had not preach'd the ſame things over and over, over and over again, they muſt have preach'd one time better than another; which is not ſafe to ſay of our Saviour; therefore when his Diſciples deſire him *to teach them to pray*, he tells them no other but what he had told them in his firſt Sermon, *when ye pray, ſay, Our Father*, &c. And when he was in his *Agony, and prayed moſt earneſtly, the third time*, it was ſhort not like the Phariſees, nor *our modern* Phariſees, but to the purpoſe, and ſaying *the ſame* words, the ſame words——

Our Saviour never took a *Text* but once, and then the *Sermon* he made of it was not ſo *long* as the *Text*. S. *Peter* converts three thouſand with a Sermon, *Acts* 2. And all the whole Sermon was but *half a Chapter*, and yet *the longeſt* that *ever* he made; *that* in the tenth Chapter of the *Acts* was ſcarcely half ſo long. I might give many more inſtances to ſhew that this *way of Sermons* that *now* obtains and is *the faſhion*, is *not* the *way of Chriſt*, if this was *intended* for a *ſet-diſcourſe*, for *that* purpoſe; but I mention it now *only* to ſhew that theſe Sermons, Sermons, Lectures, Preachings, as *they* that *moſt* haunted them

and cryed *them up*, have been and *ſtill* are the *greateſt* villains, cheats, treacherous, deceivers under the Cope of Heaven; ſo *it* does but ſtill evidence the more that *it is not* the way of Chriſt; brought into the Churuch by two or three *talking men* ſome hundred of years after Chriſt, but *they* ſhall be nameleſs; it is ſufficient to ſay they could talk well, and they lov'd as all good Orators do, to *hear themſelves talk*; but that this ſhould be any argument that *now therefore* we muſt, (let the weather be never ſo cold,) *ſit it out* forſooth, till an *impertinent idle prating fellow* has brought down *Moon*, *Stars* and *Glories* to ſhew us how hard he ſtudied the week before for this Hour-glaſs-Harangue, ſeems to me *very ſtrange*, that the world ſhould be ſo ſtill bejugled; eſpecially theſe tedious ſpeeches being at beſt but ſmil'd at, if not quite laugh'd out of countenance, *where* men ſpeak beſt, *viz.* in the Parliament Houſe, Councils, Univerſities, Inns of Court; but the *Pulpit* muſt be the *laſt* that will learn more wit and grace; though we pretend *theſe* are *ſuch Goſpel times* too, and will take our Saviour and the Apoſtles for a pattern.

When they can infer any thing with more ſence than *yet* I have heard, from *Acts* 20. 7. S. *Paul*'s *continuing his diſcourſe until Midnight*, the *only* objection in the *Bible* againſt all

all that I alleadge, I will give them an anſwer, if they will tell me how many hours of that night St. *Paul* and the Diſciples did ſpend in eating and breaking bread, *v.* 11: and raiſing up *Eutychus*; and alſo if they will promiſe me, (in one thing more) to imitate that Holy Apoſtle, namely when they preach an hour, two, three, or till midnight, or all night, I care not, upon condition, theſe *Modern Orthodox* will alſo *depart from us on the morrow* for ever, to try how much we ſhall wet our Handkerchiefs, when they tell us, we ſhall *ſee their face no more.*

They would be happy indeed, for themſelves perhaps, I am ſure happy for the Kingdom that has been ſo unhappy already, occaſion'd chiefly by their *ſweaty* preaching.

If they have wit enough, let them anſwer this, and to purpoſe too, or elſe down goes *Bell* and the *Dragon*; but if they anſwer as inſignificantly, as they us'd to preach, when they caſt ſo many long looks upon the *ſlowly-ſliding ſands* in the hour-glaſs; if not angry *ſhaking* it for its ſloath, then will their anſwers tyre me as much as ever did their Sermons, and that's enough in all reaſon and conſcience, and I ſhall ſcorn to honour them by taking notice of ſuch *impertinents.*

If St. *Peter* was alive again, and had not

gone to ſchool to ſome of theſe new *Holder-forths*, how would *little Pulpit-man* deſpiſe him for preaching *the ſame*, *the ſame*, and *the ſame* Sermon perpetually, when he could ſhow him for a need three or four hundred or a thouſand Harangues in his Budget.

A wicked, fooliſh, perverſe and hypocritical generation we live in, when men, nay Miniſters rather endeavour to *ſeem* good Preachers, than *be* good Preachers in imitating Chriſt and his Apoſtles; and not by idle inventions, preferr what is *plauſible* before what is *profitable*, rather *pleaſing men than God*; therefore *they have their reward:* and have plung'd themſelves into perplexities, or into Parſon ſlip-ſtockins extravagancies; chuſing rather impertinencies commended for their variety, only by an idle looſe people *given to change*, than to ſpeak often to the ſame purpoſe, *over and over again*, though never ſo *neceſſary*, *profitable*, and to good purpoſe.

Nor will the Clergy ever free themſelves and their *Sermons from contempt*, till they follow the Copy and Pattern for preaching ſet them by Chriſt and his holy Apoſtles: and if Prieſt and people find really and truly that theſe *Hour-glaſs diſcourſes* are as unealie and troubleſome, as unprofitable to both; let them learn of their Maſters, Chriſt and the Apoſtles, and the Primitive Fathers, who

in

in their preachings *went to queſtions and anſwers*, that is, catechizing, or ecchoing anſwers to queſtions; our bleſſed Saviours uſual way of preaching; to which Catechizer, as the right Goſpel Preacher, St. *Paul* charge; the *Galathians* 6. 6. to allow him all good maintenance or a *good Living*, κοινωνείτω δὲ ὁ κατηχούμενος τὸν λόγον τῷ κατηχοῦντι ἐν πᾶσιν ἀγαθοῖς; Let him that is *catechized* in the word communicate to him that *catechizeth* in all good things; and *not*——, let him that is *taught* in the Word—— For the words of St. *Paul ought* to be, and *are* now properly tranſlated, *Let him that is catechized communicate to him that catechizeth*—— For though all *catechizing* is *teaching*, yet *all teaching* (Modern Orthodox Pulpit-harangue teaching for Example) is not *catechizing*, *which* was the uſual way of teaching practiſed by our Saviour, the Apoſtles and Primitive Chriſtians, and in *England* too, till this ſuperſtitious, hypocritical Modern Orthodoxy intruded, and impudently thruſt its betters out of Church, and put it out of countenance with a brazen forehead.

Didymus | *Optatus* was called the Catechiſt, or Catechizer, ὁ κατηχίσης, or *Doctor audientium*, *Cyp.* ep. 24. in the Church of *Carthage*; *Cyril the great* was not aſhamed of that name at *Jeruſalem*, nor *Hierocles* at *Alexandria*

dria, and many more, of the moſt famous men, of the World, as well as *England*, thought it no diſparagement to Catechize, though I can give good reaſons, that uſually, (as in many places of Chriſtendom at this day) any man may propound a queſtion to the Miniſter, and deſire to be reſolv'd, and therefore ſhould the man of God be *able and throughly furniſhed unto every good work and word*, to give a pertinent and ready anſwer to ſuch as hearing him, ask'd him queſtions too, if they pleaſed, as the Doctors with our Saviour, *Luk.* 2. 46.

So that thoſe *worthy cares* of the *Fathers* of Modern Orthodoxy in their *Preachments* has not ſo much as the face, true form and reſemblance of Chriſt's Sermons; but is a whimſey cryed up ſo long by themſelves, till it has juſtled Sacraments, Prayers, Catechizing quite out of the Church; having not the power of godlineſs, in that there are no ſuch villains (as I ſaid before) as theſe *Sermon-mongers* upon the face of the earth, as every body muſt acknowledge and confeſs, except themſelves, who are always apt to find fault with other men for *ſuperſtitious*, when they themſelves are the moſt ſuperſtitious people, I know, in the world, as I'l ſhow more fully on ſome other occaſion; ſuperſtitious, (at the beſt) their *ſermonizing* is, and

and has *been*; but that's not all, *it has* been blaſphemous, atheiſtical, damnable and prophane, as I have ſhown in their debauch'd interpretations and comments on Holy Writ; and I fear it is ſo yet, they do not uſe to amend. And God looks upon *theſe* Devotions of theirs, that they keep ſuch a *puther for*, but as the *cutting off of a dogs neck*, and will ſay to them one day, who *required theſe things at your hands? it is iniquity, even your ſolemn meetings:* And they may thank the King and Parliament with all their hearts, if like *careful* Parents, they will not *ſuffer* theſe wilfull, fooliſh, head-ſtrong people have their wills, no longer be gull'd by a pack of cheats; not permitting the blind Cobler, Tinker, Weaver, Taylor, Chimney-ſweeper, *&c.* nor the *wilfully blind*, but crafty canting Presbyter *to lead the blind, leſt they both fall into the ditch* remedileſly. If I were to commend a Father, it ſhould be *him* that has a *care* of his Children, and keeps them from *hurting themſelves ſpite of their teeth*; and that chuſes rather to do them *good*, than get their *good will*: when they come to diſcretion, (which is not likely till they have wiſer and honeſter guides) then they'l thank this good Father for his *care*. Alas! if they were in their right mind, durſt they blaſpheme the Holy Ghoſt, when they *father* their im-

pertinent, nonſenſical, blaſphemous *ravings* in Prayer, upon the Holy Ghoſt; calling it the *ſpiritual gift* of Prayer, and the *Spirit of Prayer*, and I know not what good titles on ſo ill a deſerving faculty; obtain'd at beſt but by cuſtom, uſe, confidence, and volubility of words; which (I can ſpeak as experimentally of it, and knowingly, as any Modern Orthodox man, yet do I not account my ſelf for it a jot the better man,) being an *Art of which* every Porter, Cobler, Chimney-ſweeper, or Hector, may eaſily be a *Maſter*, and attainable by every common *Billings-gate-ſcold*. I ſay again they lye to the Holy Ghoſt, and blaſpheme the Spirit of God, that call ſuch pitiful, low, eaſie and beggerly gifts, the gifts of the Spirit, other than of a confident, fooliſh, raſh, impudent, blaſphemous ſpirit, that is *raſh with his mouth in uttering any thing before God, before whom our words ought to be few*, Eccleſ. 5. 2.

Which brings to my mind that bold and ſeditious *Petition* which a *Scotch* Miniſter *put up* in his Prayer before Sermon in St. *Peters* Church at *Colcheſter* two or three years ago, when he was about to pray for *his ſacred Majeſty*, and our gracious Queen *Katherine*, in theſe very words—— *Gud Laird, bleſs the King and Queens Majeſties, and keep them from aw Lownery, but confund aw their Images and*

Idols

Idols', *gud Laird*—— whether having none of the *Kings Images in gud white Syller in his awn Pouch*, he was in hopes to get ſome amongſt the factious crew, ſo much the more by this *libelling* prayer, or having the Kings-coyn in his pocket he never fear'd that God would hear his prayer in confounding thoſe Images of the King; ſure I am he made a ſhift to chouce many of the Fops of the King's Images in good coyn, and away he run with his *Scotch Frow* that followed him. But yet I cannot think that the extravagancies of bold men in prayer, even for the King, are to be allowed or truſted to; excellently provided againſt in our Liturgy, to which I think all publick Preachers ought ſtrictly to be limited.

And though many Miniſters uſually pray for the King in their *invented Prayers before Sermons* (harmleſly, one would think at *the firſt bluſh*) yet upon *ſtricter* examination, their Petitions for the King, are but a kind of *rayling* and *blaſphemy*; as when they beg of God, that he would be pleaſed to *over-rule the Kings heart, and make him a chaſte, pious, wiſe, holy, juſt and temperate Prince*, and a thouſand ſuch like expreſſions, and of worſe nature, not fit here to rehearſe, but inſinuating and *hinting* as if he was a Prince that *needed* their Prayers in thoſe particulars; and

ſounds

ſounds little better than Treaſon, in *rendring him* to their utmoſt *odious* to his people.

For *to pray in the ſpirit*, is to pray *in the mind* or ſpirit, that is, to mind what we pray, and heartily beg the ſame of God in my *mind or ſpirit*, (whether I uſe *words* or *no words* in private prayer the matter is not great) ſo that whether with words or without words, my mind or ſpirit intercedes for mercies at the throne of Grace, *where the ſpirit of God helps our infirmities*; other prayer by the ſpirit there is *none*, but all other than *this* is phariſaical babling out of oſtentation, covetouſneſs, or ſome baſe deſign unworthy of, and inconſiſtent with ſo holy a duty, whether in words plac'd in *wonted order*, (as moſt certain and *profitable*) or in words of *order diverted*, ſubject to raſh, uncouth, if not nonſenſical ſometimes and blaſphemous expreſſions.

And they that underſtand not *this*, know *not* what it is to *pray in ſpirit*, not knowing what they ſay, nor whereof they affirm, whilſt theſe gifted brethren *lie to the Holy Ghoſt*, as *Ananias* did, how can they *eſcape the judgements of God?* Father *forgive them, they know not what they ſay.*

But when men Pray in *Publick*, as the Church did, *Acts* 4. 24. then they ſhould render him the *calves of their lips*, with *one mind and one mouth too*, Rom. 15. 6. Glori-

fying

ſying God, *all ſpeaking*, as in our divine Letany and Liturgy, (at leaſt *all* ſaying *Amen*) *lifting up their voyces* ὁμοθυμαδὸν *with one accord*, as the Church did, *Acts* 4. 24.

And that you may be aſſured it was by a *Common-prayer-book at that time*, in *ſet* words, known to *all*, it is ſaid there, *they did lift up their voyces with one accord*, which is *impoſſible* to be done but by a *Liturgy*; otherwiſe *one* of the Church might be praying for faith, hope, or patience, whilſt *others* were praying for charity, temperance, or chaſtity, *&c.* and one would have *done* his prayers, whilſt another was ſcarcely heated at *it*, or had not *half done*; but to end the Controverſie, *their ſet form* of prayer is there regiſtred upon Record in the 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30. verſes of that *Acts* 4.

I wiſh the *Modern Orthodox* would ſhew us how they can *anſwer this*, with all their *cavils*, *cheats*, evaſions and tricks; that we might have *another* occaſion to *render* them as ridiculous as they *are* already in themſelves, to all the *ingenuous* of Chriſtendom.

And that which makes *devout men* own the Common-prayers of our Engliſh above others, is that a great many prayers are taken out of the *Miſs book* engliſhed; that we might not pray, as many Papiſts do, in an unknown Tongue; taking out of it only the

Jewels,

Jewels, which are (for ought I know, or any body elſe alive) Apoſtolical, and almoſt as old prayers, as the *Lord's Prayer*; 'tis an unanſwerable Schiſm, to *depart* from the Church of *Rome*, *Antioch*, or *Greek* Church, in *any thing* but wherein they *depart from Chriſt* and the Apoſtles.

But theſe fiery, headſtrong and wicked Modern Orthodox inſtead of *ſweeping* a houſe, pull it *down*, and conſequently make *more work*, as well as *more bad work*, 'till they have quite *erazed* the very foundations of the Houſe of God.

Nor did the Race or Religion of theſe *Modern Orthodox* ever come into any Kingdom, but they fill'd it with blood and ruine; ſad inſtances whereof we have at home, in *Scotland*, in *France* and *Germany*, *&c.* deſolated by their means a hundred leagues together, in more places than about *Munſter*; their deſolations and depopulations to be ſeen at this day, a ſad ſpectacle whereof I have often had, which makes me the more loath their abominations.

And every good man, as well as every worthy man, that has either honour or eſtate to leave to his Children and Poſterity, had need be careful not only to leave his Lands and *fields* to his children and poſterity; but likewiſe uſe his utmoſt care and diligence

gence that thoſe fields be not *Akeldáma's* to his children, *fields of blood*; *which they* muſt needs be, if theſe Modern Orthodox men be not *kept under*, and *muzled* as you do a *curſt curr*; for *when* ever and in *what* Kingdom *ſoever* ſince the firſt Rebel of them *Calvin* broach'd their Religion, they have *mouth'd* and bit ſo *keenly*, where they had liberty, that the *blood always followed*, you may ſee the *print* of their teeth *yet*; good Lord deliver us from them, and the father of lies, from the Devil, his children, and all his works; Οὓς δεῖ ἐπιστομίζειν, ſaith the Apoſtle to Titus 1. 11. *Speaking of unruly and vain talkers* and deceivers, ſpiritual Gypſies, cheats and Juglers —— *It is very fit that their mouths ſhould be ſtopped*, ſaith St. *Paul*: It is *not fit* that their mouths ſhould be ſtopped, ſaith *Gregory Father Gray-beard*; Indulgence, Liberty, *Breda*, *Breda*.

And what a rare fellow this *Gray-beard* is, you may know by the opinon he has of *Calvin*, *p.* 59. whom he calls *a good Scholar and a honeſt Divine*, calling the *Calviniſts*, *p.* 69. *our Calviniſts*.

They may be *Calviniſts*, *Father Gray-beards Calviniſts*, becauſe they are always *bloody Headſmen*, whereever they have room to ſtrike, and a ſword in their hand: But they are *not our Calviniſts*, I aſſure you *Greg.* let them

them be *your Calviniſts* then, it is pity you ſhould be *parted*.

And for *Calvin*'s being a good Scholar, I doubt you would ſcarcely be mightily in love with the Jeſuits, though they ſhould approve themſelves, as many of them have, far better Scholars, that is, men of better parts and better read men, and have ſhown more ſcholarſhip in their Works; and yet I think many of their principles have been as deſtructive to the peace of Kingdoms, even *almoſt* as *Calvin* himſelf; called therefore *Lucian*, ſo meritoriouſly anagrammatized 100 years before *Father Gray-beard* was born.

For my part, I hate to undervalue any man's ſcholarſhip; but I hate the folly as much of *thoſe* men that argue ſo ridiculouſly; that becauſe *Calvin* was a good ſcholar, therefore he could not be a Knave, or as bad as a *Jeſuit*.

This muſt be *Greg*'s meaning, or elſe his *ſcholarſhip* does not at all vouch his *Divinity*: Perhaps *Greg.* is more acquainted with *Calvin*'s ſcholarſhip than I am; though I think I have ſeen and read *all his Works*; the *moſt* famous (the *Calviniſts* themſelves ſay) is *his Inſtitutions*, deſigned for a *Confeſſion of Faith*, the *Adjuſter* of Controverſies, the *Oracle* of his Followers, and as if pronounc'd *è Cathedra, unerring Divinity*, and infallible; dedicated to *that* purpoſe, to his King (that *once* was

was ſo, I mean) *Francis*, the *French* King, whom he there in his Epiſtle Dedicatory ſtyles the *moſt Chriſtian King*; yet though he therein gave his *own cauſe* and his *own heart* the lie; yet not *altogether* to forget himſelf, and to ſhow he was ſtill *John Calvin*, he threatens him *with the ſtrong hand of the Lord, which ſhall without controverſie come in time, and extend it ſelf armed* (I look'd for that) *both to deliver the poor out of miſery, and to take vengeance on the deſpiſers, which now triumph with ſo great confidence.*

Sure this *great Divine* was a *great Prophet*, or rather he knew well, he had laid in *that Book* ſuch grounds *of* and *for* ſedition, that his *Followers would with ſtrong hand ſtretch forth themſelves to take vengeance*, and call all this ——The hand of the Lord, and *the help of the Lord.*—— Curſe ye Meroz——*to this*, is but the *ſecond part* of the ſame tune.

Some men have had ſuch a Reverence for this ſame *Calvin*, eſpecially being *dead*; O! *de mortuis nil niſi bonum*; that it has been thought as bad as ſacrilege to tell truth of the man.

No man can have greater Reverence to *urns* than I have; nay though a man die or *be hang'd* for his crimes, yet when the *law is ſatisfied* all good men *ought to be ſo*;

But in *haynous murtherers*, Parricides, and Traytours

Traytours the Law is *not ſatisfied* with their deaths, but their *horrid heads* and quarters are ſet up as long as they'l laſt, not to *ſcare crows*, but to *ſcare men* from the like villanies.

There is as great difference therefore betwixt my ſpeaking truth of *Hugh Peters* and *John Calvin*, and betwixt *Father Gray-beards* ſpeaking lies of our glorious Martyrs *Charles* I. and Archbiſhop *Laud*, as betwixt *light* and *darkneſs*, truth and falſhood, honour and infamy, innocence and villany, heaven and hell.

Except bold *Greg.* that aſſaſſinates the Innocence and Honour of theſe ſacred Perſons deceaſed, do likewiſe ſay, that the *Law was not ſatisfied*, except they alſo had been quartered, as well as beheaded; and more I could ſay, but that the grief of my ſoul is ſo great, to think ſuch a bold villain as this *Greg.* ſhould dare *now*, *now* that *his* Son, our Gracious Soveraign is happily return'd, to aſperſe the ſacred memory of *his* Father and *friends* and the *whole Reign*, infamouſly as *can be* ſpoken, in ſaying *againſt them and the Reign*, that it was *wholly deform'd*; and if ſo, *who* is guilty of the *Innocent* blood which thoſe *King-killers* laid to the charge of *our Sovereign* in that unparallel'd *Indictment* againſt him, and Archbiſhop *Laud*; ſure *Gregory Grey-beard* was not far off when that Indictment was drawn up; but I am aſtoniſhd

that

that he dares write thus *now*; or that any *loyal* ſubject of his Majeſties ſhould be jolly, laugh, and rejoyce in *Greg*'s Book; God preſerve his Majeſty from *all Modern Orthodox men*, and from all that *have been* Modern Orthodox men, if they give not *better* proofs of their Repentance and Loyalty, than careſſing and joying in *Father Gray-beards*, or any of the race of *John Calvin*, as great a Scholar and Divine as he is.

The greateſt *ſcholarſhip* that *John Calvin* has left behind him, as a Teſtimonial of his Learning or Rhetorick, is, That *his Inſtitutions* are writ in pretty clean Latine; which ſounds no more to me, nor any ſcholar that I know, as an *argument of learning*, than if they had been writ in clean *French*, *Welſh*, or *Iriſh*.

One language ſignifying *no more of ſcholarſhip* than another; no, though you add the *admired Greek*, and *ever to be admired Hebrew* (a language that no man alive underſtands, nor can attain to) into the bargain.

Languages being nothing elſe but *helps to diſcourſe* with men, or acquaintance with Books, as our occaſions, trade or buſineſs does require.

And a *Calves-head* is *ſtill* a Calves-head, though it have a *neat tongue* in it, whether *Latine* Tongue, *Welſh* Tongue, *Greek* Tongue,

French Tongue, *English* Tongue; or *Hebrew* Tongue; which last though, I say, is not now to be *had* for love nor money; 'tis utterly *lost*, and was so before our Saviour's time; *Mazoreth* it self cannot retreive nor retrench it; nor do we read that the *Holy Ghost* that descended in so many *cloven Tongues*, gave the Disciples *one Hebrew* Tongue amongst them *all*; but that's all one to me.

All that I urge *this* for, is, that *that* clean *Latin* style in which *Calvin's Institutions* is pencill'd, whether by himself or *any other linguist*, it matters not, nor signifies any thing to entitle him or any man else, *A great Scholar*.

But if we may judge of his scholarship by his *Divinity*, 'tis (to say no more) right *Presbyterian*, and *Knox* his own self.

Who, (as *Calvin* made a Religion, fitted only for the *Horizon* of Rebellion, wherein it was born and bred; so) *Knox* that *devilish Rebel*, thought he could not find a fitter for the *Innovations*, *blood*, usurpations, rebellions and confusions, which *he* and the bastard *Murrey*, intended, contrived and brought to pass in *Scotland*, when they imprisoned their lawful *Queen*, threatned her upon pain of death to resign her Crown, which she was *forced* to do, to save her life; with which *Modern* Orthodoxy *Scotland* and afterwards *England*,

England, as well as *other* Countries, has been *disciplin'd*, 'till *weltred* in blood and ruine, as is known by woful experience.

Knox outdoing his Master *Calvin* in nothing, but his new superstition, of the *morality of the Sabbath*, and *Judaizing* therein, not more ridiculously than mischievously; that *whimsie* being one of the *spiritual* and hypocritical *colours*, laid on to *varnish* their *Holy War* and Rebellion in *Scotland* and *England*, to make the *rotten Old Cause flourish* with *that*; which, like their *Preachments*, *Sermons*, and *Lectures*, and *gifted* pharasaical, long, nonsensical *prayers*, are and have been as *mischievous*, I say, as superstitious and unwarrantable; having not so much as the true face, vizor, or form of Godliness, much less the power thereof;

Yet with these they have long *led captive silly men and women*, laden with sins, *subverting whole houses* and Kingdoms, though *they be men of corrupt minds*, *reprobate concerning the faith*; *but* (I hope) *they shall proceed no further*: It concerns all good men, and all that have either religion, peace, estates or consciences, honour or interest in Posterity, to take care to *their utmost* that *they proceed no further*.

I hope, that *even yet* the *Modern Orthodox* men will *consider* these things, and the *evil* of

their ways, as well as *evils* that their ways have lead unto; yet ſome people think, they'l be hang'd before they amend, repent, or recant, they are ſo rooted in pride, ſtony-heartedneſs, and opinion of themſelves, and their ways, though (God knows) they have as *ſmall reaſon* to be *ſelf-conceited*, as ever men had.

I my ſelf can ſhow (and in ſeveral particulars have already ſhown) ſuch a *myſtery of iniquity* amongſt them, and ſuch a *damn'd cheat*, in *what* they moſt *eſpecially* call Religion, that *their Trade* will be quite ſpoyled; yet when they ſee *the hopes of their gain is gone*, they'l rage and rayl, like the *ſilver-ſmiths for their Idol-ſhrines* and *Diana's*, as *Gregory* does at the *Eccleſiaſtical Politician*; but good Mr. *Gregory!* good *Father Gray-beard*, *old Gentleman your Idol ſhall not ſtand long*, as your Brother *Hugh* ſaid upon a more diſmal occaſion.

Gypſees (*ſome ſay*) *do underſtand*
By lines *they* read *in face and hand*,
How long, when, how, where *you may dwell*,
Can every way *your Fortune tell:*
All *theſe myſteries*, *with* their bleſſing,
You have for ſix pence, *or a* leſs thing.
So,——Holder-forth——(*now indeed* licitè
Indulg'd) *cries out*, *friends*——Benedicite:

With

With Canting Terms, cheating Tom Pops;
The silly-women and the Fops;
With both hands stretcht out, open, *to shew*
He plays fair, *and* above-board *to you,*
And never minds your purse, *his* eyes
Looking another *way, to the skies;*
Yet he *shall do the feat compleatly,*
And get into your Pocket neatly,
Not with sleight of hand, *but* tongue,
Merely with a bare Harangue;
(*An* Art, Mol Cut-purse *never tri'd,*
This Art was found out since *she di'd;*)
Telling you stories, that shall fit right
And good, as Nuts to Mother midnight:
All the while, looking in your face,
And telling News *of* Acts of Grace,
Telling Fortunes, Predestinations,
Decrees, Elections, Reprobrations:
(*Of* which, he *no more Truth can tell yee*
Then Gypsies *can, or* William Lilly:)
Peeping into the covered *Ark,*
Construing the Revelations *dark,*
Times hid, *and seasons known to* none,
But to Omniscience alone;
When spiritual *Gypsee* thus *is* at it,
Take my advice, look to thy Pocket.

Right *Preaching's* Catechizing, *And,* Sirs,
Our Saviour went to Questions and Answers,

When he *preach'd to the* Phariſees,
Publicans, *Sinners*, Sadducees,
Nor was his *Auditory vext*,
When he *digreſs'd* oft *from his* Text;
Which, *we ne'r read he took*, *but* once;
And then *ſtraight went* again to Queſtions,
And Anſwers, *called* Catechizing,
Which, *Saints* of old *counted a* wiſe thing.
For this ſame Hour-glaſs canting cheat
Has been invented but of late:
Though it be young, *'tis* Gyant *grown*;
Baffling *all* other *Religion*:
Yet far from enlightning *the mind*,
It rather has made men ſtark blind:
Like Pearl on eye, *'t muſt not be* touch'd:
I wiſh the Cataract *though was* couch'd.
For men by it, *to deeds have run*,
Which Cannibals *by nature ſhun*.
Millions *of Sermons*, Holder-forth *rehearſes*,
Have not ſuch good *in them as* theſe ſix Verſes.

Where are *they*? You'l ſay, *theſe* ſame *ſix Verſes* that are worth millions; *they* are better ſure than *golden* Verſes. If the *near* relation I have to them do not enhance the price and value of them in *my* opinion, by ſome ſelf-intereſt endearances, *The ſix Verſes* are worthy to be writ in *Letters of gold*, on the out-ſide of every Church in the Kingdom, becauſe if *the Sermon therein* contained be but

but *remembred and put in practice*, not one Modern Orthodox man will ſtay without door, or content himſelf with a *bo-peep hearing* at a Church window, but *into* the Church he muſt come, and muſt ſay, that if *theſe ſix verſes be but obſerved*, it will certainly bring *him* and *all men* living to the *kingdom of Heaven*, and bring *peace on earth* and *good will towards men*; nor is it *neceſſary* for any man, *I'l juſtifie it*, to hear *any other* Sermon than *theſe ſix verſes*, ſo that *he practiſe* them; nor can any man go to Hell that *obſerves them*, nor can there be rebellion, robbery, murder, evil-ſpeaking or evil-doing, but by tranſgreſſing *ſome particular* in this Sermon, contain'd in *ſix verſes*.

Some men are ſo phantaſtical and phanatical, that they like and eſteem nothing, but what is *far fetcht* and *dear bought*; *All* the Sermons preacht by Modern Orthodox this thirty years in *England*, I'l maintain it againſt the *beſt* of them, have not been ſo *ſoul-ſaving*, good and *free from all harm*, as this *little Sermon*: indeed ſome people will value *thoſe* more, becauſe they *coſt more* than theſe ſix Verſes you have ſo *cheap*, whilſt the Modern Orthodox mens Sermons coſt ſome people their plate, and monies, and ſome their hearts blood: But *this Sermon* ſhall coſt you nothing, eſteem it not the leſs

for *that*, the worth of it consists not in the *Cabinet* or dress, but in the *Jewels* wrapt up and contained *within* these six Verses, which are the *Iliads* in a Nut-shell, the *Bible in Epitome*, and show the *nearest* way to heaven, and heaven upon earth.

By the Liturgy *learn to pray*;
So *pray, and praise God every day*:
The Apostles Creed *believe also*,
Do *as you would be* done *unto*.
Sacraments *take as well as you can*:
This is the whole duty of man.

And is *this all?* Yes, this is all, and enough to bring thee to peace internal, external, and eternal; peace *in* thy conscience and soul; peace with all *good* men; and peace with *God*, my soul for thine; or, rather believe *not me*, but him that is the *Author* thereof, *Mat.*7.12.

Now do I know what *these Modern* Orthodox men will say, as well as if I were in their bellies; away goes—— to his *Congregation*, calls a *meeting*, sends about Tickets and Messengers throughout the City and Lines of Communication, as at *Caryl's* Funeral, to *assemble the Elders*, and *gather the Churches* to a general *Randevouz* (the *word* is proper enough, for most of them have been *Military* men,

men, *Souldiers* wives & widows, and following their Husbands into *Scotland*, good honeſt *Leaguer-ladies* there) *Holderforth*, that is *beſt* accoutred with mouth and lungs, ſpeaking to this purpoſe. Friends, *we are here gathered together, in the ſight of* —— and *the face of this Congregation to joyn together* (Piſh, piſh, theſe Common-prayer-book Phraſes have put me quite out, and made me quite forget my *old canting* ſtile; hold, try again.) Friends, *Do you ſee, friends*, (I, now I am in and *at it*) as I ſaid before, friends, do ye ſee *this Book?* writ againſt *us*, friends; and againſt *our friends*; and againſt Mr. —— *our friends friend*; by one *E. H.* What is this *E. H?* Oh! (*no*, it it does not ſpell, *Oh*!) ſurely, then ſurely, verily friends, this *E. H.* is one of the race of curſed *Meroz*. He is ſo far from *helping us*, that he has *rob'd*, to his utmoſt *rob'd us*, for ever, friends, even *as I ſaid but now*, friends, *do you ſee?* he has rob'd us in *the firſt place*, of *all* our hopes of Plate, Bodkins, Sack-poſſets, Thimbles and Church-gatherings, friends: Nay, *do ye ſee*, friends? *Secondly*, he has rob'd us of our *Engliſh Bibles*, our dear Engliſh Bibles, and then, you know, as for *our* parts, though I, your ſpeaker, am *ſomewhat aſham'd* to ſay it, yet you all know it to be true, that if he take the *Engliſh* Tranſlation from me and you, he may keep *all the other* to himſelf

if

if he will; it is *all one* to us, as if he had rob'd us, dear friends, of *all the Bibles* in the world, friends.

Thirdly, *do ye see*, friends? he hath rob'd us of our *Sabbaths*, our *fee-annoying* Sabbaths, our *gain-procuring* Sabbaths, our *heart-refreshing* Sabbaths, our *heart-chearly* Sabbaths, and our *spiritual market-day* Sabbaths.

Fourthly, friends, he has rob'd us, *as I said but now*, this same *E. H.* has rob'd us of our *very Sermons*, our dear Sermons.

Nay *fifthly*, friends, he has rob'd us of our *Lectures*, our *Tantlin* Lectures, our *soul-reviving*, our *soul-comforting* Lectures; our *every way profitable*, and *gain-procuring* Lectures, our *enemies confounding* Lectures, those *soul-ravishing* opportunities, of *you* especially dear *sisters*, *dear hearts*.

Sixthly, friends, what shall I say? friends, moreover, *do ye see*, he has stript us *naked*, left not a *fig-leafe* upon poor Modern Orthodoxy, but has rob'd us *even*, *as I may so say*, and with *reverense be it spoken*, this *E. H.* has rob'd us of our *very Prayers*; making *nothing* of them but an impudent Harangue, Pharisaical, Nonsensical, and (what *shall I call?*) Hypocritical.

Seventhly, More than *all this*, friends; he makes *us*, friends; *us*, I say *us*; he makes *us* that have been esteemed, in *our own* and

other

other mens accounts, the *godly Party*, to be the moſt treacherous, cheating, lying, bloody, malicious, envious, ſplenetick, ſlanderous, deceiful, diſſembling, covetous, rapacious, and damnable villains, that ever the earth groaned under; and ſays, He has trod upon many parts of the earth, but no ſuch wretches are to be found amongſt *Jews*, *Turks*, *Pagans*, and other men, with hard names, *Cannibals*, *King-killers*, and *man-eaters*; ſure this *E. H.* is *no Gentleman*, becauſe he has not a *Gentlemans memory*, as Brother M—— moſt gravely hints: that *wicked clowns* ſhould remember theſe things, friends.

Eighthly, Moreover, friends, *he* ſays, this *wicked he*, this *E. H.* friends, ſays that *Paul* ſeems to *mean us*, above *all* mankind, when he propheſies, 2 *Tim.* 3. 1. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. That in the *laſt days perilous times ſhall come*, *and* men ſhall be *juſt ſuch* men and women, as *you and I* are, and all of *us*, friends, and *all our* friends there pourtrayed, as if the Apoſtle *had an eye* upon us, friends, when he did *draw our Picture* there, ſo to the very life, as if it had been made for the very nonce, friends, and *on purpoſe* for us, friends, *do ye ſee*! it does ſo *fit* us, friends.

Ninthly, he robs us of what I thought the whole world could not have rob'd us of, friends,

friends, he robs us of our *very pretences*, our dear pretences, our very vizors and masks, our very *forms and faces* of godlineſs, mark that friends, do you ſee? we cannot keep a *maſk* for him; this ſame *E. H.* will not allow them to be ſo much as masks, true forms, nor faces of godlineſs, nor ſo much as *like* the primitive face of Goſpel-holineſs; adviſe and conſult dear friends, what we ſhall do for our masks, and our vizors of holnieſs; how ſhall we *look*, when we ſhall not have ſo much as *Jezabel* had to paint with? with *what face* can we call our *late happy times* the *times of Reformation* and *Goſpel days*, when it will not be allowed that they were ſo much as the reſemblance or *likeneſs* of Goſpel-days, & Goſpel-worſhip? *our* forementioned attainments, friends, *wherein* through *mercy* we get glory, muſt not *now* be admitted to ſerve for ſo much as a vizor, a mask, a cloak of Religion: nay, he makes the very cloak, friends, the *cloak at Troas*, to be no more *canonical*, than a *Gown* or *Caſſock*: theſe are *heart-piercing* and *heart-breaking* diſcouragements, friends, *what will become of us*?

Tenthly, Beloved, *And is it ſo*? Then the *uſe* we ſhould make of all, ſhould be to begin with *an uſe of enquiry*, who this ſame *E. H.* is? that we may *blacken* him, friends, as brother *Harriſon* ſaid upon *another* occaſion,

caſion, I ſay friends, we muſt *blacken* him, *blacken*, I am ſure muſt be the word.

Eleventhly, friends, *further* enquire, *How* ſhall we blacken him? was not the father of this *E. H.* ſome *Jeſuit*? and his mother a Strumpet? was not the whore-ſon born at *Tripoly*? and one of the three that came over in four Ships? Has he not a *mole above* his chin? and another *on* his left knee? enquire after that friends; *if it be ſo*, then Beloved, our friend and *cauſe-advancing* Brother, *William Lilly* will tell us, that *there is no dealing with him*, eſpecially if this *E. H.* was born as *I hear he was*, in the *very ſame year* and *month* with *Charles* II. before *whom we have begun to fall*; and then, I muſt tell you friends, I that am your Prophet muſt then tell you, dear friends, with a *ſad* heart, (as the *wiſe men* and *Zereſh his wife* told *Haman*,) that *then we ſhall never prevail againſt him*, but *ſhall ſurely fall before him.*

Twelfthly, Again *enquire* and ſeek out from among your ſelves in this nation and *Common-wealth*, as I may *ſo call it*, friends, *among our ſelves*, *friends*, here's none here, I hope, but friends; I ſay, enquire and ſeek out for a *Common-wealths man*, and a modern Orthodox man, for ſome brother *well gifted*, to defend us, and *our Holineſs*, which *E. H.* makes a *nothingneſs*; nay, not *worth a Louſe*,

as

as being neither ſo uſeful, vertuous, nor ſo *hard to be acquired*, eſpecially in *ſome Countries*, enquire therefore for ſome man amongſt us that may endeavour to *weaken* at leaſt *the Authority of his Letter*, and be ſure to *blacken* him.

Thirteenthly, Friends, I think, (*I only give you my advice, but*) in mine opinion, there is not of *our Party*, any ſo well qualified to deal with him as *J. O.* if *He* be not too much *out of credit* already; or rather, what think you of brother *Wild*, he has ſome cauſe to be nettled, and therefore will the more readily *undertake* this *E. H.* who has *taken him up* already, a little ſmartly; and indeed *all of us* that were at brother *Caryl*'s Funeral, I think we had as good have ſtaid at home; Friends, yet *ſince it is, as it is*, friends, *as I ſaid but now*, there is none of us have ſo much wit for the work as our brother *Wild*, but the miſchief on't is, *this drink*, by this drink, friends, *by this vile beaſtly drinking*, friends, brother *Wild* has now made his brains as *foul and ſlubberly* with his *Guzling* as are the *fore-ſkirts* of his doublet; what *therefore* ſhall we do? dear friends!

Fourteenthly, enquire *ſtill* I ſay, friends, I am upon the *uſe of enquiry*, whether or no, it will not be our wiſeſt courſe to *ſit ſtill*, and never offer at an anſwer to this Letter from

E. H.

E. H. who, I perceive, is a *merry man*, and would joy in another opportunity to make us *more* ridiculous, a ſcorn and a Proverb; now that his *hand is in*, I wiſh it was off.

Yet *Fifteenthly*, Beloved, ſince this *E. H.* has rob'd us alſo, (which I had *almoſt forgot*,) of that *never to be forgotten Good Old Cauſe*, mark that, friends, *that Cauſe*, I ſay, which we have *fought for*, *over head and ears*, *reſiſting even to blood*, dear friends; and ſince this *E. H.* has made it an *old rotten Cauſe*, that *ſtinks above ground*, ſaving *your preſence*, friends; *Therefore*, I ſay, *therefore* ſome courſe or other muſt be taken to anſwer him, if it be but *for the Cauſe ſake*, which now, with *modern Orthodoxy* lies (it would pity ones heart to ſee it, friends, thus lie) a *gaſping*.

Sixteenthly, What think you friends; I only propoſe it; what think you of making *another Gathering* among the Churches for our friend —— The Author of *The Rebearſal Tranſpros'd*, to chear up his drooping ſpirits, for I hear he is *crop-ſick*, and his ſpirit, like *Nabal's*, almoſt *dead within him*; but a little encouragement from you, I only give you my thoughts, would perhaps make him ſtill get ſome *more Ink and Elbow grieſe*, and ſpend it *briskly* once more *in behalf of modern Orthodoxy*, and the *Good Old Cauſe*; which, though he ſays, is now *too good to be fought for*,

for, (be not angry at him, friends, for he means no harm *to us*, nor *it*, ſo long as he does not think it a Cauſe *too good to be writ for*, ſo he do but vindicate it the *ſecond* time with his *pen*, we expect no more from *ſuch white-livers*; let *us alone* to vindicate it with the *Pike*.

Seventeenthly, and laſtly, Beloved, *one uſe* more and I have done, it is an *uſe of Exhortation*; you have heard what *E. H. has* done in robbing us, and making us *naked and bare*; you have alſo heard *ſeveral enquiries*, what may be thought fit *to be done* in our defence, which I leave, friends, *to your conſideration*: which if you think uſeleſs, fruitleſs, goodleſs, and purpoſeleſs; then in the *laſt place* let me *exhort* you *never to repent* as long as you live, let them ſay what they will, or laugh their hearts out. *Repent*! *and recant*! *that* would be *pretty indeed*, that would be as much as to *confeſs* this *Indictment*, and acknowledge our ſelves to have *been guilty* of all the innocent blood ſhed in theſe nations, Royal blood and all; and alſo to acknowledge that brother *Oliver* deceaſed had no *Right* to *White-Hall*, nor *we* to the *reſt* of the *Kings-Lands*, *Biſhops-Lands*, *Lords-Lands*, & *Gentlemans-Lands*, ſequeſtred & ſold to *us* in *thoſe happy Goſpel times*: the very thoughts *wherof*, (friends, *do you ſee?*) makes me weep, ſo that my *eyes dropping* ſo faſt

faſt, my words can no longer *drop as the rain*, I'll *ſob* out a little more though in the concluſion of this ſo *neceſſary uſe* of Exhortation, namely, that you would, friends, abhorr *this Book*, or *this Letter*, call it what you will, from *E. H.* ſo that you abhorr it as much as the *Apocrypha*, or as the *Tabernacle of a Robber*, or as that *lewd womans houſe* you read of, *avoid it*, *paſs not by it*, *turn from it*, and *paſs away*, for there are *charms* in it, I *ſpeak mine own experiences*, there are charms in *that* Book, that will *force your wills*, ('tis ſtrange!) *to be ruled* by your underſtandings, (and then *farewel blind zeal* for ever;) & if you do but read and conſider what he ſays, there are charms to make you believe all he ſays to be true, in ſpight of your teeth; he has ſpoil'd us *many a good* Sermon, *wherein* we uſe to inveigh againſt the *Croſs* in Baptiſm, and againſt Baptiſm of any, until they be *taught*, and againſt *kneeling* at the Sacrament: having given us a ſpiteful *Go-by*, which I never heard of before; calling it the *Croſs after* Baptiſm, as if the Church of *England* held Baptiſm ſufficient *without* it, and *before* it be uſed: and alſo *denying*, (which we know not how to help,) that Teaching goes before Baptizing in the words of the Commiſſion, aſſerting that Chriſt commands his Diſciples, to make Diſciples by baptizing

them in the Name of the Father, &c. and then ſays, in the following verſe comes in Teaching, time enough. And then for kneeling at the Sacrament of the Lords Suppper, he ſays it is as eaſie to prove it the poſture of Chriſt and his Apoſtles, as is ſitting, lolling, lying, ſtanding or walking; making no matter which, ſo there be decency and and order, friends; ſaying there is no more Ceremony in kneeling then, than at any other Devotion; nor more a Ceremony than when the *Quakers* in token of Reſpect, Love and Reverence when they meet, wring one another by the hands; but we know, friends, the *Quakers* are the ſillieſt and moſt fooliſh Sect that ever was in the world, for denying all Ceremonies, becauſe it is impoſſible, whileſt we have bodies and are in the fleſh, but we muſt uſe ſome poſture or other of body, when we are at our Devotions; and one poſture is as much a Ceremony as another: and alſo we muſt needs be covered with ſome veſts, or veſtments, when we are at our Devotions, except we meet naked; at which the women laughing, he concludes.

Thus have I conſtrain'd my ſelf thus long into a ſnivelling Cant, to ſhew thoſe that never came at a Conventicle, what Comments, (I am ſure,) will be made of my Letter; though I proteſt I have not writ a

ſyllable

ſyllable in it, whether jeſt or earneſt, but in a ſober, true-hearted deſign for the good of thoſe poor ſouls, bejugled and cheated of their Eſtates and more precious ſouls by modern Orthodoxy, carried on to the ruine of Kingdoms by Spiritual Gypſies, Fidlers & Juglers that wander all the Kingdom over, ſeeking whom they may devour and make a prize and booty of; and if I were a Lawyer, I think, I could find Law enough againſt them, and bring them, for all their ſhifts & *Legerdemains*, within the compaſs of the Statutes againſt Vagrants, Fidlers, Juglers and cheaters, if not Wolves, though in Sheeps cloathing.

And I have manifeſted more true love in this Letter to beguiled and unſtable ſouls, than he does that picks their pocket.

Such I mean, as *Hugh Peters*, of whom they have had as good an opinion, as they now have of any of their precious, godly men, who can ſcarce hold from laughing, (as *Hugh Peters* did,) to ſee how ſoon the poor fools and their moneys were parted.

Of which precious ſnivelling, whining chapmen, if any be ſo fool-hardy as to plead for their *Baal's* and *Diana's*, here defyed; let him but put his name to what he writes, and I'll promiſe him I'll tell him if he deſire it, what E. *H.* (at the end of this Letter ſubſcrib'd) does ſignifie, and who claims

that name, which those Letters here stand for; because I'll justifie every word I write; and I would also beg of such an one, (if at least such an one there be, so daring as to defend Modern Orthodoxy, whose admirers did use to expose themselves in Print as readily as ridiculously, and as pertly, as malepertly,) that he would place his words, as right as that disorderly scribling Tribe of *Adoniram* use to do; and let me not have one such tempting word, as *Trinkles*, *Tuants*, *Unhoopable* jurisdiction, or *ferreting upon the stage*, and the like to sport with; as he loves me, my ease, my quiet and repose.

Lest complaint be made by those of the Kings and Dukes Play-house, that, for less money, to their great hinderance and want of custom, we entertain men in Afternoons, with our Repartees, till it be grown almost as good as a Play; as Father *Gregory* phrases it *p.* 35. very jocundly.

Gregory himself allows a man *once in his life to change his Party*, *p.* 91. for which I could almost approve one thing he says; and indeed otherwise he would have condemn'd S. *Paul* and all mankind, who are born with their backs heaven-ward; but when he says, they may change sides either for safety or preferment, he discovers the low, beggarly and ignoble principles that act him; 'tis *Greg.* like,

like, *Gregories* own ſelf, for ſo he came to be an *executioner*, either *for ſafety* (to ſave his own neck from the Gallows) or for *Preferment* to ſo high an Office.

Come take my advice *Greg.* learn at laſt to be more wiſe, and leave this ſcribling, to which *your ſtars* are averſe; and becauſe I am in the *counſelling* humour, I *alſo* adviſe you, (better late thrive than never) abjure this villanous game *Picquet*, which you ſay, *you but lately learned*; haunt not the company of *Lincoln Dignitaries*, nor thoſe rooking *Ordinaries*, where you ſay you were *chouc'd when you play'd pieces*, for fear that though you never have grace to repent and return from *Oliverian* Orthodoxy, yet it is *more than an even lay*, that ſuch lewd courſes will in ſpight of your purſe, make you a *turn-Coat*, a *Profeſſion* that I was never ſo needy & threadbare to be of; for my *Buff-coat*, though turn'd two or three times, will ſcarcely make ſo neat a Caſſock, as I now wear, though the *Kings Taylor* himſelf take it in hand; *Modern* Orthodoxy, under which I was *born and bred*, and to which I was *childiſhly* led, being now abhorred by me, through more *ingenuous* & *generous* principles, than either *ſafety* or *preferment*. *Neither* of which was *either deſign'd*, obtain'd, or *like to be* obtain'd in *the change* by me, who could, if I had liſted to have been *ſo baſe*,

have *pickt the peoples pockets*, with canting *long ſnivelling ſermons*, as *cleaverly* as the *beſt* of them, with many *thanks for my great pains* therein, beſides *applauſe and renown* too into the bargain *alive and dead*: whereas the party I own, is of *another Cue*, and Preferments, *deſign'd* by our noble Anceſtors with a liberal hand to men of *moſt merit*, being *byaſs'd* many times with *little Picques* and ſelf-intereſt, run right upon the *Jack*, that if he *paid* not for it before he had it *delivered*, yet paid dearer for it by marrying couſin *Abigail*, or blear-ey'd *Leah* our daughter: whereas *more ſafety and preferment* (as the Non-*conformiſts* know well) flowes plentiful upon the *Oliverian Orthodox*, whilſt the *truly Orthodox* Clergy fall *into contempt* univerſal, and by reaſon of *envy* to ſome of the *Great Ones*, and *ſcorn* to ſuch as are too deſervedly *deſpicable* amongſt the Clergy, very few men do *cordially* concern themſelves therein.

Enough to *deter* men from thoſe ſo *little plauſible* Truths, which I have own'd in this Letter, with ſuch candor and freedom, according to that Primitive Orthodoxy of our Saviour, the Apoſtles, the Primitive Church, and the preſent Church of *England*, if they durſt ſpeak out, for fear of being houted at with ſuch as *Greg.* and ſcurrilous companions of *Oliverian* Orthodoxy; who hang together

ther on one ſtring, ſtand by, defend, and encourage one another by gifts and preferments, too ſtrong temptations for narrow and degenerous ſouls to reſiſt, thereby betraying *diſcountenanc'd* Truths;

Whilſt on the other hand and party, men are ſo unconcern'd in any thing but private intereſt and little picques, that a deſpiſed truth may go a begging for all them, let the Church and Truth ſink or ſwim, they'l ſave one, little conſidering that neither their private *Cargo*'s nor *themſelves* can poſſibly be ſafe in a *wrack*.

Which this Kingdom and Church has ſuffered lately *already* by a rebellion *countenanc'd and vouch'd* by *Goſpel*-diſcoveries, in their *Lectures*, *Preachments*, *raſh Prayers*, called blaſphemouſly, *gifts of the holy Ghoſt*, all which I have proved to be *no gifts*, otherwiſe than as *Phyſicians* call their Medicines *doſes*, gifts; yet men *pay dear* enough for theſe *doſes*, and ſo have theſe *doſes*, if they be *gifts*, coſt theſe Kingdoms *dear*, even their *beſt heart blood*; God keep us from *their doſes*, and the *Jewiſh thraldom* of *ſabbathizing*, by which Hypocritically and Phariſaically they *impropriated* a day from *works of mercy*, that they might have *more leiſure* to ſell their *doſes* or gifts, as they falſly call them, helping themſelves at once with *a market day*, on which

they may *sell at leasure* all their Apostate wares and Impostures; and perhaps sell the *same wares* two or *three* or *four* times on the *same market-day*, *first* in a Morning Lecture at *one* Church, in a *fore-noon* Sermon at *another* Congregation, in an *after-noon Sermon* at *another place*; and then *fourthly and lastly*, a *Crambe Repetition* of the *same* Sermon, though pitiful ware, God knows, as ever cost *so dear*, having *been paid for* dear enough in conscience, at the *first part* of the day, when it was expos'd to sale in the *morning* Lecture.

And also this *Superstitious Sabbathizing* (though contrary to *all* the reformed Churches in the world, and *all Christendom*, whether they follow the *Greek*, *Muscovian*, *Roman*, *Lutheran*, or *Calvinian* Churches, yet) here in *England* alone admired by these *Modern Orthodox*, partly for their *gain-sake*, partly for *pride-sake*, glorying and braving their betters with that *silly superstitious vizor* of Religion; but making *more damnable* use of it, by *arming the people*, bejuggled with their pretences of *serving the Lord* in their *care of the Lords day* against the *King* and *Church*, that (hating to lay *greater yokes & burdens upon the necks of the disciples*, than Christ, the Apostles, Primitive Church and all Christendom does impose) *proclaim'd* that due liberty, to which Christ

Chriſt had *ſet us free* by aboliſhing that *Type Sabbathical* (both *weekly* and *yearly* Sabbaths) amongſt other *hand-writings of Ordinances* Ceremonial *that were againſt us.*

Yet theſe *Modern Orthodox men*, fairly *pretending for God*, and preaching up *his day*, though *ſuperſtitiouſly* and Ceremoniouſly, Jewiſhly, Phariſaically and Hypocritically, made the ſilly people believe all was *gold* that they made to *gliſter*, and *nothing* could be *ſuperſtitious* which they *cry'd up*, who uſed to *cry down* ſuperſtition with a filthy *wide* mouth; and *as wide* from Truth, Scripture, Right Reaſon, as Heaven is from Hell, or Truth from falſhood.

This *Jewiſh ſuperſtitious Sabbatbizing* then furniſht them with *one whole day* in a week to *vend their wares*, and get gain; (though afterward their *inſatiable* greedineſs got them *week-day Lectures* too) *alſo* furniſht them with a *new cloak* of Holineſs to cover their knavery, rebellion, jugglings, pride, covetouſneſs and ſchiſm; and *alſo* furniſht them with an *Artillery of men and arms*, with adjutant ſupplies of money to boot, to fight againſt the King and Church, and fill the whole Land with blood and ruine, *fighting for ſuperſtition under the colours of holineſs*, and the Lords day; and all that oppoſe them herein, muſt needs be fighters againſt God, and prophane.

Which

Which opinion of the people is ſtill *ſo ſettled* in them, and ſo *little hopes* there is, that they will be capable of better information, and ſo *little thanks* (however) for the pains; (*unpleaſant* truths being never *ſo welcome* as *pleaſing errours* and ſuperſtitions;) that I *once* reſolv'd (with the old *Politick Monk*, *ſinere rts vadere vt vadunt*) to let people think and do what they would for all me.

But when I conſider'd the *miſchief* that this *Jewiſh ſuperſtition* alone has occaſion'd in the Kingdom, and that either King, Church and Kingdom muſt deny *their own light* and knowledge, and thus *Judaize*, or elſe there is a *weapon* always at *hand* ready for the Modern Orthodox *plauſibly to aſſault* again our Peace upon all occaſions; and till mutiny be ripe, there is in *the interim* a ſufficient calumny always ready, by *way of preparation* thereunto, wherewith to reproach the King and Church as *debauch'd in principles* and practices prophane, when if *the truth* was but *known*, and the queſtion determined, the *prophaneneſs* muſt lye, where the *ſuperſtition* lyes; yet if *Greg.* had not hinted it in reproach to Biſhop *Bramhall*, I had not medled with it *now*, though I *bleſs God* for the occaſion, and that he has put ſo much courage and honeſty in my mind, as to ſtudy more to get my Country-men *good*, by *avowing* the Truth, than

to

to get their *good wills*, by *betraying* Truth, through ſlaviſh and baſe deſigns of *applauſe* and *profit*, againſt *both which* as to mine own particular affairs I now ſpeak in this particular concern for Truth, as you (knowing my Profeſſion ſo well) do very well know. And I am afraid *ſome* of the *Clergy* of the Church of *England* will give me little thanks for ſome paſſages, and a hundred to one if ſome *little pert Gentleman* do not briskly ſtand up and ſay, *You*! with your *Sermon of ſix verſes*, which *you commend* ſo highly to the skies, as that which alone will carry a man to heaven, if he do but *practiſe* that Sermon, (then he follows me on with *Latine* ſentences —— *Laus proprio ſordet in ore* —— &c.) And muſt *we burn* all our *Sermon-notes*? Four or five hundred Sermons I have *now by me* of mine own making, at leaſt *tranſcrib'd* all with mine own hand; and ſome I intend for the *Preſs*, ſome to *dedicate* to the Right Worſhipful my Patron that *gave me* this Living: *ſome* of the *better* ſort to the *Right Honourable* my Patron (I hope) *that ſhall be*, in giving me a *better* Living. And do you think I will loſe the *opportunities* of publiſhing my thankfulneſs to one Patron for the Living *I have*, and of procuring my ſelf a *better* Living by the *Simony of Praiſes*, a whole page full, in an Epiſtle *Dedicatory* to my *Patron* that

that *ſhall be, I hope*; you, *with your ſix verſes*, what do you ſay *to theſe things*? beſides, I owe you an old grudge for the *market-day* you ſpeak of a little too *ſlightly* by your favour, Sir, as if we of the Church of *England* too made an *advantage* of that *ſuperſtition* by *Morning* Lectures, and *fore and after noon* Sermons and *Repetitions*, beſides *week-day Lectures*; and *all theſe* perhaps but *one and the ſame* Harangue ſold *often* after *it was paid for* fairly and *delivered*, *in the preſence* of many witneſſes; I muſt tell you, Sir, you are another *Bayes*, you *kill friend and foe*, *Hungary*, *Tranſylvania*, &c. all *Scotland*, and a *great part* of the *Church of England*; beſides, Sir, whilſt I have a *Hebrew tongue* in my head, I muſt *ſpeak* in the behalf of *Hebrew*, a tongue it ſeems (you ſay) *you* underſtand not, nor *any* body elſe, taking meaſures of *others* by your *own ſhorter* ſcantlings; *that* would be a *pretty jeſt indeed*, what is *Hebrew tongue nothing* with you, Sir? I have ſpent my money and my pains finely indeed, and Mr —— the old *Hebrew Profeſſor* that has had many a *fair piece*, beſides *collations at my chamber* for reading Hebrew to me; the *Mazoreth notes* and all, you make *nothing of*, nor of the *Jewiſh Univerſity* at *Tyberias*, in *Fa* this is fine, very fine, *very fine indeed*; and all this, becauſe one *Voſſius* prefers *the Septuagint*, as (he ſays)

Chriſt

Chriſt and his Apoſtles did, before the *Hebrew Text*, or Tongue, which you ſay of all Tongues (at the gift of Tongues) was neglected as a Language *loſt* and *needleſs*, as not being the *Mother Tongue* of any people in the World, ſince the *irrecoverable* Captivity of *Iſrael and Judah* into *Babylon*: *What do you ſay to theſe things* E. H?

I will ſay, noble Sir, nothing with a good will to offend your Meſſhip, your Priſcianſhip, your Pedantſhip. *Come on, I'le try your ſcholarſhip preſently; I'le poſe you, in the firſt place, can you form τύπτω, or amo?* No. *Ha, ha, he, I knew what a Scholar you were: Can you cap Verſes?* No. I am no Po—— *It ſeems then you want a Hebrew Tongue?* No. I ſay, no, ſtill. *Then you have a Hebrew Tongue in your head*: No, neither. *Then you would ſurely take my Hebrew Tongue away, would you?* No. I long for no ſuch Tongue, much good may it do you; but for my part, I ſay, hang it, 'tis dry meat, when all's done. *But I mean, you ſay to my Hebrew Tongue, Tongue thou lieſt, thou lieſt in the Throat.* Yes, that I do ſay, where elſe ſhould it lie but in the Throat. *I mean, you deny all Hebrew Tongues, Hebrew Texts, and Hebrew Jews.* No. I do not deny but there may be one *Hebrew Jew*, for Father *Gregory* tells us of one at *Malmsbury*, but excepting that one, not yet ſix moneths old, I

ſay,

ſay again there is *not one more* Hebrew Jew that I know of in the world; if by *Hebrew Jews* you mean Jews that *Vernacly ſpeak Hebrew*; or that do certainly underſtand it. *Did you ever converſe among the Jews?* Yes, as far from this place as is *Hieruſalem* and the Land of *Jury*, and much further off. *And are not thoſe Jews Hebrews? I mean do they not underſtand Hebrew?* No, no otherwiſe than as you and I underſtand it; ſome of their Levites have a little inſight into the *Maſoreth* notes and rules of canting that Lauguage: Their Univerſity at *Tyberias*, to make ſome little ſhew that there is, or at leaſt was ſuch a Nation undiſperſed, invented thoſe *Maſoreth* notes, to give ſome light to that dark language, but thereby they have only of that Tongue made any thing rather than any thing certain; and to this day the Jews own the *Chaldee Paraphraſe* eſpecially; invented about our Saviour's Time; By *Onkelos* for the *Pentateuch*; and for the *Prophets* great and ſmall, by *Jonathan*; on whoſe paper, whilſt he was writing it, if a fly chanc'd to light caſually, fire from Heaven came immediately to conſume her, the *Rabbins* ſay.

Had the Jews no Chaldee Paraphraſe before that time? Yes, *Eſdras*, who firſt reduc'd the Old Teſtament into the Canon, as we have it now, immediatly after the Return from Babyloniſh

byloniſh Captivity, turn'd the Old Teſtament into *Syriack*, but for your *Hebrew Text*, *that*, as a great ſecret, was only known to the Prieſts, who expounded all to the People from the *Syriack* or *Chaldee*, *Nehem.* 8. 7, 8.

Why, is Syriack and Chaldee all one? Yes, I think ſo, differing only in Dialect, as did alſo the Antiochian or Maronites pronunciation, the Galilean, and Hieruſalem Dialects; which yet were all one Babyloniſh Tongue, honoured by being the Mother-Tongue to our bleſſed Saviour (when in the fleſh) as alſo to the Apoſtles; all theſe Dialects differing only as *Scotch*, *Yorkſhire*, *Devonſhire*, and *Kentiſh* pronunciations amongſt us; or as the *Dorick*, *Ionick*, *Æolick*, &c. among the *Greeks*.

But, I ſay ſtill; did not Adam ſpeak Hebrew? I do not remember, it is a great while ago, but I think he did not; the Learned *Grotius* ſays, that that Language which *Adam* and all the world ſpake 3400 years together, before the confuſion of Tongues at *Babel*, was indeed one Language, but it is now loſt, and diſpers'd amongſt all Languages, dividing that Primitive Tongue to every Nation a piece, till it had never a bit left for it ſelf; and no matter, it laſted long enough in all conſcience for one Tongue; without a miracle no one Tongue can be epidemical and univerſal 100 years together, different climates

tnates will make different pronunciations: *Engliſh* and *Dutch* was the ſame Tongue in our Forefathers the *Saxons*, we ſcarce underſtand *Chaucer*'s Engliſh, nor do the *Dutch* born in *England* readily underſtand the *Dutch* ſpoken in the Netherlands, and yet can ſpeak a Language which they themſelves call *Dutch* here in *England* amongſt themſelves.

Do not the Jews at this day make moſt uſe of the Hebrew text of the Old Teſtament? No. Our Saviour, the Apoſtles and all the Jews in that time admired moſt, and made moſt uſe of the Septuagint, which was given (ſay ſome) by divine Inſpiration; however, though the autographical Copy (laid up carefully in that famous Library of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus*, (who ſet the 70 to work) when, in *Julius Cæſar*'s time (half a hundred years before our Saviours time) was burnt at *Alexandria* with all the reſt of that glorious Library, yet the Apographical Copies were taken for the moſt certain and authentick Text of the Old Teſtament, and therefore quoted upon all occaſions by Chriſt and his Apoſtles, ſometimes in places differing from the Hebrew Text, as we have it, there being thirteen ſignal variations betwixt them; the Chaldee Paraphraſe not then having obtain'd that due credit it now has got; and the *Hieruſalem Targum*, invented about 1500 years

years ago; and the *Megilloth Targum*, not above 1200 years ago, all in *Syriack*, and now generally owned by the Jews, all of them at this day?

But were not the Talmuds both of them writ in Hebrew, the Phariſees ſaying they were delivered unto Moſes *upon mount Sinai with the Law?* No, They were the Invention of R. *Jehuda*, ſirnamed for his holineſs, *Hakkadoſh*; but in the *Chaldee* Tongue, and as ſpurious and adulterate rejected by our Saviour.

Which do you think is the moſt Authentick Apographical Copy of the Septuagint, the Vatican or Alexandrian? Much alike; yet the Alexandrian is uſually preferred; we call it the *King's Manuſcript*, becauſe it was ſent to our King from *Conſtantinople* by *Cyril Lucaris* Patriarch there, and brought with him as a famous monument from *Alexandria* where he was Patriarch till advanc'd to the higher dignity, the Patriarchat of *Conſtantinople*; from whence our Leiger Ambaſſadour there Sir *Thomas Roe* ſent it to our King.

The Greek Church heard of no other Bible but this Septuagint 400 years after Chriſt, when St. *Hierom* firſt divulg'd commonly the Hebrew Text; at which the *African* Biſhops, St. *Auguſtine* eſpecially was ſo offended, that he interdicted that Hebrew Bible, as did alſo the Greek Biſhops; which

forc'd St. *Hierom l.* 2. *cont. Ruffinum*; *& in Præf. ad* 2 *Chron.* to beg their pardon, saying, he had no design by that Promulgation, to confront the sacred Septuagint.

And for my part, I think (if you will not be angry) that the *Vulgar Latin* is a more certain Interpreter, and as old (I believe) as since the times of the Apostles, being writ by them, or some of their Disciples for the use of the *Church of Rome*, *to whom St. Paul* writ an Epistle; and even *Beza*, as well as *Grotius* acknowledges it, so much the more credibly authentick for that *old* as well as *odd* Latine in which it gloried, before St. *Hierom's* time.

For he indeed pretended to amend and correct it by putting forth another Latine Translation, concordant, as to the Old Testament, with his Hebrew Text, encouraged thereunto by Pope *Damasus*, and both his Latine Version and the old Vulgar Latine were confirmed by *Gregory* the Great: But because they made a distraction in the Church, they were by the Authority as well as pains of *Clement* 8. concorporated, and now are known by the old name; (given before St. *Hierom* was born) The Vulgar Latine: *To which* Learned men I'le assure you give a great deal of Credit and Reverence; therein consenting with *Baronius*, *Bonfrerius*, *Serra-*

rius,

rius, &c. though they differ in other matters.

But I ſpeak of my Hebrew Tongue, now that it is minded by the Univerſity at Tiberias, the Maſoreth: What ſay you to that? I ſay nothing to it, I told you before, I love no Tongues when the goodneſs is quite dry'd out of them, I value them no more than a chip, though for want of better accommodation they uſually ſerve ſome vain People to make a ſhow with, thinking they are better than nothing, if you will believe a grave and learned Authour called *Hudibras*.

For Hebrew Roots, although th' are found
To flouriſh moſt in barren Ground, &c.

Be not offended Sir, I do not think you Sir, nor a thouſand more ſuch Hebrew bablers as your ſelf are, at all concern'd in the Sarcaſme; you carry Hebrew only a little at the tip, and *Tongues end*; they are no ſmall fools, I can tell you, that can produce the *Roots* of that Tongue.

What Language ſpoke our Saviour? Only one, the *Syriack*, or *Babyloniſh*, his Mother Tongue according to the fleſh; though as God he underſtood all Languages and things; but he never travell'd, during his Incarnation, out of the Nation and Language wherein he was born, that we read of. *When our Savi-*

our and the Apoſtles quoted Scripture out of the Old Teſtament, did they not follow the Hebrew Text? No certainly, but the Septuagint, as 'tis evident: Nor was the Old Teſtament compos'd into a Canon, as we have it, until *Eſdras* firſt did it, after the Captivity: And the *Samaritans* own no Scripture to this day, nor in our Saviours time, but the *Pentateuch*; the minor *Prophets*, as we have them, not till *Eſdras* his time compos'd as now; and ſome of the Holy Scripture is yet quite loſt to us, namely the Prophecies of the Prophets, *Iddo*, *Nathan*, *Shemajah*, &c. Beſides moſt part of the Prophecie of *Daniel* was writ in Chaldee; ſo alſo *Ezra chap.* 4. and ſome other Parts of Holy Scripture, that I liſt not here to recite: And St. *Auguſtine l.* 18. *c.* 13. *de civit. Dei.* tells us, the Grecian Chriſtians knew not in his time whether there were any other ſacred Original but the Septuagint.

Happily made more intelligible, if not more legible, by the concurrent Teſtimonies of ſacred Apographical Verſions and Copies, *Syriack*, *Armenian*, *Indian*, *Vulgar Latine*, *Æthiopick*, and the Mungrel Tongue *Coptick*, partly *Greek*, partly Old *Ægyptian*; (as to ſome Books of the Bible, *Perſian*) *Chaldee* Paraphraſe; by the Providence of Almighty God, and the indefatigable pains of Learned men preſerved and collected, namely,

namely, St. *Hierom*, *Cyril*, *Euſebius*, and *Pamphilus*, *Mercer*, *Buxtorf*, *Sixtus Senenſis*, *Pradus*, *Nobilius Flaminius*, *Abbas Apollinarius*, *Stephanus*, *Vilalpandus*, *Azorius*, *Simon de Muis*, *Lindanus*, *Kircher*, *Caſaubon*, *Bochartus*, *Uſherus*, *Fullerus*, *Eraſmus*, *Grotius*, *Beza*, *Morinus*, *Breerwood*, *Vatablus*, *Munſter*, *Hutter*, *Junius*, *Fabritius*, *Boderianus*, *Maſius*, above all Cardinal *Ximenius* the *Toletan* Primate, for the firſt great *Polyglot* Bible, enlarged by *Arias Montanus* at the charge of *Philip* King of *Spain*, commonly called, the King of *Spain*'s Bible; but augmented ſince by the *Pariſian* Bible, at the coſt and care of *Michael de Jay*; and now all of them outvied by the Late *Polyglot Bible* Printed at *London* with as incomparable profit as pains.

But do we not find the old Hebrew Tongue in thoſe Bibles? Yes; Yes; But that which is rather conſtrued by comparing with other Languages more certain and better known; eſpecially ſince the old Hebrew that had anciently but three Letters that ſtood for Vowels, we may now make a noſe of wax of an old Hebrew word, now that we have got a Baker's dozen of Vowels, beſides Dipthongs added to the former.

And indeed all thoſe vowels, notes, and points, are not only uncertain, but of leſs

ſtanding in the Univerſity, than Greek accents and aſpirations, a new invention too of the Grammarians: yet both of them are of much longer ſtanding, than the diſtinction of the Holy Books inter Chapters and Verſes; which yet are uſeful, if they be not always too much inſiſted upon: of all the new Hebrew additions *Dageſch* pleads the greateſt ſeniority, being as old (ſome ſay) as the Letter ℵ. But moſt old Hebrew Copies neglect him, and leave him out.

In what Language was the New Teſtament firſt indited? In Greek, all of them Autographically, as the moſt univerſal Language; and alſo in other Languages Autographically, as *Latine*, *Syriack* without controverſie, and one or two Books thereof (ſome ſay) in the *Hebrew Tongue*: indeed the Apoſtles could ſpeak all uſeful Languages; but although ſome ancient MS. ſay, that *Matthew*'s Goſpel was writ in the Hebrew Tongue for the Jews at *Hieruſalem*, cited by the Learned Doctour *Hammond* in his Annotations upon *Matt.* 1. 1. yet becauſe it is certain the Jews then at *Hieruſalem* underſtood Hebrew at that time no more than you and I, by the *Hebrew Tongue* there, muſt be underſtood the *Language of the Hebrews* then ſpoken at *Hieruſalem*; which was *Syriack*; which *Theodoret* and many other Learned Antiquaries ſay is

an

an ancienter Language, as well as more certain, than *your Hebrew Tongue*; and being, as was ſaid, the Mother Tongue to the Apoſtles, many Autographical Copies of ſome Books in the New Teſtament writ in *Syriack* were acknowledged for Holy Scripture, before *ſome* of thoſe ſacred Books were indited, at leaſt before *they* were generally received into the Canon of Holy Writ; namely, the *Second Epiſtle of St. Peter*; the *Second and Third Epiſtles of St. John*; the *Epiſtle of St. Jude*, and the *Revelations of St. John*.

The Sun's face when long wrap'd up in a cloud
More beauteous ſhows, having caſt off that hood:
The Engliſh Genius *mourning many a year*
In ſniveling black, *now grows more debonair.*
Rome *as ſhe thrive in* Arms, *ſo thrive in* Arts;
So England *too*; *ſince ſhe got Loyal Hearts*;
More brisk all Learning's grown, lately deform'd,
And muſt the Pulpit *be the laſt reform'd?*
In Parliament, and Inns of Court, Long Speeches
Are reckon'd little worth but to wipe br——
He beſt does ſpeak, that ſpeaks plain, ſhort & ſweet:
Is not right Eloquence for the Pulpit meet?
Great is Diana, *great* long Sermons ſnivelling,
By which Craft *Holder forth ſneaks for a Living.*
Be gone baſe canting Tribe with your New Lights
That only teach men to be Hypocrites;

Long winded Preachments *being now forlorn,*
A Dreſs now out of faſhion, being worn
Thread-bare by whining Phariſees *alone,*
Or 'tis the Jews-trump of Religion.
And is it not deſervedly in diſgrace?
It ne'r yet had ſo much as a good face
Or form *of Godlineſs, far from the* Power;
The Primitive *Sermons not one jot like your:*
Chriſt and his Servants, holy Writ *records,*
Converted thouſands with a few plain words.

But ſtill I fear little *Priſcian* purſues me, and perhaps will ſay, *I wonder what work you will cut out for the Miniſters of the Church of* England, *now you have clip'd away all, (but your own Sermon of ſix verſes,) as well as Modern Orthodoxy.*

Truly, truly Generous Sir, I have cut out more and better work for you and all Goſpel Miniſters, than you are well aware of, or can readily accompliſh, though all the ſhreds and parings, as rubbiſh be thrown into Hell, except what is included in theſe ſix verſes; and you ſhall do your work more profitably and honourably to your ſelves and the people, if you keep your ſelves within the limits of thoſe ſix verſes, do as much good as ever you did, and have as much work too, and yet n either do nor ſay any thing miſchievouſly and impertinently;

For first your converſations (at which the enemy is ſo ſcandalized as well as your ſelves) will be unblameable by doing as you would be done unto; you cannot then chouce poor Gentlemen of their moneys when they play pieces at an Ordinary, this Principle will keep you from cheating tricks, or being cheated; will keep your hands from picking and ſtealing and defrauding; and your tongues from evil ſpeaking, lying and ſlandering; why? becauſe you would not willingly be ſo ſerved by others; but you muſt by this principle behave your ſelves *ſoberly*, in reference to your own bodies in temperance, *righteouſly* in reference to all other men, by juſtice, and *godlily* in reference to devotion towards God in duties of Religion and holy worſhip: which is made up of five particulars, namely, Faith, the Seals of Faith, Prayers, Praiſes and Ceremonies.

Unto which ſome adde Swearing: but not well adviſed therein; For though God Almighty ſays to his people, *Thou ſhalt fear the Lord thy God*, Deut. 6. 13. *and ſerve him, and ſhalt ſwear by his name*; yet the laſt clauſe is not exegetical of the former; nor do men ſerve God by ſwearing; nor is it any part of Heavenly Liturgy, other than as when we ſerve truth and our generation, being called at Courts of Judicature, to atteſt truth, calling

calling God to witneſs, and to judge us according to the truth of what we averr; and if this be done cordially, it aſſoils ſuch a man of Atheiſm, but not of irreligion; if by Religion we mean religious worſhip; which I ſay has but five parts, as aboveſaid: and all included in my Sermon of ſix verſes.

Now ſaith little Modern Orthodox; are you there again with your Clypticks? having neither accepted Sermon nor Lecture into your holy worſhip? I hope Sermons that have had all the room in the Church, (when your Liturgy, and your Sacraments, and your Ceremonies were turn'd out of doors,) ſhall yet be taken in for one ſhare, part and portion of religious and holy worſhip of God.

No, not a bit, I admit no Sermons, Lectures, Preachments, nor Harangues, no not mine own dear Sermon of ſix verſes to have any part or lot in this matter of religious worſhip; I know they have turn'd all religious worſhip out of the houſe of God, ſo that now Sermon is taken to be the All of Gods worſhip and ſo underſtood in common phraſe; Is there a Sermon this After-noon, or to day? is ſermon done? were you at ſermon to day? &c. meaning, were you at Church? or ſerving God to day? ſermon, ſermon for all; and if no ſermon, then there's nothing at all, that

amongſt

amongſt ſilly men and women can ſound like religious worſhip.

Whereas I come and ſay quite contrary; namely, that Ceremonies, Sacraments, &c. are religious, neceſſary, and holy worſhip of God; but Sermons, Lectures and Harangues are not at all the religious and holy worſhip of God, when they are never ſo good ſermons; but the uſual ſermons of Modern Orthodox, that juſtled true and holy worſhip out of the Church, did not ſo much as tend to holy worſhip conſiſting in Ceremonies, the Liturgy, Sacraments, &c. thoſe men being ſo far from preaching up thoſe parts of holy worſhip, that they preach'd them down, and conſequently, the more ſermons, and the more eloquent ſermons of that nature, were the moſt deviliſh works of darkneſs and Hell, and the more men heard and believed thoſe ſermons, the more they were children of wrath and darkneſs, if ſo be that thoſe five particulars aforeſaid contain all the parts and portions of holy worſhip; and that ſermons, the moſt admired Preachments be not allowed therein any, (not ſo much as the leaſt) ſhare; ſermons at beſt being only in order to Gods worſhip, as they plainly and honeſtly comment upon, and exhort unto Ceremonies, Faith, Seals of Faith, Prayers and Praiſes; this ought to be the height of the Ambition

that

that ſermons can lay claim unto; only to be ſubſervient and ſerviceable to theſe high and mighty Devotions, Faith, the ſeals of Faith, Prayers, Praiſes and Ceremonies, which three laſt you have moſt Evangelically in our Holy Liturgy.

And all ſermons that tend not to the preaching up of theſe, (how worthy cares ſoever *Father Grey-beards* do eſteem them,) are whimſical and extravagant at beſt, in relation to inſtructing people in Holy and Goſpel worſhip: but if thoſe ſermons cry down theſe, or any of theſe five particulars, eſtabliſhed in the Church, then thoſe ſermons, and ſermon-mongers are diabolical, ſchiſmatical, hypocritical, ſeditious, falſe, fooliſh and Helliſh; and ſuch ſermons in the Church, are like *Baal*, an Idol in the Temple of God, and ſuch *Sermon-mongers*, *Baal's Prieſts*.

All whom here I defie in the Name of the Living God, to come out, if they dare try it out with me in this particular, and plead for their *Baal*: ſo I call thoſe ſermons that men have not only made Idols of, but thoſe Idols have been ſet up in the houſe of God, ever ſince *Modern Oliverian Orthodoxy* was ſet up, and all true and Holy Worſhip has been quite thrown out of the Church, to make room for this *Baal*.

Not

Not that I (neither) would have the Pulpit thrown out of the Church; ſince it may be ſo uſeful by Exhortations and honeſt Inſtructions from thence, how men may demean themſelves in the holy Worſhip of God, and in Temperance, and Charity, and Juſtice towards themſelves and others. But ſtill I ſay, though I allow it a place in the Church, yet only ſuch a place as the Seat of Eccleſiaſtical Judicature, thoſe judicial Benches you ſee in ſome Churches, when Diſcipline was in faſhion; namely, thoſe Benches and the Pulpit are only for Direction, Correction and Inſtruction, and as much, and more need of the former than the latter; if thoſe Seats and Benches of Diſcipline were, as they ſhould be, fill'd with honeſt and able men, not with Saleſmen, Brokers and Huckſters. But neither Spiritual Courts, nor Sermons, neither Diſcipline nor Doctrine are any parts of the holy Worſhip of God; though by reaſon of men's infirmities, they have, like Phyſick to the Body, or Laws to a Nation, been found uſeful, when well manag'd: But ſtill, they are happieſt people that need feweſt Laws, and the healthieſt people that need the leaſt Phyſick, and the holieſt and wiſeſt people that need the leaſt Doctrine or Diſcipline, Sermons or ſpiritual Courts.

Both which, I confeſs, have prov'd pretty gainful

gainful Trades, as ſome have gone to work, to the peoples great loſs, as well as great diſparagement and reproach to them; there being no greater ſign of a Dunce, than that he is taught, and taught, and taught his Leſſon over and over again, and yet can never ſay it, take forth, or turn a new leaf; *ever learning but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth*, as thoſe ſilly women St. *Paul* chaſtiſes, 2 *Tim.* 3. 6,7. But that our men ſhould be ſo ſilly too, they may be aſhamed of their dull pates, if they have any ſhame in them. Beſides, like Blockheads and ill-thriven lean Jades, they alſo ſhame their Keepers, Teachers and Maſters, who, if they had the right art of teaching, could not but make better Scholars.

Perhaps the hypocritical Oliverian Crew will think I ſpeak againſt Hour-glaſs Sermons out of a lazy ſelf-intereſting Preſervation, owning here plain and ſhort Pulpit-talk, thereby to vouch my own negligence and ſloth.

Let them think ſo ſtill, I care not: but though they think my Sermons too ſhort, I'le make them amends in another bargain. I am ſure they think my Writings and this Letter (in particular) long enough; if they do not, perhaps they will think ſo upon the next occaſion they give me to hold forth againſt them.

Beſides,

Beſides, my Sermons are not Hour-glaſs Sermons; for I give order to my Clark and Sexton to turn the Hour-glaſs in their Pew, that a great quantity of the ſand may be run out, (under the Roſe be it ſpoken) before they ſet it up in view upon my firſt approach to the ever-to-be-adored Pulpit; chuſing rather to whet than dull the appetites of my hearers, and leave them rather a longing for more, than cloy their affections with tedious ſtuff: 'tis healthful at ſuch meals to riſe with an appetite.

And indeed I and my Auditory are pretty well agreed for that matter; moſt of them (I hope) having not ſo ill been taught, or ſo learned Chriſt, but that they had rather be good than ſeem good: and ſo they have but the Worſhip of God (in our ſacred Liturgy) to the full, they are more indifferent for thoſe Pulpit after-drops; of which yet they have not been ſcanted, nor have they wanted any of their due and wonted meaſure, this fortnight that I have ſpent in this Letter, more troubleſome to my *Amanuenſis* than my ſelf; coſting more pains and time in the Printing and Preſs than in the Compoſure.

However, my Congregation, for the generality of them judge not the worth of a Sermon by the Quantity but Quality thereof; an ounce of meat being worth a pound of poyſon;

poyſon,as much as an ounce of Gold is worth a pound of dull Lead: chuſing rather to have a profitable and plain Sermon,though ſhort, than an impertinent ſtory antiquely told, though never ſo long; they coming not to Church to ſee Tumbling tricks and Hocus juglings,with Cloak hung by,Buttons ſcracht ope, Hands heav'd up, with wide open Mouth and Cheveril Lungs, with Teeth bitingly ſet and grinning, with ſuch apiſh *Peters*,*Rogers*, *Dedham*-Jack-Pudding Tricks; willing to leave thoſe to modern Phariſees, Sermon-mongers, Hypocrites and Oliverian-Orthodox, the Head and Body of whoſe Religion is made up like a diſmal Monſter, in which nothing appears eminent but ſowcing great Luggs and a Mouth greater, without Brains, and without any Face like true Religion; and if the Devil did not poſſeſs men ſtrangely,with greedy Covetouſneſs, Pride, Blood and Singularity, no man could be in love with it.

But if any of theſe Mad-caps will be ſo hardy, as to venture a fall or foil in behalf of their monſtrous Miſtreſs of modern Oliverian Orthodoxy; and undertake againſt me, to prove that ſhe has a portion and ſhare in religious and holy Worſhip; and alſo endeavor to prove that ſhe has decent Features, if ſhe be not a Beauty, and has more

eminent

eminent and protuberant parts than Mouth and Ears, let him come out as ſoon as he will; for her credit and his, and all the credits of *good Old Cauſe* men, lie deſperately in jeopardy and at hazard. Therefore the ſooner they ſhew their courage and ſtrength the better it will be for them, and not much the worſe for me; now my hand is in, I long to try again what metal they are made of, or where their great *Sampſon*'s-ſtrength lies, which Fops only admire: For we never could find yet that their ſtrength lay in their Brains or any Excrement that their Brains put forth or hitherto produc'd. Their Talent lies in chucking the white and blew Aprons; and if the Husband be Novice enough to be cullied into the bargain, there's ſo much ſav'd: but if he be too crafty, like a cunning old Bird, that will not be catch'd with ſuch Chaff; in that Caſe it is lawful for the dear heart his Wife to filch religiouſly, and cheat her Huſband for God's ſake.

And ſo let them addreſs to Petticoat, that's the height they can goe, and plot how to make their approaches to her Pocket; and for the great pains of Brother *Precious* therein get a *Maudlin Courtſee*, and thanks, very lovingly, with great Cake and Poſſet too, over and above; mouthing in concluſion moſt ſavourly with *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*,

which, in modern Gypſee-cant, ſounds ——*Loth to depart.*

Theſe are worthy cares for thoſe Fathers, (ſo called in good earneſt, it is no laughing matter, they become ſometimes at ſuch Meetings, Fathers, by right and good Reaſon.) But to fool themſelves in Print, it renders them to all ingenuous men, but ſo much the more ridiculous, who were ridiculous enough (God knows) before, in all conſcience.

Like that little *Adventurer*, who to ſatisfie Wife, who long'd to ſee dear husbands name in Print, and therefore deſir'd him to put forth a Ballad: No, quoth he, dear chuck, none of us have wit enough to make a Ballad, except Brother *Wild*, whoſe fancy now (wants tilting, even for Ballad-wit, it) runs ſo low, and is ſo ſowre and ſtale withal, its briskneſs, ſuch as it was, is now with its ſpirit quite gone, he is drain'd now to Taplaſh Tap-droppings: *What think you then husband*, ſaid ſhe, *of the ſtory, the pretty ſtory you told me in bed laſt night of Puſs-cat? what think you of putting that ſame Cat into the Preſs? Oh! dear love*, replys he, *I thank thee for that, 'tis very true, the ſtory of the Cat,——that ſame, that, that, that, and away with it to the Preſs, a whole ſheet full of Cat.*

Cat? what Cat, do ye think? Houſe-cat? no,

no, Church-cat, he would have ſaid, but that he forgot it (in his Letter to a friend.) And what news of the Cat? Why, ſaith he, to this purpoſe, (for I cannot write ſo ſlovenly as his words are, it is too much honour to take notice of ſuch a Scribler, except after dinner to laugh a little for digeſtion ſake) *This ſame Cat*, ſaith he: Very good, what of the Cat? *Why, once upon a time there was a Cat*: Good! go on: *this Cat came into the Church*--- good ſtill--- *and when ſhe came there ſhe was a Ratcatcher, a Rat-trap, and a Mouſe-trap*: well, ſo far good; *and this ſame Church-cat ſtood in Spiritual Hieroglyphick, for kneeling and the Croſs in Baptiſm, thoſe two hateful Ceremonies to honeſt Gentleman, Modern Orthodox man, who has an antipathy to that ſame Church-cat*: Well, go on, what of all this? what? *Judge you, Gentlemen, which is moſt civil, to keep that Cat in the Church, and thereby looſe the good company of honeſt Gentleman Cat-hater, or elſe ſeal a leaſe of Ejectment againſt this Church-cat, otherwiſe Modern Orthodox ſtarts up in a fright, ſaying*, Sir you mean, Gentlemen, I cannot ſtay in the room, I have a natural antipathy to that ſame Cat.

In *fs*, what an antipathy? where's *Hopkins* the witch finder? ſearch him for a teat, or any ſuch imp-ſuckler, any marks of natural antipathy to this ſame Church-

cat can be found about him;

Well,'tis done,come give in your evidence; have you upon ſearch found this ſame antipathy-teat about honeſt Gentleman? No, he's free and clear for that matter: But I find an ill habit of body and mind, contracted by humour of ſingularity, pride, envy and lean-chapt malice, which is the only cauſe of this diſlike againſt this Church-cat of his own making; and only ſpeaks this ſame Cat-hater to be φιλήδονος, a lover only of his own will, and good pleaſure in Gods ſervice, that's all.

For (to keep to the Allegory) ſince Ceremonies (which he calls the Ratcatcher) muſt needs be in the Church one way or other, in one form or other; whilſt we have bodies, we muſt ſerve God either in the poſture of kneeling, &c. (which he calls the Ratcatcher Cat) or elſe in the poſture of ſitting, lolling, lying, &c. (which I'l call Ratcatcher Owl) to which I and millions more of honeſt Chriſtians in theſe days, and ever ſince our Saviours time have had an antipathy; to retort therefore upon this wiſe diſputant, and beat the Cat about the Owls-head of the Bouby; judge you, Gentlemen, which is moſt civil, to keep the Owl in the Church, by the Ceremonies of ſitting, and lolling with hat upon skull, &c. the like irreverent poſtures,

poſtures, to which Church-owl, I and millions of honeſt Gentlemen have an antipathy, or rather fright this Ratcatcher Owl out of the Church, for with her howtings and ſcrietching ſhe ſpoils the muſick and harmony of Spiritual Worſhip; ſo that I, and millions of ſuch Owl-haters by antipathy muſt otherwiſe avoid the Room and be gone.

We live in a Foppiſh Generation, *Hugh Peters* ghoſt yet walks; he us'd to tell a ſtory of Pus-cat, and Puſs in her Majeſty: It took wonderfully, and this nonſenſical ſtory of the Cat, becauſe ſhe made a mouth and mew'd againſt Ceremonies, was as good (at firſt) to ſome, as are nuts to Mother-midnight.

What wicked deſign men can have in blurring paper, and make it dear at this rate, I cannot tell; but ſure I am the greateſt purchaſe they get by it, is only infamy, amongſt all wiſe men, by rendring themſelves in print publick laughingſtocks, a ſcorn and a proverb.

The truth is, I find a great deal more difficulty in perſwading my mind to ſtoop ſo low, as to take any notice of ſuch deſpicable fellows, or what they print, than to confute them: Why? tell me ſeriouſly, was there ever any argument ſo vilely ridiculous, as this of the Cat?

A ſordid crew! what never a Modern

Orthodox man that can write like a man or a Scholar? can they play the men only to the women? I'l assure you, now that I have here thrust out Sermons from Religious Worship, that used to thrust out all Religious Worship, and have introduc'd Ceremonies as a necessary part of Divine and Holy Worship; they had need rally all their forces, or they are routed for ever. And to encourage the best of them to the Ran-counter, I'l help them with a weapon, from *Mat.* 15. 9. Let them manage it and flourish it as well as they can.

But I would not have them, for their own credit, to tell the world, any more lyes in print; and say, I speak against Preaching and Faith, and Sermons the means of Faith; if they should, they tell a damn'd lye; I would not have Sermons (so they be plain, honest and seasonable) at all undervalued, or disused when occasion calls for it, and the peoples ignorance or negligence; But I will not yet let them take place in Gods Worship, Sermons being but man speaking to man, or at best, when Gods assistance concurrs, it is but heavenly influence upon man, which is another thing than Gods Holy Worship, which ought to be our daily sacrifice, in exercises of Faith, the Sacraments as occasion offers, constant Prayers, Praises, and Ceremonies, according

to

to our holy, heavenly and incomparable Common-prayer-Book.

Ceremonies, will *Greg.* and the reſt of Oliverian Orthodox ſay, Ceremonies, they are one ground of our quarrel with your way of worſhip, and the great ground, as being ſuperſtitious, and but bodily worſhip.

But bodily worſhip? why? what would you have? I make them no more But bodily worſhip; yet that But, is ſuch a But, that it will prove a But-end againſt Modern Orthodoxy for ever, to all that honeſtly, and with a good heart, free from partiality, prejudice and paſſion, do conſider, and believe Gods Holy Word and their own eyes.

How does the Apoſtle beg of the *Romans*, with many imprecations, for the Ceremonies of bodily worſhip, in Gods holy Worſhip, as a moſt reaſonable ſervice to him, *A holy acceptable and living ſacrifice unto God*, Rom. 12. 1. And bids them all to open their mouths together in Prayer, Praiſes, and Worſhip of God, as if they had but one mouth among them all, as well as *one mind in glorifying God*, Rom. 15. 6.

And alſo calls upon the *Corinthians* not only to do the great duty, but the leſſer duty; not only to glorifie God with their ſpirits, but *with their bodies*, 1 Cor. 6. 20. And that for a very good reaſon, becauſe the *body* is

Gods purchaſe, as well as the ſoul; Chriſt hath bought *both*, paid a price for *both*; both therefore, *body* as well *ſoul muſt glorifie God*, by reverent poſtures and geſtures, as *kneelings*, *bowing*, ſometimes even *to the very ground*, after the Pattern and example of *our Saviour*, *Mat.26.39.*

Theſe *blaſphemous* wretches of *Oliverian* and *Modern* Orthodox would have called our Saviour *ſuperſtitious*, and as well too St. *Paul* kneeling, *Eph.* 3. 14. and St. *Peter* bowing down to the ground, *Luk.* 5.8. and *kneeling*, *Acts* 9. 40. St. *Stephen* at laſt gaſp kneeling, *Acts* 7.60. with *many other devout* men, in the Old and New Teſtament, *Dan.6.10. Pſal.95. 6. Acts* 20. 36. *Acts* 21. 5. 'Tis true, the worſhip of the mind is *more* profitable than of the body, which *profits* but a *little*; yet that *little*, ſince it *much* helps the reverence of my mind and ſpirit, ought I not to follow the Example, Precept and Pattern of *the Holy Ghoſt* in Scripture? who ſure *beſt* knows what is *ſpiritual* worſhip, after the *Holy Example* of our Saviour, the Apoſtles and *all Saints*, in the *Ceremonies* of *kneeling*, *bowing*, &c. in *bodily worſhip*; rather than to follow the Precept and Pattern of *new Oliverian* Orthodox men, Diſſemblers, Murderers, Hypocrites, Cheats, and Antick Foppiſh Jugglers, and wreſters of Holy Writ, as ever did *gull* ſilly ſouls.

Ceremonies

Ceremonies then are *one part* of Spiritual worſhip, and Sermons are *none*; much leſs are *their Sermons* any, that have been full of *trumpery*, and railing *againſt* Ceremonies; *thereby* alſo railing againſt our *Lord* and Saviour, and *all* holy men: Let *Baal* look *to his hits*, he's gone elſe for ever from the *Communion of Saints* and ingenuous men, *for this Generation*, that *yet* feels the *ſmart* of their deluſions and jugglings, and knows, *to their coſt*, all I ſay to be true by lamentable experience.

As for *Faith*, you find all its *Articles* in the *Apoſtles Creed*; believe *but that* and be *ſav'd*, ſo far as *faith can ſave* you; but faith *without good works* can never ſave you, but is a *dead faith*, if you will believe your own eyes, *Jam.* 2. more than thoſe Juglers, that caſt a miſt before you, to keep you blind, and lead you by the noſe, by calling good works, (without which no man ſhall go to heaven or be happy either in this world or the world to come) moſt blaſphemouſly, *popery*, *ſuperſtition*, and I know not what; but be but ſo good as to give them your Monies, your Plate, your Bodkins, your Thimbles, &c. Oh! *then* it is *no* Popery nor *Superſtition*; but ſtroaking the fools on the head, gives them a *coaks* and a flap with a Foxes tail, and makes them believe they do a very good work, and *help the Lord* alſo;

and

and if they can perſwade ſome *old ſop*, man or woman, to part with a good Eſtate to maintain a *weekly Lecture*, or elſe *mouth will not open*, except that *ſame annuity* be in the caſe; and *then*, the old Fox dies a *charitable* good man, *not guilty of popery* by *that* good work, *no* not he: *He* that gives to *Monks* and Fryars, and Engliſh Clergy, *he* is popiſh and and *ſuperſtitious*: but to give to *Modern Orthodox* for a weekly Lecture and Sermon; Oh *heavenly*! thank you lovingly.

As for the *ſeals* of Faith, you have the *Sacraments*; Initiating, *Baptiſm*, ſtrengthening, The *Supper of the Lord*.

Prayers and Praiſes, *which* both for *private*, *Family*, and *publick* Devotions are incomparable, and without fear of nonſence, raſhneſs or blaſphemy, contained in the *Liturgy*, which *ſhould be* the *daily ſacrifice* of Prayer and Thankſgiving either in your houſes, or *better* (if you can get company) in your Churches, *every* morning and evening, as well as *once* a week, and always was frequented by Holy Church, till *Modern Orthordoxy*, that *abomination of deſolation* (*ſpoken of by Daniel the Prophet*) *was ſet up* in the room thereof, *&c.* the *Holy Liturgy* taken *away*, contemned and deſpiſed by wicked men, thereby to *ſet up* themſelves their *own ſuperſtitions* and inventions.

If

If in the *Explication* of the *Liturgy*, *Sacraments*, or *Creed*, or *that Text*, *Matt.* 7. 12. Thereby to order mens converſations aright, you ſpeak as pathetically, *fully* and *plainly* as you can, whether in the *Church* or *from houſe to houſe*, catechizing the ignorant, on *Sundays*, or *other Holy*-days or *working*-days; whether on a *ſingle Text*, or (as our Saviour uſually did) on twenty *ſeveral* ſubjects, in delivering Truths moſt ſeaſonable and moſt uſeful to your Hearers; whether an *hour*, *half an* hour, or *half a quarter* of an hour, according to your diſcretions, *what* and *how long* may be moſt profitable and convenient; Fear not but *in ſo doing* you do the *work of an Evangeliſt* with true honour and approbation of *God* and *all good men*.

And *leave canting*, ſtories, whimſees and and cheats to the *Modern Oliverian Orthodox*, they are *unworthy* the *high calling whereunto you are called*, and the *benefit of the Clergy* of the Church of *England*; and only fit for Taylors, Weavers, Coblers, Chimney-ſweepers, and ſuch ſpiritual Juglers, Canters and Gypſies.

I have comprized in *thoſe ſix Verſes* the beſt things and all that are needful things which *accompany ſalvation*; of which now I will not further ſpeak.

It had been happy for the King, Kingdom, the

the People and the Prayers too, if they had kept themſelves to that Divinity *alone* contained in *thoſe ſix Verſes*, infinite treaſure and blood had been ſaved, which has been ſpent and ſpilt, through the whimſees and ſuperſtitions of theſe *Oliverian* Orthodox men.

Can any wiſe or good man imagine that the Almighty and merciful God would leave the way to Heaven *ſo hard to find*, that no body can find it out, but he that has heard *twenty*, or a *hundred*, or a *thouſand*, or *ten thouſand* Sermons.

Foppiſh and bejuggled mankind! Our Saviour and his Apoſtles converted millions with a *few*, *ſhort*, *plain* words: Religion is the *work* of *the whole man*, all the days of his life, conſiſting in the conſtant *practice of piety*; and not in *prating of piety*, in idle and endleſs queſtions, diſputes, gloſſes, controverſies, Lectures, whimſees, ſtories and Harangues, ſet off with antick twangs of the noſe, wry faces, mops, mows, ſplit jaws, ſparrow-mouths, grunting, lyons faces, hems, haws, yawnings, gapings, ſnivellings, whinings, and mock-gypſee cantings and juglings, by ſpiritual *Hocus Pocus*, and *Oliverian Orthodox*, being *Traytors*, *heady*, *high-minded*, *lovers of their own wills* and pleaſures, *more than Gods will* and pleaſure, *having a form* or face of *godlineſs*, and that *no good one* neither, but

denying

denying the power thereof: For of this ſort are they which creep into houſes, and lead captive ſilly women, laden with ſins, led away with divers luſts, &c.

Now will *they* have the impudence to ſay *I rayl* and *reproach* them in this *reproof*; no matter: ſo ſaid their Predeceſſours to my Saviour, when he denounc'd a wo to theſe Scribes, Phariſees, Hypocrites: Beſides they are not *my* words, ſo much as the words of the *Holy Ghoſt*, 2 Tim. 3.

What can be ſaid *too ſmartly* and home to ſuch *malignancies*, as theſe Foppiſh ſtories, Lectures, whimſees, wreſtings of ſacred Scripture, by *Hugh Peters* and the reſt of the Tribe, which has undone us *once* already; he that cheats *once* 'tis *his* fault, but if I am cheated *twice* with the *ſame* Juggle, Interpretation and Legerdemayn, though from *another Hocus* or pick-pocket, I may thank my ſelf; no matter; Look better to the pocket another time.

Aftertimes,(for envy,(like hollow friends) accompanies every man that is worth any thing, till he comes in his Grave, and then it leaves him) (when prejudice and paſſion does not bribe the judgment) will beſt determine, which of theſe three (*Greg. Trinkles*, or *Hugh Peters*) thus in their colours pencill'd, have the beſt Phyſnomy.

Indeed

Indeed they all three face one way, go one way, and follow one and the same Modern Orthodoxy, but with a different style, and under a different name.

Hugh Peters held forth & manag'd Modern Orthodoxy under the name of *the good Old Cause*; but *Father Gray beard* follows it under the name of *the Cause too good.*

Hugh Peters rendred the good Old Cause good enough to be fought for; but *Greg.* has a higher value for it, at least seems to be so chary and tender over it, that he says, it *is too good to be fought for.*

But both of them agree in fundamentals, and with joynt forces inveigh against the King, our late Sovereign, and his whole Reign; rendring it and him despicable, and deform'd all over with *Ceremonies*, *Arminianism, and Manwaring.*

Both of them agree against the Common Enemy, *Bishops and Evil Councellors*; both of them quarrel with the Cross after Baptism, and kneeling at the Sacrament.

Only *Hugh Peters* does more tolerably pretend to Controversies in Divinity, as not being out of the Road of his Profession: But, certainly this same *Greg.* whatever he be, is no Divine.

It would almost tempt Charity to very hard thoughts of him, whilst he, like *Julian* the Apostate,

Apoſtate, proſecutes ſo vehemently and maliciouſly Religion and all religious men.

If *Plato*'s tranſmigration of ſouls were true, I ſhould conclude that *Cham* was again in him Metampſuchos'd, he does ſo turn up the Fathers of the Church, and expoſing their nakedneſs to his Power, flaſhes them for their *worthy Cares*.

But his Rod does moſt wound his own face, and his own malice, and betraying its ſelf, becomes his own Executioner.

For certainly if his conſcience were awake, it would fly in his face, and make him recant, (with St. *Paul* for a leſs defamation unawares) *I wiſt not Bretbren that it was God's High Prieſt*.

God's High Prieſt —— and *yet a wicked* man, and then too going about a wicked action; and yet St. *Paul* does ask forgiveneſs.

But Certainly *Greg.* can have no call to paſs a cenſure upon either Miniſters of State, Councils, Fathers of the Church, their Actions, Councils, or Books; ſure it the way were good, and the good Old Cauſe never ſo good, yet certainly *Greg.* it is not your Road, and therefore (if for no other cauſe you are out of the way) as much you are when you talk Politickly of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, *Hen.* IV. *&c.*

Your *Policies* are like your *Divinity*, but neither

neither of them taken out of the Bible; which (you say) will teach a man the best Politicks.

You might learn other measures of Government out of the Bible, then *displeasing* or *pleasing the People*.

Herod to *please the People* killed *James*, and *because he saw it pleased the People*, he put *Peter* in Prison also, Acts 12. 3. *Pilat* to do the Jews a *pleasure*, delivered our Saviour to be crucified; and *Felix* willing to do *the Jews a pleasure* left *Paul* bound. *Argumentum turpissimum est Turba*, saith *Seneca*.

These soft and unmanly Rules of Government and Policy, may perhaps agree with your own effeminate temper; but they are not grounded upon Reason nor Religion.

Indeed when the light of these are obscured and Hood-wink'd with fear and cowardise, the man is no more a man, much less a Governour, nor with these circumstances capable of direction; for fear frights him out of his wits, and how can he govern others, that cannot govern himself?

But Almighty God does usually give large and noble souls to them that are design'd for Government, and not capable of such puny impressions of fear, that mollifie and unman vulgar and narrow spirits. The threatning Billows daunted and amaz'd *Julius Cæsar's* waterman,

waterman, till the great courage of *Cæſar* reviv'd the poor ſpirited man with *Cæſarem & fortunas*, and fetch'd him to life again, and made him tug it out.

This noble ſpirit of Government is called in Holy writ, the ſpirit of God, which came upon *Saul* when anointed to be a King, and upon the *ſeventy* Elders, *Numb.* 11. 17. when they were appointed to be Councellors of State.

Indeed thoſe *Independents*, *Numb.* 16. 3. *Korah*, *Dathan*, *Abiram* and their Crew thought themſelves as good as the beſt, and as holy as the beſt, and as good as their Governours, but *Moſes* preſently ſhew'd them the difference on't.

There are many incomparable inſtances in the Bible, which will teach Governours better policy, than puny and narrow hearted *Greg.* dares think on, for all the commendations he gives the Bible, for the moſt abſolute accompliſhment of a Politician. The people mutiny'd, were diſpleaſed with *Moſes* their Governour, and rebelled, *Exod.* 32. now if *Greg.* had been at his elbow, how would he with fearful *S. Peter* have adviſ'd *Moſes*, as *S. Peter* did our Saviour, *Maſter ſpare thy ſelf*: how would *Greg.* have read politick Lectures to him, and have entreated him to look to himſelf, and ſhift for himſelf,

and not hazard himself among the Rebels and tumults? Hell was broke loose, the people swarming in uproars, and terrible in threatnings: or if he could not have perswaded *Moses* to run away, he would as he does to our Governours, insinuate the Wisdom and necessity of pleasing the people, coming with cap in hand, rather than sword in hand, and beg of them for Gods sake to be quiet and they should have any thing. But *Moses* Gods servant was not so, he was faithful to himself and the true measures of Government, and knew if he had rendred himself to their mercy, and yielded to their rage, it had been but offering his throat to be cut; a sad instance whereof I could give you in these late times; But what does *Moses* in this case? *Exod.* 33. 26, 27. *who is on the Lords side?* whose for me? let him come to me. There came none to him but Gown-men neither; only in those days the sons of *Levi* wore swords, and it seems knew how to handle them, as well as bluffer Gallants, for *Moses* had no sooner given them the word of Command, but they fell upon the rabble, cut and slew till they had left three thousand dead upon the spot; and this the Holy Ghost calls the consecrating or sanctifying of a mans self by slaying the Mutineers, and there is a Blessing from Heaven promised

promiſed to be beſtowed upon them for their valour and good ſervice in the 29. v.

Such a white-liver'd Politician as *Mr. Greg.* durſt not receive ſuch meaſures of Government as theſe into his breaſt, for fear they ſhould fright him out of his wits; and if *Englands* Martyr *Charles* I. had hearkened to his own courage ſo much as he did to ſofter Councils; if ſome *Pantaloon* & *Muffe Courtiers* that had better courage to lead a dance or a young Lady, than head a Troop, had been away, & if in their ſtead he had had a Company of *Swiſs* for his Courtiers, or gallant Engliſh Gentlemen with Engliſh Courages, and with them ſallyed out upon the Tumults which flock'd about his Gate, he had in all probability cruſh'd the Cockatrice in the Egg, and ſent the Prentices home (as *O. C.* did) to their ſhop-boards with a vengeance to them. However it could not poſſibly have fared worſe with him than it did: thoſe ſofter Politick Lectures bringing the good King in concluſion to die afterwards at the ſame place; the more's the pity, and pity it is that mercy and kindneſs are not always good nor fit; as that good King found to his coſt, and therefore tells his ſon, If ever you truſt to them (meaning the factious Rebels) or *muſt ſtand to their Courteſie*, you are undone.

To manage the Reins of Government thus with a ſteddy hand, and to ride with a Hank, is the beſt of all both for King and people, as we have found: head-ſtrong Jades would kill themſelves, if you lay the Reins upon their necks, it is their happineſs and eaſe to be rid with a Curb: a licentious Government is no Government, it is *contradictio in adjecto*, or (as *Greg.* phraſes it *p.*83.) it is another *J. O.* an *He-Cow*, that is to ſay, a Bull.

And it is worth the while here to remember the clean fancy of that incomparable Engliſh Poet——

A King by yielding does like him and worſe
That ſadled his own back to ſhame his Horſe.

And becauſe Mr. *Greg.* has put me upon't to anſwer his Politick Lectures out of the Bible, I'll but give two Inſtances out of it, not to inſtruct my Governours and tutour Kings, I thank God, I was never ſuch a conceited thing, nor ſo loſt to all modeſty and ſenſe of humility:

But it is (in my Sphere) to inſtruct people what a bleſſing attends their Obedience to their Supreme Governours, if when they command ſome things in Religion, which in Circumſtantials of Religion are poynt-blank

againſt

againſt God's own Law; and yet God likes it well, bleſſes the people for ſuch obedience, though the Command of their Governours (perſwaded thereunto out of good Reaſon, ſome great convenience or Neceſſity) was directly different from the Command of God.

When the *King and his Council* made an Order to *keep the Sacrament* of the Paſſeover, 2 *Chron.* 30.2. together with the advice and concurrence of the *Parliament* therein, called there, *all the Congregation*, it muſt be meant in their *Repreſentatives*: for *all* the People, nor the thouſandth part could not come to hear, or know what was done at the *great Council*, much leſs give their votes; I ſay, this King *Hezekiah with his Council and great Council of the Congregation* made a Decree to keep the Paſſover in the *ſecond Month*.

This is *worſe* than the *Croſs after* Baptiſm and *Kneeling* at the Sacrament; for we can find no beginning when *they* entred into the Church, and therefore have as much cauſe to think it was the *poſture* of *Chriſt* and his *Apoſtles* and their conſtant practice, if not *more* cauſe, than to think the contrary.

But here in 2 *Chron.* 30.2. is an *Act of Parliament* (I'll call it ſo, for the better underſtanding of it in Engliſh phraſe; for it is of the ſame nature) *quite contrary* to the Law

of God concerning the Sacrament, as to one Circumſtantial of Time.

God commands to keep it in the *firſt* Month, and poſitively reiterates the Command, and bids them keep it in that appointed ſeaſon, *Num.*9 2,3,5.

The King and Parliament ſay to the People, we command you for certain good reaſons and motives to obſerve the Sacrament in the ſecond Month.

Now ſaith Modern Orthodox, hang me, draw me, quarter me, impriſon me, fine me, do your worſt, I defie the Devil, and all the Laws of men *contrary to God's Law*; here I'll live, here I'll die. So *you may* (ſay I) and *be damn'd* too in all probability; loſe your Soul, as well as your Life, Liberty and Eſtate, as wiſe as you are, and as wilful as you are.

And you may go on railing your Governours and the Fathers of the Church, and tell them they *ſit in the ſeat* and *temple of God*, and *as if they were God*, nay *above him*, *make Laws different from God's Law*; and therefore call them *Antichriſt*, the *Beaſt* and the *falſe Prophet*, and *whether it be right to obey God or man, judge ye.*

Thus accepted was that Law of the *King and Parliament in Hezekiah* his time, by the *Zealots* that had more heat than light, and more paſſion than knowledge and true ſpiritual

tual wiſdom. For if our Governours be never ſo bad, they cannot be ſo bad as the *Devil* himſelf, and *Michael* the Archangel ὁ ἐτόλμησε, *he was not ſo impudent* or audacious as to rail at the Devil, when contending about *an honeſt Cauſe* with him: nor was the Devil his ſuperior, but becauſe a Dignity, a Principality, an Angel, though a *black one*, St. *Michael* was not ſo audacious as to *blaſpheme* the Devil, κρίσιν ἐπενεγκεῖν βλασφημίας.

What *deſperate* wretches then are thoſe *devilliſh* people, that pretend to the greateſt ſight of Religion and Knowledge of God, and yet cenſure, rail, blaſpheme, lie, ſlander, revile, and ſpeak evil of Dignities and their Superiours, without any remorſe or check of Conſcience? and theſe people will talk of Conſciences! Conſciences, and liberty to tender Conſciences; then the nether Milſtone, the Adamant, the Rock is tender, if theſe men have tender Conſciences, that make their faces harder than a Rock, impudent foreheads, hard hearts, hearts of ſtone, conſciences ſeared with a hot iron; that though *the poyſon of Aſps is* perpetually *under their lips*, and they ſpit their venom againſt their Superiors, yet recant not, repent not, nor do their tender Conſciences feel any remorſe or regret.

Thus Ver. 6. when *the Post went out with the Letters from the King and his Princes* throughout *all Israel* and *Judah*, and according to the Commandment of the King, requiring the people to *Conform*, and *not to be stiff-necked*, v. 8. *as their fathers were, but yield themselves unto the Lord*—*so* is the Law of the King and Council *there* called. But what entertainment did the people give it? This is *the question at* this day.

Truly the people were then as now, *some* of them *Conformists*, and *some* of them *Nonconformists*.

The *Nonconformists*, were *Ephraim* wholly, and part of the Tribe of *Manasseh*, and part of *Zebulon*, v. 10.

The *Conformists*, were all *Judah*, part of the Tribe of *Asher*, part of *Manasseh* and part of *Zebulon*, v. 11, 12.

Here stand the *two* Pparties; the *Non-conformists jearing* and laughing, and scorning and *mocking at the Messengers* or *Ministers of the King* declaring the Kings pleasure, and the Law, *v.* 10. And the Ministers were right serv'd (I am sure) *Father Gray beard* will say, he would have chastised them for *their worthy cares*; nay, I fear he would have cried out *ruine* and *desolation*, *all Scotland* and *part* of the Church of *England*, *&c.* is quite undone; Here is *man's Post* against *God's Post*, man's

Threshold

Threſhold againſt God's *Threſhold*, *Antichriſt* againſt *Chriſt*, and the *King's Law* againſt the Poſitive words of *God's Law*.

But perhaps ſome will ſay, *Hezekiah* though a good King, yet had his *faults*, and ſo might his *Council too*; tell us not what they *did*, but tell us how *God* did *approve* and like of what they did, in making a Law *againſt* his Law: who did *God* own, the *Conformiſts* or *Non-conformiſts* can you tell us *that?*

Yes, *that* I can, 2 *Chron.* 30. 12. This commandment of the King and the Princes againſt the poſitive rule of God's Law, being made for a good reaſon moving the King and his Council thereunto, is notwithſtanding called the *Word of the Lord*, and the *hand of the Lord* was with the *Conformiſts*, God is on our ſide may they ſay: *For the hand of God was to give them one heart to do the Commandment of the King and of the Princes, by the word of the Lord.* Thus tempting of *Moſes*, is called tempting of *Chriſt*, 1 *Cor.* 10. 9.

This I had not now urged but that *Greg.* and ſuch fellows as he, will take upon them to read Politick and Divinity Lectures to the World in Print, when they know nothing but Modern Orthodoxy; read Books, and hearken to Preachers of their opinion, wherein thus confirm'd, they admire their Gigantick Improvements, and then bid defiance, like furious

furious *Orlando's*, to all mankind; when indeed they are big with nothing but a *ſoft* pate *buft* and blown up with their own dear humours of ſelf-conceit.

Nor do I think Governours have warrant from that inſtance to diſannul Gods Sacraments, but as to Circumſtances and Ceremonies of time, place, habits, geſtures, and the like, according to their Judgement and neceſſity, or conveniency moving them, have an unanſwerable Right.

Let *Greg.* and his Modern Orthodox men mitigate this too, I fear them not, nor all their *ſnivellings* and whinings, which no body admires, but blew *and white aprons, and the more ingenious Tankerd-bearers.*

And let them conſider without prejudice, and in the fear of Almighty God, that when the Sons of *Jonadab*, the Sons of *Rechab*, in obedience to him their Superiour, ſubmitted to his *Humane-law* in *drinking no Wine, nor building Houſes, nor planting Vineyards*, (which certainly are all very good things, and God likewiſe tells man that all the good creatures he made on purpoſe for him and his uſe, *every herb bearing ſeed, and every tree bearing fruit, commanding it ſhould be to mankind for meat*, &c.) yet in obedience to the firſt *commandment with promiſe*, they would not take the liberty and priviledge warranted to them

them by God and his Word, but would *obey the commandment of Jonadab their father, and keep all his precepts*: And God did ſo love them for it, that he bleſſes them for it, ſaying, *Jer.*35.18,19. *Thus ſaith the Lord of Hoſts, the God of Iſrael; Becauſe ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according to all that he hath commanded you: Therefore, thus ſaith ſaith the Lord of Hoſts, the God of Iſrael, Jonadab the ſon of Rechab, ſhall not want a man to ſtand before me for ever.*

Happy would it be for the people of *England*, in ſoul and body, and eſtate, here and hereafter, on earth and in heaven, if they would obſerve *theſe* thing, rather than the *wily* wreſtings of Holy Writ by crafty Seducers that have no way to cheat the people and be admired by them, but by ſuch Artifices as cheat them of their ſouls too, and make the Kingdom ſo diſturbed, and their followers too; and the bottom of all theſe juglings is but to get a paltry ſneaking livelyhood, and a little popular applauſe.

And then muſt our Governours, and *the King in eſpecial* be *therein* happy too, and verifie every way the Anagram of his name in Latine,

Carolus

Carolus Stuarte.
Anagr.
Clarus ſorte tua.

When *Nero* ſet *Rome* on fire, he played upon the *Ho-boy* all the time, and laid the *blame* on the Chriſtians; and thus *Greg. J. O.* and the reſt of his friends, the Modern Orthodox ſet theſe three Kingdoms on a flame with a brand fetch'd from *Geneva and the Covenant*, and yet they make themſelves *merry* with *our miſery*, lay all the blame upon *King Charles*, *Arch-Biſhop Laud*, *Ceremonies*, and *Impoſition of the Liturgy*; aſſaſſinating again thoſe two glorious Martyrs in their Honour and Innocence, and endeavouring to juſtifie the bloody Villains that murthered them.

Nor muſt his Majeſty ſo much as think of their bloody and unparallel'd Cruelty, becauſe *Auguſtus Cæſar*'s Father too was murthered, and his Kinſman, *Henry* IV. of *France* likewiſe, and *Henry* III. and ſuch *Gentlemens Memories* had their Succeſſors and the Cabinet-Council, that they let the murderers eſcape *ſcot-free*; and if *piety and good nature* would move for a ſtricter vindication of his Fathers death, yet in *Policy*, have a care, diſpleaſe not the Villains, as you love your Kingdoms, for a ſturdy *Swiſs*, and a *malepert Fiſher-boy* in

in *Naples* overturn'd all by a basket of Apples.

With *such stuffe* as this does *Father Greybeard* and his *Modern Christians*, wipe *their mouths with the whore in the Proverbs*, and say, *they have done no wickedness*; but all the *fault is in thine own people*, in King *Charles* I. Arch-Bishop *Laud*, Fathers of the *Church*, *Superfetations*, Parliaments, and *evil Counsellors*.

And if I have beat all these *Butt-ends* of his upon his *own Pate*, and vindicated King *Charles* I. his Reign from that *deformity*, wherewith both *it*, his *Majesty* and Arch-Bishop *Laud* are by this bold Author, as *falsly* and *maliciously*, as well as most *unseasonably*, in this Juncture maligned, I have my end.

But who this *Malignant* is for my part I am not solicitous, nor did I *ever see any* man that was *taken* for him *upon suspicion*.

I have dealt with him all along, as is prescribed in the method for cure of *unruly and vain talkers and deceivers*, Tit. 1. 13. namely, rebuk'd him as sharply, ἀποτόμως cuttingly, *to the quick*, as near as I could, with *honest* design, by such harmless *incisions* to let out the imposthumated *Quitter*, and prepare for his cure; *odi vitium, non virum*.

And *now I have done*; and (to write after him, *p.* 325. but withall *to set him* a better *Co-*

py)

py) I shall think *my self largely recompensed for this trouble*, if *Greg.* and others *shall learn by this Example, that it is not impossible thus long to be merry and angry*, as he was; but to be merry and angry, and *yet not sin by traducing* the most innocent and honourable Persons, *dead* and *alive*, by such *superfetation* of Rayling, as *he* has done.

I am

Your servant,

Edm. Hickeringill.

FINIS.